PENTHOUSE

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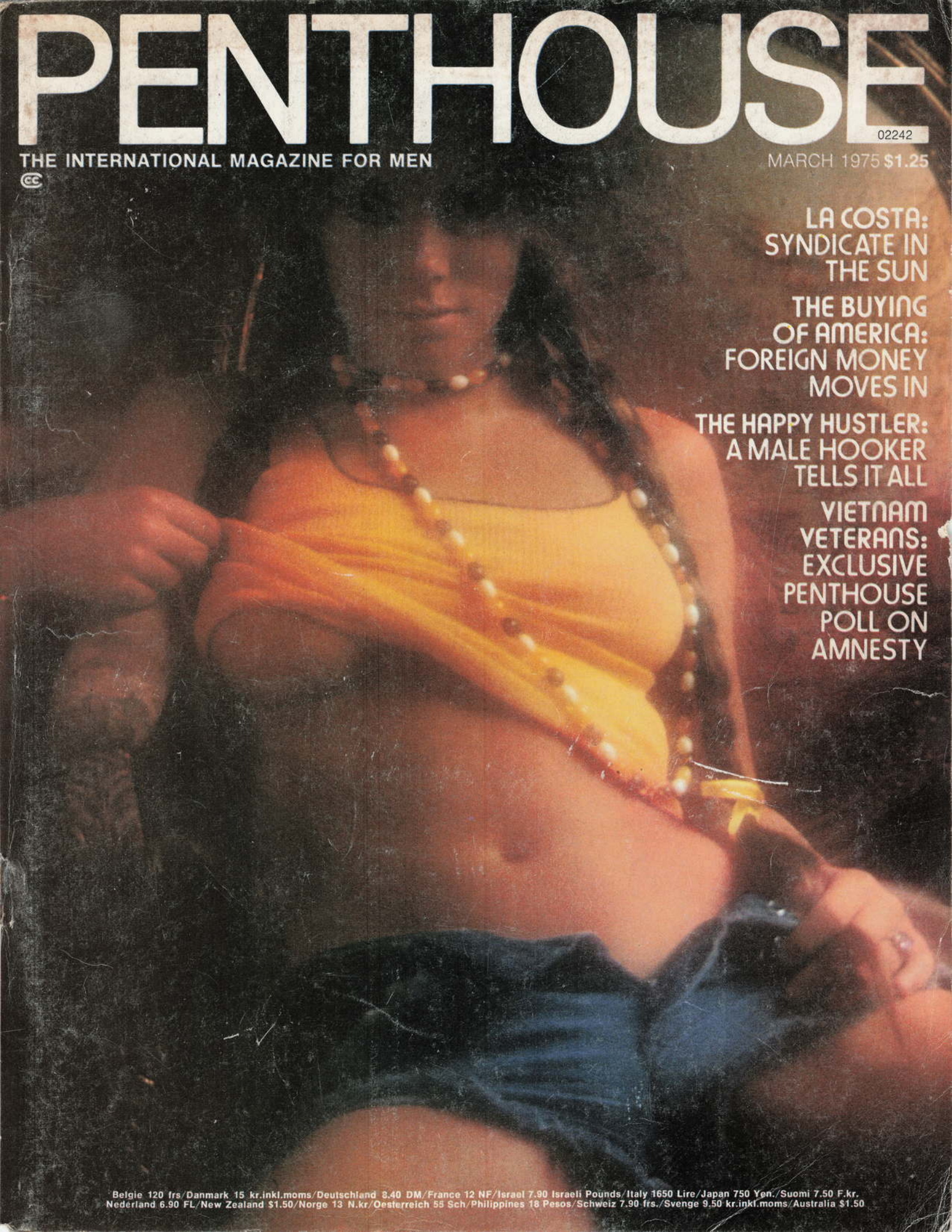
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1975 $1.25



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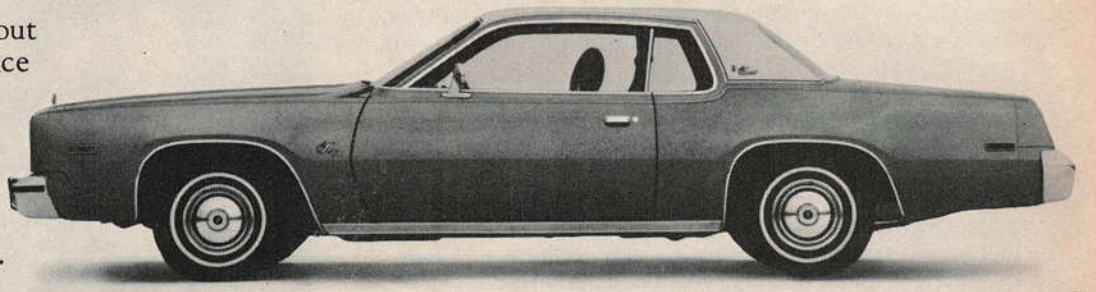
Last, the Fiat 128 costs between $400 and $700 less than they do.

You see, when the Big Three said these were small cars, they never said they had small prices.

FIAT

That's where the automobile is going.



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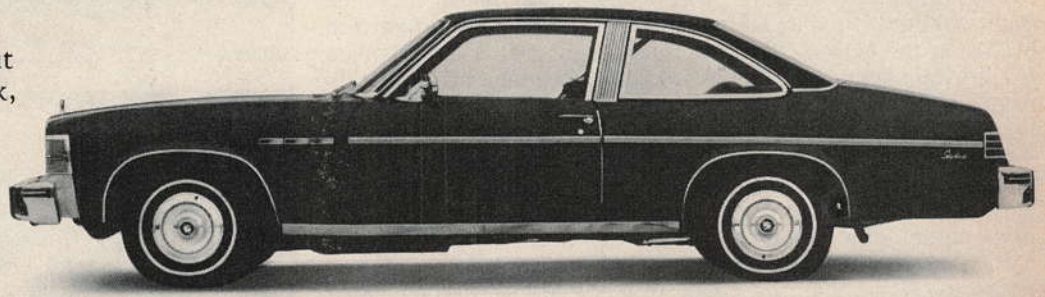
The small Plymouth Fury: Is this Chrysler's idea of a small car?



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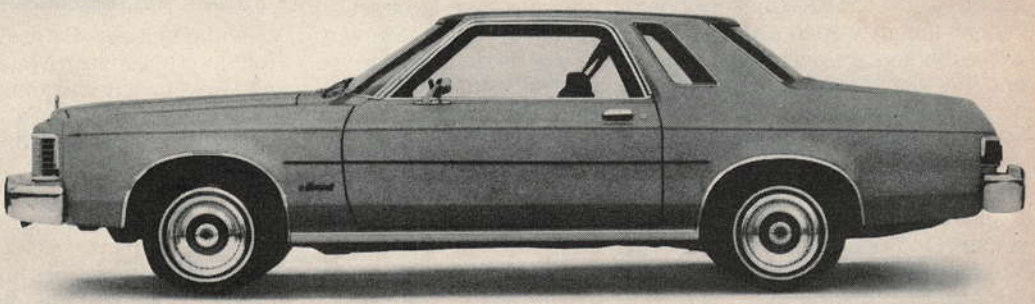
The small Buick Skylark: Can this be GM's idea of a small car?



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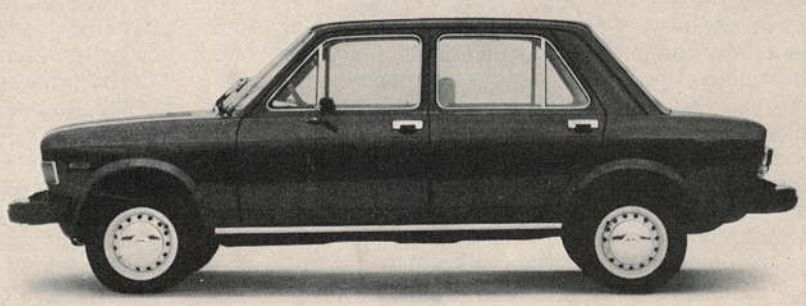
The Mercury Monarch: Is this Ford's idea of the precision size for today?



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The Fiat 128: Instead of naming it small, we made it small.

*Automotive News, November 4, 1974. **Automotive News Almanac 1974.

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HOUSECALL

To some people, Rancho La Costa is a $100 million, ultra-chic resort just thirty miles south of former President Nixon's San Clemente estate, a watering spot for some of the most influential men in America. To others, like *Penthouse* investigative reporters **Lowell Bergman** and **Jeff Gerth**, it's better known as a rendezvous for top figures of organized crime. In another *Penthouse* first, Bergman and Gerth strip off the La Costa cover to reveal some sordid goings-on behind its plush façade—like top-level mob meetings to manipulate crooked deals that have bilked Americans out of an estimated $50 billion.

They explain how the syndicate operates in a sophisticated, modern environment with financing from the likes of the Teamster Central States Fund and such pillars of the community as banker **C. Arnholt Smith**. Smith, it turns out, was chiefly responsible for one of the largest bank failures in U.S. history, and has been indicted for a complex conspiracy he dubbed "The Monster Project"—a gambit that nearly destroyed the tuna industry on the West Coast, taxi fleets in thirteen cities, and the livelihoods of thousands of farm and office workers. For a tale of syndicate men, union officials, and a surprisingly forgetful attorney general, it's thorough reporting on high dollar stakes.

Those dollars nowadays have plenty of competition from the Saudi Arabian *riyal* and Japanese *yen*, according to **Fred Ferretti** in *Buying the United States*. If you thought that South Carolina islands, Montana coalfields, and Midwest wheat could never be extensively foreign-owned, take a closer look at the new international realism. "All told, the oil principalities of the Persian Gulf —Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Abu Dhabi, Bahrain, Qatar—together with Iran and Lebanon, could possess . . . three-quarters of the total of the world's currency reserves," says Ferretti, "and the U.S.A. is a prime target for investment."

King Faisal's Minister of Petroleum Affairs may assure Treasury Secretary Simon that "we need not fear that the Arab countries would buy America up," but Ferretti disagrees: "It looks like they may want to do just that. Only two months after Simon's visit, Saudi Arabia announced that it had decided to buy 'well in excess of $5 billion' worth of U.S. Treasury bonds." Pin money to Mideast oil nations that may soon possess $300 billion in currency reserves.

The Japanese are also going *internashonaru* (international to you and me) with a shopping list that includes U.S. coalfields, wheat, and art. "The Japanese almost never quibble about price," says Ferretti, "they simply appear to want to buy everything and anything that's available." Meantime, we're going along 100 percent of the way to Tokyo and Osaka, with "delegations from Texas, Alabama, Virginia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, and other states . . . to woo Japanese manufacturers to come to their states." Makes you wonder about who's who in the new "Co-Prosperity Sphere" of influence.

Far from the Gulf of Aden or the Sea of Japan, there's a charming island race, kin to the Mellons and Kennedys, who often claim the U.S. is a country owned by people from the north of Ireland and governed by people from the South. Well, it's about time we set those Blarney-stone kissers and leprechaun-lovers straight. After all, says **Henry Morgan** in *The Irish*, "St. Patrick wasn't Irish. And, as of a recent ruling of the Church, he isn't a saint either. If that isn't perfect, then you know nothing at all about the Irish or life or anything else."

And after dressing down the newly affluent nations and the Old Sod, we leave it to the *Penthouse* fashion staff to show the world what dressing *up* is all about. This month's fashion story, photographed in Paris, shows what a well-suited male should be wearing this spring and summer. Getting there was half the fun, for aboard Air France's "Parisian Special" Paris chic begins as soon as you leave JFK.

Another American who gets up in the air is Polly, the heroine of **Calder Willingham**'s *The Black Man's Revenge* (excerpted from his novel *The Big Nickel*, published this month by Dial Books).

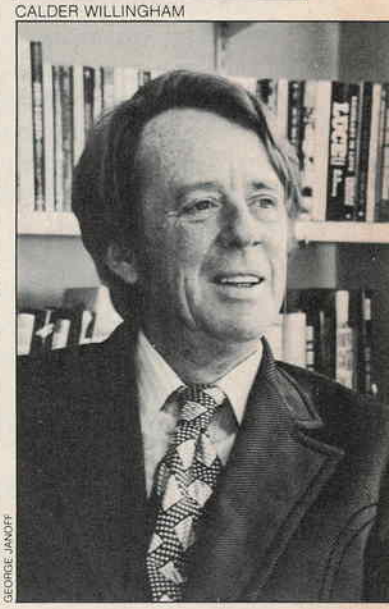
GRANT TRACY YOUNG

FRED FERRETTI

GEORGE JANOFF

ABE PECK

CALDER WILLINGHAM



When Polly meets Pahlevi Shagmadragma, Maharajah of Losam-Nehi and possessor of a $600 million fortune, her "sensitive and gifted clit twitched intuitively and peered upward with cyclopean X-ray vision." But it's a close international competition to see whether she'll be "stardusted" by the handsome maharajah or not. Or will she take on an "all-American red-white-and-blue tool of love"—plus much more than she bargained for?

Also mixing finances with sex is **Grant Tracy Saxon**, the country's foremost male "madam." He gives his funky autobiographical insights into hustling in an excerpt from his book *The Happy Hustler* (to be published by Warner Paperback Library this spring). As Grant defines it: "Hustling is the same as hooking, only it's a guy selling his body instead of a woman." There's one notable difference: "A stud is stuck with something which will give his feelings away at the slightest glance—a prick. A guy's cock is sort of a barometer of sex. If you're going to make a living at being a stud you better learn to keep it up."

If you firmly believe that the national character is faltering, tune in to Chicago-based **Studs Terkel**, subject of this month's interview by **Abe Peck**. Terkel is the best-selling author/radio announcer/political commentator who believes that "common" men and women can make a better world if allowed control over their own lives. He bills himself as a "conservative radical," and his favorite people include such grass-roots folk as Mary Lou Wolff, the mother of nine who squelched an intimidating alderman with her succinct, "Hold on! You are *my* servant! I'm not *your* servant! Now you get the hell in there and serve *me*." Terkel has discovered, with working men and women, that "once you cut through the crap in their lives you find fantastic dreams and extraordinary thoughts." We heartily second the motion.

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MARCH

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in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

One-man show

As an avid reader of *Penthouse* I saw a letter in the Forum that expressed a desire to hear more from the college campuses of America. I think I have an interesting story to relate to the Forum's readers. As a student at the University of Tennessee I lived in a coed dorm which faces another coed facility. While peering out the window across to the girls' side of the facing dorm, three girls in a second-story window caught my attention. They kept pointing to their rear ends and then to me. I got the message and I and two of my friends gave them a view of the hairy ass. This seemed to encourage the girls and they asked for a frontal view. My friends declined but to the amazement of the girls next door, I immodestly whipped out my penis.

I can't explain why but then a strong desire to masturbate hit me and I jacked off right there in the window for everyone to see. By this time word had spread and almost the whole girls' side of the dorm were at their windows. With all the attention I was really turned on so it didn't take me long to come. Then I ceremoniously put my cock away and bowed to my applauding, freaked-out audience across the way.—*R.B., Knoxville, Tenn.*

Pillow talk

I have read about almost every fetish imaginable in your magazine; but I am the victim of a fetish which I don't think has ever been discussed. I am a twenty-one-year-old college senior and am in love with my pillow. That's right . . . my pillow! She's an old-fashioned feather pillow and not one of those new, shapeless foam ones.

I think my undying love for her stems from the fact that I am very overweight and have never even had a casual relationship with a female. My pillow has been my constant companion since early childhood and I have given her the nickname of "Jaguar." Whenever I am horny or sexually frustrated, I just go to my room and fuck my pillow. Sometimes I imagine her to be Raquel Welch or my favorite actress, Linda Evans.

Every time I can save a little money, I buy her new clothes (pillowcases). My favorite outfit is the one made of dark green satin. When she rubs it against my penis, it causes an immediate erection and we make frantic love. I sometimes dress her in silk bra and panties and I pretend I am seducing her. The lack of legs doesn't bother me; I just imagine she is a double amputee.

She is the best and most faithful companion a man could ever hope for. She is always there to listen when I am troubled and always ready to make love when I am aroused. I love my pillow. —*Name and address withheld*

Hose-job

I read your Forum letter about masturbating with a vacuum cleaner and tried it. My cock swelled tight in the hose and the suction on the tip didn't feel all that good. Then I took the hose off and I tried to do a doggie-style screw job on the hole in the tank. My cock swelled so tight in the tank hole that when I made fucking motions the whole thing shoved back and forth on the floor with me. My girl friend said it was the funniest show she ever saw.

My girl got in the act by putting a small nozzle on the hose and putting it to her pussy. As soon as the suction got her clit and lips vibrating she had a good come in just a minute. Later I tried a big shop vacuum with a large hose. It works great. It gets my whole cock and bag vibrating. It's very neat—whisks the cum right away. However, it's noisy as hell. You can't imagine the squealing, whining noises of a vibrating cock in a vacuum hose unless you hear it.

Anyway, thanks for the tip. If I ever want a fast suck-off, I'll borrow the janitor's shop vac and drown out the noise with my hi-fi.—*Name and address withheld*

Was so glad to see that someone else enjoys their handy-dandy vacuum cleaner as much as I do. I get mine and spread my cunt with one hand, and apply the suction end of the hose to my clit. Don't suck it all in. Just put it a little to the side and let the clit flutter back and forth slightly. Man, it is out of sight. When you do come you feel it all the way to the tips of your toes. I always make myself come a couple of times, then tingling I just lay back and relax for a while and enjoy the warm feeling I get.

Of course, I would not indulge solely in vacuum cleaner sex as I love a nice warm wet fuck. But when my man is out of town or not up to it I have to have some relief, and I do love my cleaner.—*M.J., Philadelphia, Pa.*

Blink-job

I would like to relate a recent experience of mine to the readers of *Penthouse* Forum. I am an avid reader of the Forum and I feel my fellow readers will find that the details of my encounter may add new dimensions to their sex lives. At present I am a graduate student at Ohio State University. Last Sunday evening, finding myself bored with studying, I decided to visit a local off-campus nightclub. As I entered the room I was pleased to notice several girls at the bar look me over with smiles of approval. After ordering a drink I found my eyes were repeatedly met by those of the girl sitting opposite me. She had the largest, most alluring brown eyes I had ever encountered. I knew I just had to meet her so I wasted no time in asking her to dance.

After several more drinks Carla coyly asked if I lived nearby. I told her yes and asked her over to have a few drinks and watch the "Late Show" on television. She agreed and kissed me vigorously as a thank-you gesture. This was when I first noticed Carla's unique ability. Her kisses stimulated me more than any I had ever received in the past. Then I realized it was Carla's extremely long black eyelashes that made her both attractive and stimulating to kiss. As we kissed she would flutter those beautiful lashes against my cheeks and eyes until I was so aroused I could hardly stand it. During the drive to my apartment she continued to kiss my neck and caress me with her eyelashes. She used her eyelashes like no girl I had ever been with before. At my apartment while we were waiting for the late movie to begin we both relaxed on the couch with a couple of glasses of wine. We kissed again and, as we kissed, she proceeded to unbutton my shirt and skillfully flutter her lashes against my skin as she progressively kissed lower and lower areas of my chest.

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This treatment created a bulge in my pants almost immediately which she soon noticed and began to massage gently. A minute or so later she unzipped my pants and exposed my cock which was now fully erect. As she pulled my pants down around my ankles and slid to the floor I naturally expected her to perform fellatio on me. I was pleasantly surprised to find she had another treat in store for me. As she kissed and licked the base of my cock, she fluttered those beautiful eyelashes with amazing speed all around the head and shaft of my organ. The combination of her licking and blinking elicited such indescribable sensations that you'd have to experience it to believe it. Sensing my oncoming orgasm she placed my prick in her mouth and sucked it until I had finished my ejaculation. We made love conventionally later that night but I will never forget the sensation of her eyelashes caressing my prick. —*Name and address withheld*

Egg-rod

The holiday festivities bring to mind one delightfully sensuous discovery made by my Spanish wife, Ramera, and I in preparation for a private New Year's Eve gathering in our apartment. It happened when I offered my assistance in the kitchen and my attention was held by the eggnog mix in the blender. I was, in fact, aroused by the swirling vortex and I jokingly commented on my interest in the blender. With some amount of playfulness, Ramera suggested that I try to experience orgasm in the inviting whirlpool of eggnog. This was the type of blender that did not have exposed blades—had it been a regular blender this little jaunt into the unknown would have been much too dangerous.

With the blender positioned on the kitchen chair, I directed my hardened member into the wonderful appliance and Ramera manipulated the speed control while licking the splatterings from my balls with a lascivious tongue! By speed No. 3 I had achieved unparalled heights of ecstasy, and by speed No. 5 I had contributed my own private ingredient to the bubbly fluid! With the blissful mixture oozing from Ramera's lusty lips, we both had such a turn-on that I thought my throbbing "egg-rod" would surely bust the blender glass clear apart! On the kitchen floor we experienced the deepest and most profound intercourse in all our nine years of marriage!

We are both very much into blender sex, and, after trying several brands of blenders and recipes, are willing to advise any interested couples upon request. We are also interested in other techniques from blender-sexers, or just simply in passing the word on if no one else has tried this unique masturbatory technique.—*D.S., Rochester, N.Y.*

Pedophilia

I would like to relate an incident which happened to me some weeks ago. I have always thought of the foot as an erogenous zone and my job as a shoe salesman in a large department store adds to this belief.

One regular woman customer was particularly beautiful and I had the pleasure of assisting her many times. I would always stroke her feet gently and she would give me sultry, satisfied looks. One day she came in and we went through the normal procedure of our one-sided "footsy game." However on this occasion she moaned slightly and hitched up her skirt. Upon doing this I noticed she wasn't wearing any underwear, and I was face-to-face with a pubic potato patch. My erection was almost as large as a pair of size 11 riding boots. I then suggested that we advance to the back room and inspect some shoe boxes. Once in the back room my fingers soon found their mark and I discovered that she was as wet as a whale. I got so excited that I laid her right there—on a workbench. However, I was a little too excited and came within minutes of entering her. She clamored for more and I had to finish the job with the nearest thing to me—a shoehorn. She climaxed three times before we called it quits.

Since then I have increased my show sales 100 percent—mainly through foot rubs. The more sexual satisfaction the customer gets the more shoe sales increase—it's as simple as that.—*Name and address withheld*

P-QB4

In reading your wonderful, sexually liberated letters column, my wife and I have come to realize that our sex habits, though different from most, are not "dirty" or "perverted," but are the honest, intimate expressions of adults sharing stimulating sexual pleasures. You have put our sex life into perspective.

Our unusual method resulted from the fact that both my wife and I were still virgins the night I seduced her while we played chess in my apartment. Thus, the two activities became linked in our minds.

We perform sex while playing chess, an intriguing, challenging way of combining physical release with intellectual combat. What we do is set up a board by the bed and act as if we are going to play an actual game of chess. After a few opening moves, I begin to assume the role of a dominant, aggressive rapist and tell her what I'm going to do to her when I break through her defenders and capture her. She plays the role of an innocent, virginal damsel in distress whose only hope of maintaining her virtue is in her defending soldiers. As I make "thrusts" into her territory, I reach across the board and pull off an article of her clothing, one side of her blouse for each knight, a bra cup for each bishop, her skirt or pants for the queen, and panties for the rooks. For pawns, I reach over and squeeze or fondle her in some intimate spot. Needless to say, our form of "sex-chess" goes considerably faster than the conventional game. By the time the game is almost over, we've lost all interest in what's happening on the board and transfer the action into bed. You wouldn't *believe* how excited she gets when I thrust my hardened penis into her steaming vagina and throatily whisper, "Knight to Queen's Pawn two!" Sometimes she'll make me stick my king between her legs while I suck her ample breasts, or rub my pawns back and forth against her stomach, as I moan, "Checkmate! Checkmate! Checkmate!"

After we come (usually very passionately) we smoke cigarettes and review the game as we remember it, using our hot, sweating bodies as substitutes for the chessmen. I'll tell her how I drove my bishop into her territory to capture her rook, while corkscrewing my fingers up her trembling anus. We've learned the chess notation for the playing board to make our brand of sex even more stimulating, and we can actually "act out" an entire game in our bed, using our bodies as the pieces. It's a little too long to translate each square to the corresponding section on our bodies, but when I capture her "piece" again, you can guess where I do it. Needless to say, she's never won a game yet in ten years.

This type of sex-chess has kept our sex life meaningful and enjoyable for years, as well as sharpened our games immensely. However, we never play anyone else because we're not into swapping yet (plus, I get a hard-on whenever I just *see* two people playing normal chess). But we have heard of a couple who have developed a sex technique around backgammon.

Thank you, *Penthouse*, for letting us share our secret with the world. We know now we are not really "weird." And to any of those who think we

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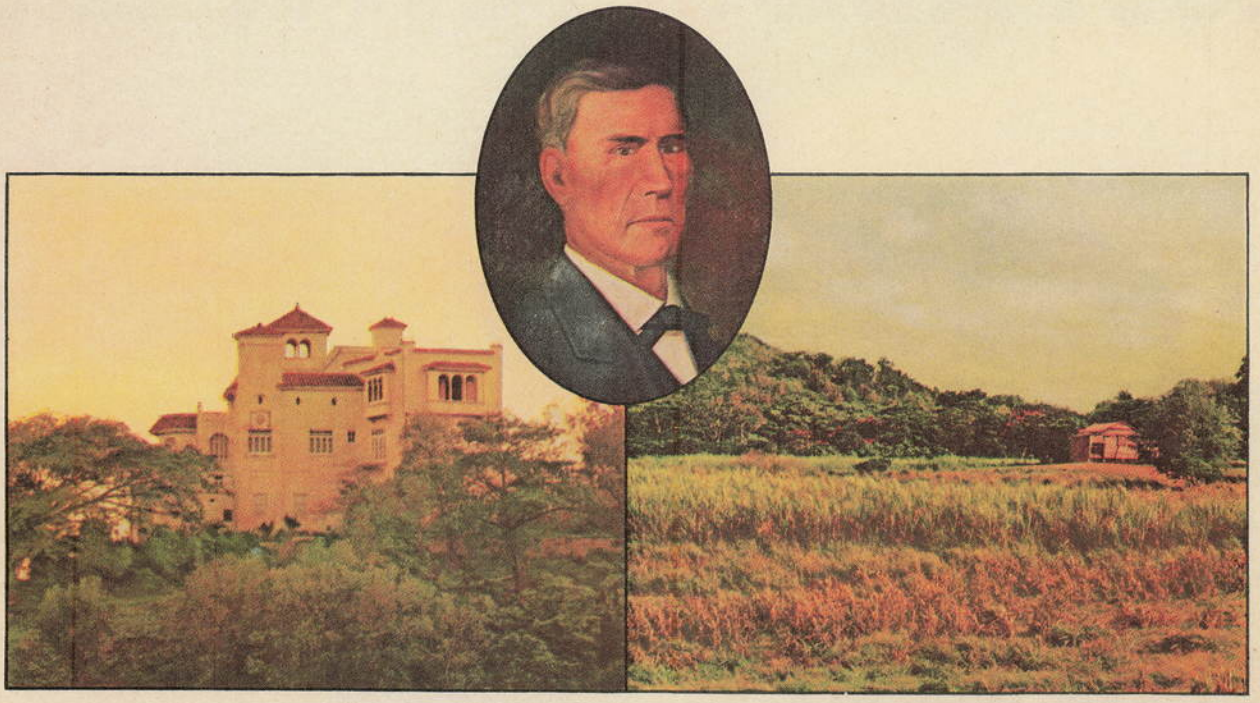

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are, we can only say, "Don't knock it if you haven't tried it!"—*Name and address withheld*

Pet partisans

It is difficult for me to believe, but in your October 1974 issue, you give the configuration figures of the Pet of the Month, Laura Doone, as a rare 36½-18-35½. In comparing her pictures and dimensions with those of the Cincinnati Kid, Karen Dermer, 36-24-36, in the same issue, it seems to me rare indeed.

I realize judging from photographs alone can be deceptive—what with camera angles, lighting, poses, etc.—but it appeared to me as if *Penthouse* had made a rare printing error, and that possibly Laura's measurements should have been more like 36½-28-35½. Apologies to Laura if I am wrong, because she is beautiful, whatever her measurements.—*Name and address withheld*

It wasn't a typo—Laura's waist is a compact eighteen inches!—Editor

Is Laura Doone, your October Pet of the Month, for real? Is it actually possible for a woman to be 35½-*18*-36½?

Our crew doesn't think so, all of us but one, that is! The one believer bases his opinions on the assumption that she, like he, is very short. How tall is this beauty?—*I-64 Engineers, Dahlgren, Ill.*

It's a nice idea—that Laura's tiny waist might be a function of her short height—unfortunately Laura stands a not very short five-feet seven-inches. Another theory down the drain.—Editor.

I would like to make special mention of two Pets who have appeared recently. One is Miss Laura Doone. She has the most beautiful face (not to mention a perfect body!) that I have ever seen. Her eyes drive me wild. I get turned on just looking at the cover of that issue.

I would also like to point out the exquisite Miss Jane Sommers. I am in total agreement with her philosophy about makng love outdoors. My girl friend and I went camping last summer and we had been hiking in the mountains for four hours straight when we came across a small lake. Immediately we disrobed and jumped in. When we got out we made love by a small waterfall and we both had tremendous climaxes.

Once again, my congratulations to these two gorgeous creatures and to an exceptional magazine.—*Name and address withheld*

I must really stand up and applaud your series of photographs and short summary on Jane Sommers (November 1974). She is really a very astonishing female both physically and mentally. I must say that the world would be a much better place to live in if only more people felt the way Jane does.—*G.G., New York, N.Y.*

In your December 1974 issue you gave a great bit of coverage to a bathing extravaganza. It was and will be a great and historic pictorial. The participants in your pictorial must have had a "ball" in going through the joys of this most illustrative and beautiful bit of photographic genius.

From my point of view, stuck on the road on a business trip, I have only one critical comment: just who is that beautiful and richly endowed young woman in the pictorial? You have done an injustice to the American public by not identifying that gorgeous young thing. You really ought to do an entire issue on this young woman—I'm sure your circulation would hit an all-time high!—*H.K., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Her name is Joyce Mandel and she is a model who works out of California.—Editor

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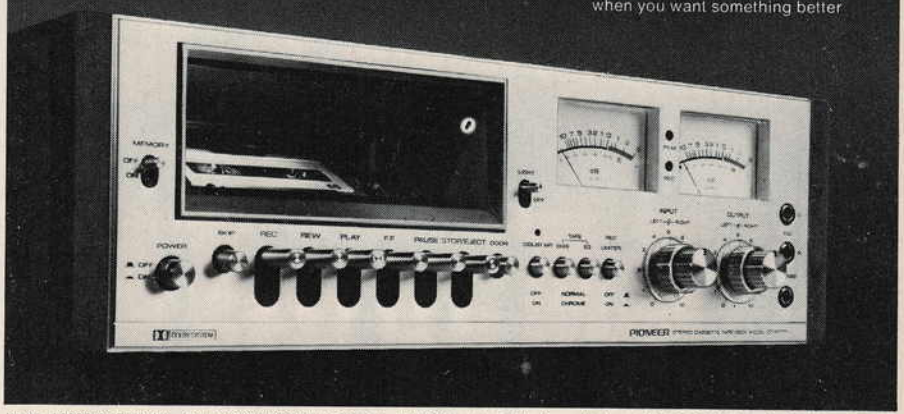

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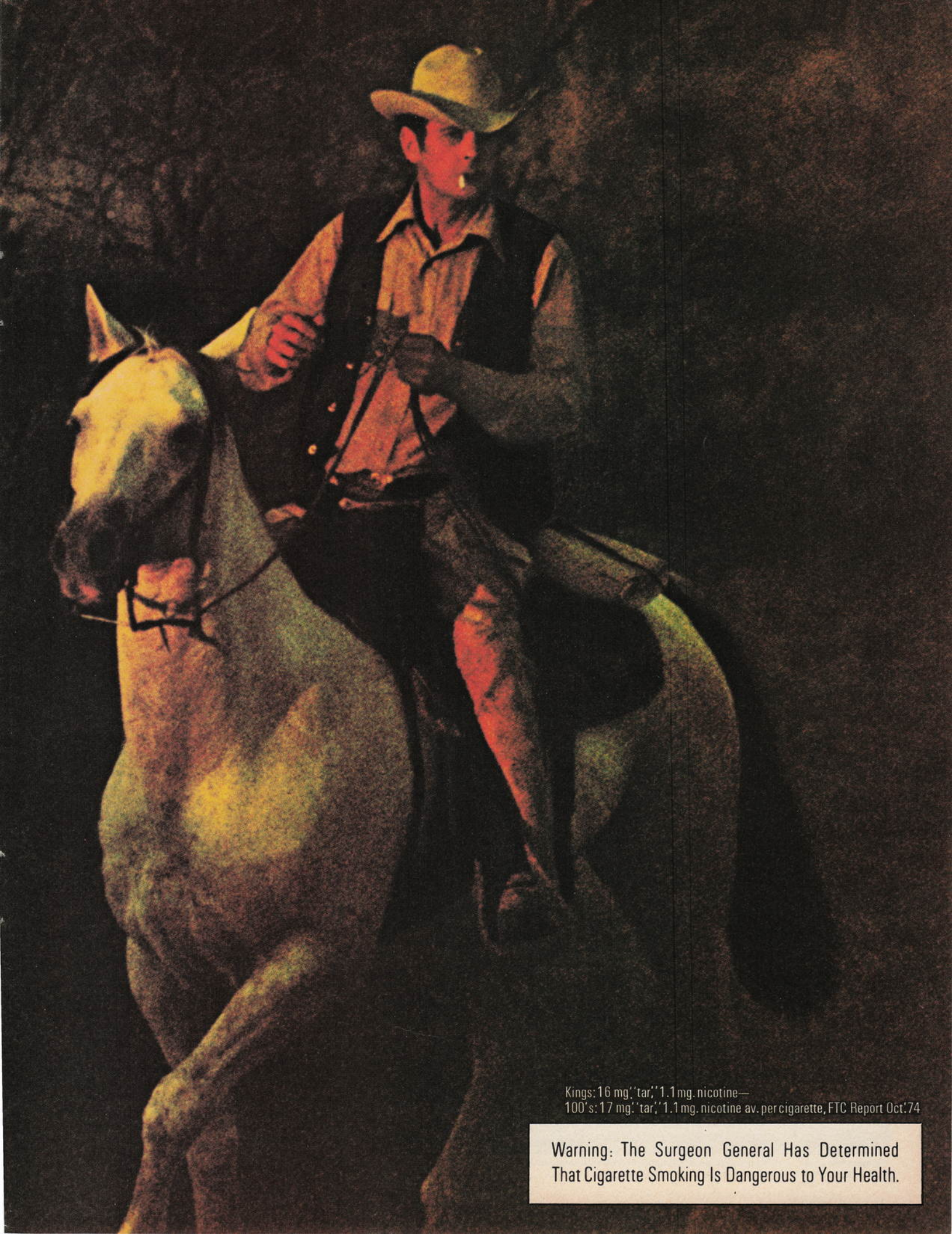

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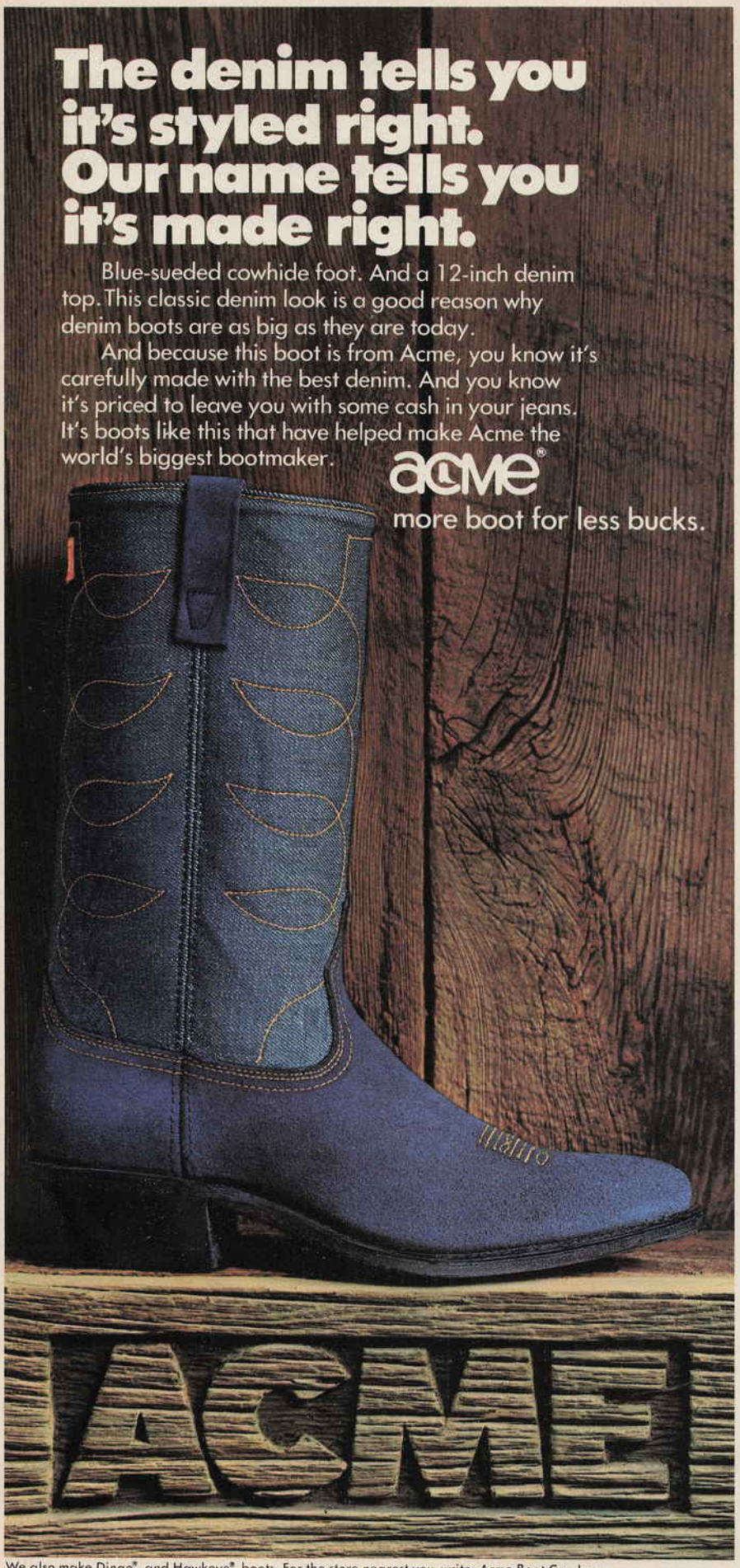
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Kudos to you and to your photographer, Jeff Dunas. Your pictorial *Bawdy Bathers* in the December issue was an erotic masterpiece, the zenith (so far) of your fine, pacesetting photographic style. As demonstrated by this beautiful feature, erotica is not of necessity synonymous with obscenity.

Penthouse, keep up the good work!—*P.K., Colonia, N.J.*

At last, *Penthouse* has begun to realize the erotic nature of barely covering one's private parts—in short, for us men, your last three issues have included even finer photos of women in panties. With the December issue, I have vowed never to miss another edition of *Penthouse*.

There is nothing more erotic for me than seeing a *thin* pair of panties stretched tightly over a bulging vulva with a few wisps of pubic hair peeking out around the edges. This image is often enhanced when the woman is fully clothed and wearing a dress up which one shouldn't be peering (a momentary relapse to the voyeuristic memories of my youth).

I speak for many of my friends on this matter, so keep up the good work. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a far-out panty freak. The above-described sequence should always be topped off with full exposé of the hidden delights.

Congratulations for the highly sensitive eroticism of your photography. I only hope that your magazine will contain a higher proportion of these fine photos in the future. I particularly enjoy the ladies with generous labia minora!—*A.W., Houston, Texas*

Food for thought

My fiancée and I have taken a page from the Romans' book and have learned to enjoy sex with our meals. At a recent party certain of our friends suggested various epicurean delights which compelled us to seek new and different dinner entertainment.

Specifically, I take a salami of an appropriate size and insert it partially into my fiancée's vagina. My cock is then dipped into a jar of honey and, in the process of having lunch, we are aroused to a spectacular climax.

For variety we will at times utilize pepperoni, pickles, bananas, peanut butter, cream cheese, and other fitting foods. Regardless of the diet this procedure is the ultimate in combining necessity with pleasure.—*B.K., Winston-Salem, N.C.*

Trick or treat

This Halloween I was handing out candy to the kiddies when this shapely 38-26-36 girl about seventeen years old walked up and explained her sister was sick so she was getting some candy for her. I said that was nice of her and gave her the whole bowl. As she peered inside my door she remarked how well I had furnished my house. I thanked her for her compliment and asked if she would like to see the rest of the house. At hearing this she let out an enthusiastic, "Oh I'd love to."

When we entered my bedroom she jumped up on the bed and said she'd never seen anything like it before. (It was a circular bed with a bar, telephone, stereo, and light dimmer.) I laid down beside her and showed her how everything worked—while I was doing this I could look right down and see her beautiful breasts. I was stiff in about ten seconds.

I pulled down the sheets and showed her how soft they were. First she glanced at the sheets, then at my eyes, and then at my penis. She smiled and put her hand on my crotch and that was it. I put my hands around her and she was nude in fifteen seconds.

That night we had so many orgasms that it freaked me out. She's pregnant now and we'll be

married in two months. That Halloween it wasn't a trick but one big treat.—*B.G., Tulsa, Okla.*

The expense of spirit

Owing to fears too gruesome to outline (fortunately, they proved false) my chick and I felt it prudent to eschew sex for six appalling weeks. Upon returning to the merry fray, we discovered to our dismay that something vital was missing; to wit: the semen she loved to savor as it squirted up her silken slot.

At this writing we are panicky and pray that you can suggest some relief. We have almost done the unthinkable and again voluntarily given up sex because she fears that the terrible pressure building up in me must soon erupt, perhaps painfully for all, in a veritable Vesuvius. Or more aptly, considering her topography, a San Andreas—and it isn't even her fault!—*Name withheld, Toronto, Ont.*

Your letter is brisk and amusing—but your problem certainly isn't. We suggest you see your doctor soon.—Editor

Blazing saddles

A few months ago my boyfriend and I discovered we harbored one of the same fantasies—to engage in intercourse while traveling high-speed on a motorcycle. I am fairly new to the world of motorcycles, but my boyfriend has a fair amount of happy cycling behind him (I am twenty-one, he's thirty-two).

On a particularly warm early spring day we decided to take a leisurely trip into the country. I had on a blue jean skirt that buttons up the front and I wasn't wearing any underwear. I guess it was a combination of the warm sun and the gentle breeze blowing up my skirt that made me so horny. Whatever it was, some of it made my boyfriend horny too, and all our reservations about the danger involved in a motorcycle screw became secondary to the thought of just getting into each other!

We found a nice straight stretch of road with only a few houses and a radio station. I got off the bike, unbuttoned my skirt, and got on again—this time in front of and facing my boyfriend. He slid his pants into a knapsack and we were off!

It's almost impossible to describe the sensations I felt as we hit 60 mph, screwing each other in plain view of a dozen people. The vibrations of the 450 cc motor beneath my ass were met stroke for stroke by my boyfriend's thick, wet cock. When I climaxed (and believe me, it wasn't long!) I thought I was dying of sheer pleasure! As I looked down and saw his semen flowing out of me onto the warm bike, I knew I was in heaven.

While I wouldn't recommend this trick to anyone but experienced bikers, I highly recommend that people act out their fantasies.

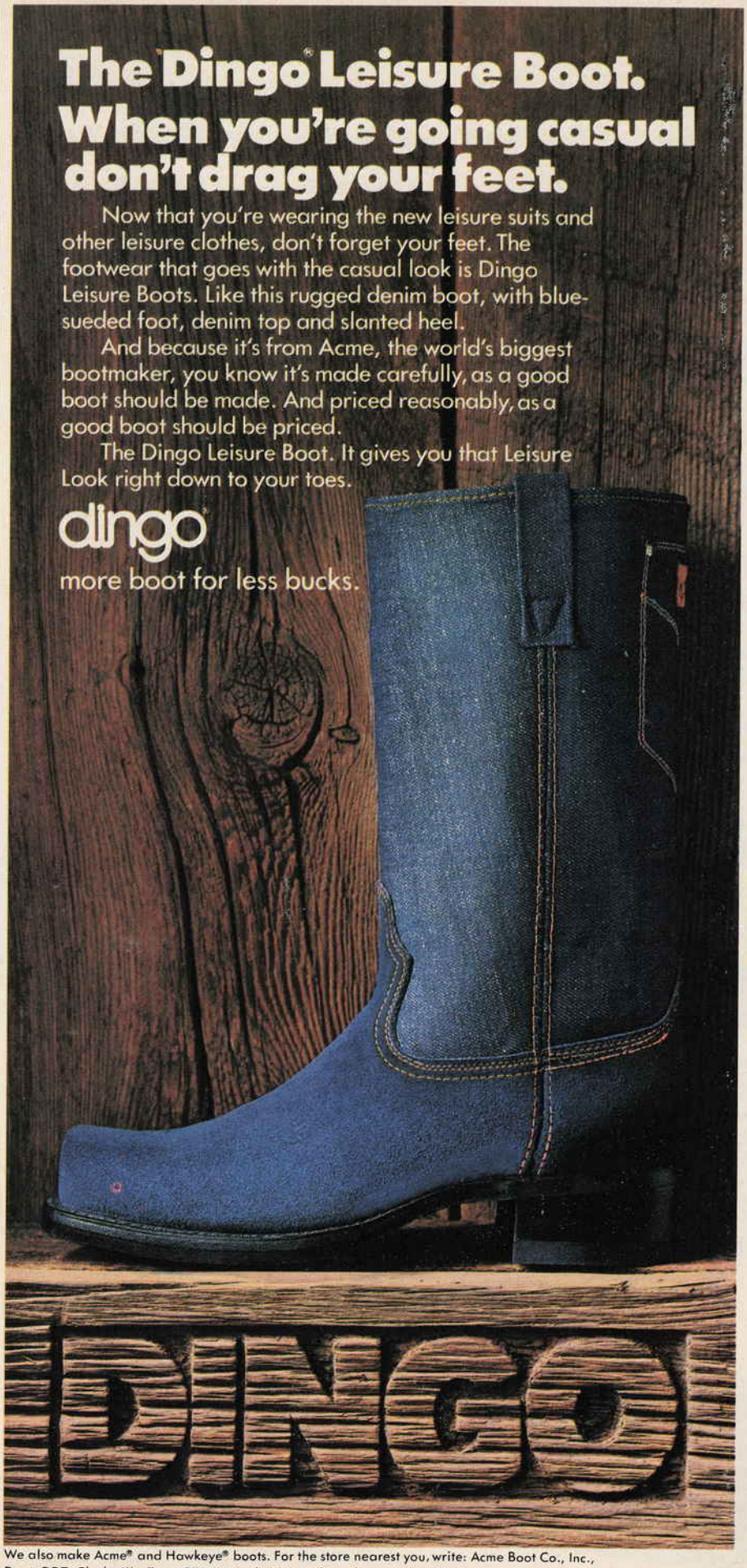
By the way: the next day at work I overheard my boss talking to another employee, "Did you listen to KXQY last night? Two people drove right by their window—screwing on a motorcycle! Can you believe that?"

"Impossible!" said the employee. "What do you think?" he said, turning to me.

"Well," I replied, blushing a little, "there are *all* kinds of people loose in this world." I demurely sat back down at my desk, and thought about the previous day's experience.—*Name and address withheld*

Boys and girls together

One night a fairly long time ago two other guys and myself were over at a friend's house. We were fooling around wrestling when the three of them decided to "pants" me. Once they got my pants they decided to take all my clothes off and hide them in different parts of the house. This they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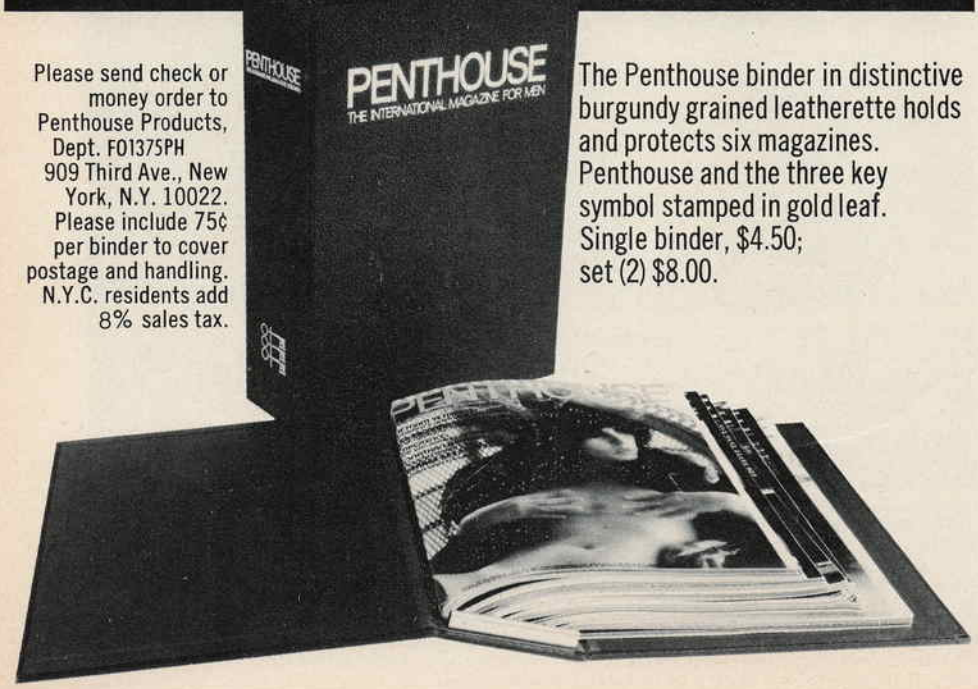

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quickly did and then they told me they were going out to get a pizza and, if and when I found my clothes, to join them at one of their girl friends' houses. Well I found everything but my shoes and socks and since I couldn't join my friends I decided to watch TV and wait until they returned.

In about a half hour my friend's sister came home with two of her friends. She was two years older than me—one of her friends was her age and the other was my age and very pretty. They asked me where the other guys were and why I wasn't with them. I told them what had happened and that I wasn't about to go out without my shoes. They got a big charge out of my story and said they should have come home sooner.

After they sat down in the living room my friend's sister and I got into an argument about what we wanted to watch on the TV. She told me to change the channels and I refused. Well one thing led to another and finally she said if I didn't change the program *they* were going to take my clothes off. I figured she was kidding and told her so. With that she came over to where I was lying in front of the set and straddled me, pinning my arms down. The next thing I did was a mistake because I started laughing which seemed to infuriate her. She called the other two girls to help, which they seemed eager to do. The second mistake I made was to underestimate her strength—not only was she bigger than me, but also stronger.

She reversed her position, kneeling above my head but still holding my arms. The other girls held my ankles and I was completely helpless. I was still laughing and started to struggle but was no match for them and very quickly found myself completely naked except for my shorts. The girl then said this was my last chance, and if I did not do as she said they were going to take my shorts off and she was going to put me across her knee and spank me. As embarrassing as this situation was I suddenly became quite aroused. I then made my third mistake by telling her she wouldn't dare. So she told the other girls to slowly pull off my shorts, which they did with large smiles, exposing my erect penis. Well I wasn't very big then and neither was my penis and as soon as they saw it they began to tease me about my little "hard-on" and how cute it was.

My friend's sister pulled me to my feet and forced me over to a chair. The other two got a big kick out of my little erection bobbing up and down as I struggled. The girls finally got me to the chair where my friend's sister placed me over her knees and began to spank me with her bare hand. I begged her to stop as I was completely humiliated, but to no avail, and the more she spanked me the more excited I became, all the while she was telling me I had had my chance and should have done what she said. The other two who were watching went on teasing me about being stripped and spanked by girls my own age. About the fifteenth time her hand landed on my bare bottom I could not hold back any longer and I came. This got them all extremely excited and because they did not see me come, for my penis was between the other girl's legs, they said they were going to make it happen again and told me if I told anyone, they would tell my friends.

They then took me into her bedroom where one of the girls got an electric shaver and shaved off what little fuzz I had around my penis. They then got the brilliant idea of tickling me with feathers. My friend's sister held me in a full nelson in front of a full-length mirror while the other two tickled my penis, balls, crotch, legs, and chest. This went on for a few minutes and I thought I'd go out of my mind. Finally the cute girl gave her feather to my friend's sister who continued to tickle me. The cute one then told me she was going to help me along. She took off her blouse and bra revealing a gorgeous set of tits. She then gently took my "cute

NOBODY WAS LOOKING, so I figured I could get away with it, sneaking a dime into the meter, while he was diggin' on my Kawasaki. No such luck. I'm out five bucks. Which doesn't seem fair somehow...I mean over-parked bikes costin' as much as over-parked cars. Then again, the ticket didn't hurt so bad because he liked my bike so much. In fact, I felt kinda good when he started asking me questions about it.

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He really knew bikes. And by the time we finished, I definitely felt he wanted a KZ-400D for himself. I don't blame him, either. After tooling around all day on a 3-wheeler, cops should have fun, too. Excuse me, I mean police officers.

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little wee wee," as they called it, between her thumb and two fingers and began to jack me off until I climaxed harder than before while they watched and forced me to witness the whole thing in total embarrassment in the mirror. After it was over they wiped the end of my penis off, helped me to get dressed and find my shoes and socks and told me that I could come over and watch TV anytime.—*Name and address withheld*

Monopede mania

I am getting tired of seeing *Monopede mania* letters in the Forum section of *Penthouse*. People have been asking for one-legged women for years now. For God's sake, will you print a picture of a naked one-legged lady already so the monopede maniacs will shut up? Then you can get back to good letters, like enemas and vacuum cleaners.—*R.D., Tampa, Fla.*

One of your writers on monopede mania referred to the universality of the erotic appeal of amputees, stumps, etc. I'm sure many people would have a hard time believing that and yet I have a hard time not believing it because amputees have always fascinated me sexually. I could give you a long list of reasons for the fascination but that is not my purpose in writing.

My purpose is to challenge you to put your pictures where your mouth is. Surely there are some attractive amputees (male and female!) who would be willing to pose for erotic pictures which would be in as good taste as your pictures generally are.

I dare you to do this. It would be an incredible turn-on for a lot of us monopede maniacs (or zero-pede maniacs), and, I hope, a boost to handicapped people in general as to their potential sexiness.—*Name and address withheld*

Great leaping prosthetics! Where is it going to end? It seems to me that this coining of descriptive terms to apply to people minus a limb is getting out of hand. I used to be just an amputee, which is an ugly word to use to describe a person. Then I began reading the letters in *Penthouse* and learned that I am really a monopede and somehow the cause of some men having a mania. A few days ago my boyfriend brought over the latest *Penthouse* for me to see, as he does every month, and I find in the November issue that a sister one-legger has come up with the catchy term "unipedette" to describe those of us females with only one foot on the ground. Enough is enough. If this trend continues, I can visualize some woman who calls herself a unipedette saying she attaches a prosthetic device to her lower left extremity remnant in order to achieve normal biped locomotion (translation: she sticks an artificial leg on the stump of her left leg so she can walk). I was surprised that this unipedette said she used underarm crutches. It would be much classier for a unipedette to utilize dual sub-upper extremity vertical supports and leave the use of such mundane items as crutches to one-legged people.—*Name and address withheld*

Pain and pleasure

After reading your articles on pain and pleasure, I've decided to relate my experience about when I was a sophomore in a small country high school. While my young and very pretty teacher, whom I'll call Miss Smith, was writing on the blackboard with her back to the class I gave the finger to my friend who was sitting across the room. My heart sank as I looked to the front of the room and saw Miss Smith staring at me. Without changing her expression she said, "Young man, for that you will stay after class."

Later that afternoon, after my classmates had gone for the day, Miss Smith ordered me to approach her desk. She then opened the top drawer of her desk and took out a heavy eighteen-inch wooden ruler and laid it upon the desk. She then smilingly lectured me on how vulgar my little act had been and that I should be punished.

She still had a smile on her face and a funny look in her eyes as she ordered me to bend down and grasp my ankles. I watched her from between my legs, especially taking note of her creamy white thighs which were almost fully exposed below the hem of her short skirt. She picked up the ruler, stepped behind me, and gave me two playful spanks which I didn't even feel. Laughingly, Miss Smith asked if they hurt. Quite certain she was only playing, I answered no not a bit. She replied in that case pull down your pants and I'll try again. Still thinking this was all a joke, I stood up and unbuckled my jeans letting them fall in a pile around my ankles. I felt her fingers in the waistband of my undershorts as she remarked I was so naughty these must come down too. Bending down once more, fifteen seconds went by as she teasingly rubbed the paddle lightly across my bare fanny.

She then raised the paddle and to my surprise I felt what seemed like a thousand bee stings. By the third swat the smile was completely erased from my face and tears were forming in my eyes as I realized she had fooled me and was really giving my bare bottom a sound spanking. After twelve hard spanks she paused for a few seconds. I shot straight up in the air when the thirteenth swat landed. Surely it felt like she had hit me as hard as she possible could.

Tears were streaming down my face as she dropped to her knees and tenderly caressed and kissed my burning bottom. As I turned around her lips felt their way along the length of my penis which caused an immediate erection. Within a few seconds after her mouth closed around my penis, I came which made her giggle as it filled her mouth and began to drip down her chin. She rose and wiped the come from her lips while I pulled up my jeans and wiped the tears from my eyes. I was released to go with a stern reminder to alter my future behavior. Since that afternoon, I was on my best behavior for the rest of that year. I very much enjoyed what happened after the paddling but would not want to do it again for my poor bottom was sore for a week.—*Name and address withheld*

Frat fun

Every month we enjoy reading about the various sexual adventures of your readers. We attend a small liberal arts university in the Midwest and want everyone to know that promiscuity is still rampant on campuses today.

Last Friday we were having a really good party and everyone was feeling fine. But soon our spirits were dampened because we heard one brother's fiancée had just left him and he was extremely depressed. So one little vixen took it upon herself to bring him out of his depression.

This guy was sitting on a couch quite bummed out and she walked over to him. In just minutes she was actively massaging his groin and the desired response was becoming evident. Guiding her hands to his throbbing organ, she was soon on the floor with his manhood in her mouth. Within minutes he achieved the ultimate gratification while she drank every drop of his semen. The appreciative audience soon began their own action, and an orgy quickly ensued within our spacious living room.

Only later did we find our previously depressed brother flat on his back—actively performing cunnilingus on one squatting Miss while placing his organ in another. These women weren't even

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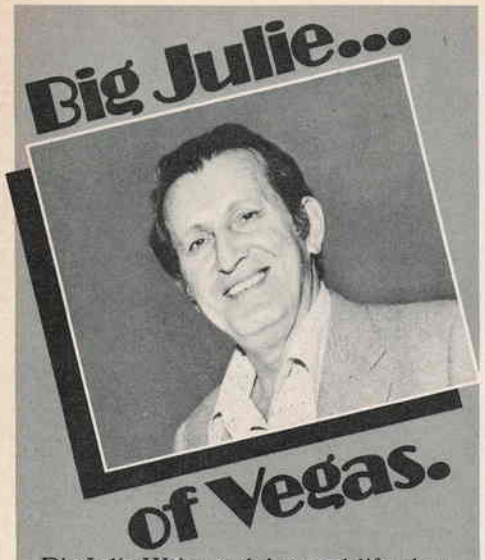

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satisfied with that, as they slowly massaged each other's breasts. Such a sexual circus had never been seen! Our brother had forgotten his troubles, as we all had. We hope students across the country have been as adventurous in their loving as we have been.—*Name withheld, Wis.*

Advantageous accident

I am a freshman at a fairly well-known college in upstate New York. One day a friend of mine and I went to a couple of local bars and got pretty high. Afterwards we got a little rowdy and I really screwed my knee up which actually turned out to be quite a good thing. The next night I went to the girls' dorm for a Halloween party. My knee was really killing me and I decided to go up to the third floor and screw this chick I knew, to forget the pain. On the way down the hall this absolutely gorgeous coed noticed me limping and asked me if I'd like to come into her room and rest. The next thing I knew I was sitting on her bed, crutches beside me, getting my shirt unbuttoned. In a matter of seconds we were both naked and I found myself with a terrific hard-on. I grabbed my crutches, stood up, and immediately forgot about the pain in my knee. I was getting the best blow job I had ever received in my life. She started sucking so hard that she literally blew me off my crutches and I fell on the bed in ecstasy. Now I'm thinking of keeping my crutches when I don't need them anymore. They sure are a great way to get a little sympathy, and sometimes a lot more.—*D.Z., Potsdam, N.Y.*

More pain and pleasure

My girl friend Sally and I are avid readers of *Penthouse* and particularly of your Forum section. We really relate to your stories on spankings and I really get turned on by reading about others' experiences.

Although I'd always been shy with girls (I'm twenty now and Sally's eighteen), when Sally and I started going together, I found it surprisingly easy to talk with her about personal things.

One night we came home from a movie which included a few scenes dealing with men's fantasies and afterward Sally asked me, "Do you have any fantasies that you'd like me to go through with you?" Well, I hesitated, because I was a little embarrassed, but after a few minutes, I finally told her that I'd always wanted to be spanked by a girl. This was an experience which I'd never had before, but one that I'd always fantasized about. Sally didn't really understand my fantasy at first, but she was more than willing to go along with it. I stripped completely—this was the first time she'd ever seen me in the nude—and told her to pretend that she was my mom or aunt and that I was a naughty nine- or ten-year-old.

To my surprise, she played her part well and, I think, really got into the whole fantasy. She sat down on the couch and made me lie over her knee. "You naughty boy!" she said, and proceeded to give me a solid spanking with her bare hand. After about three or four minutes, I reached out and grabbed her hairbrush off the table and handed it to her without saying a word.

She took it and proceeded to smack the daylights out of my poor ass. Finally, when the pain had brought tears to my eyes, I said, "That's enough," and she stopped. I sat up, and when she saw my tears, she threw her arms passionately around me and asked me if she'd hurt me too much.

"No," I said, "it was great."

We proceeded to kiss and hug more passionately than we'd ever done before, and, although we didn't go all the way then and still haven't, that whole thing really opened up our relationship. I then asked her if she'd mind jerking me off. She did so, and I had a great orgasm. It was a great feeling, and one that she now helps me arrive at almost every time we see each other.

Yes, spankings can truly help couples overcome their shyness and open up new avenues in their relationships.—*Name withheld, San Francisco, Calif.*

I would like to add my experiences to those of other women who have written to you relating how they have found new ways to increase the pleasure of their sexual encounters and to punish their lovers when they deserve it.

My girl friend and I were complaining to each other one day about the one-sidedness of some diversions, and so we decided to challenge our husbands to a wrestling match—with each other. They laughed at us, but they said they would do it if it would make us happy. We laid down the rules: they were to wear only a pair of tight fishnet jockey shorts and the man who succeeded in stripping his opponent would be declared the winner and could have both of us for the night. Since we'd swapped before, there was no problem with this. Both of our husbands are well-built and my girl friend and I got totally excited watching them strain their muscles against each other and get each other in some unorthodox holds. I think they got aroused too because when my friend's husband pinned mine and stripped his briefs off, both of them had throbbing erections. The rules were the rules, but as a consolation prize, I sucked off my husband right after the match before I left with our friends for the night. Since then, we've gotten them to try variations of this match, and we've also gotten the chance to make the disciplining part of our marriages fairer.

Both of our husbands never hesitated to spank us for our sins, but my friend and I worked out a way to even this up. I talked it over with my husband, and he agreed things were unfair. And so we worked out another system of rules: for minor things, I make my husband strip, and then I spank his ass with my hand. This is a punishment and not a prelude to sex for him, although after the spanking I will usually ask him to perform cunnilingus on me. If he's really made me mad, I will apply more drastic measures. Once I got so angry that after the spanking I tied him up, shaved off all his crotch and ass hair, and covered his prick, balls and ass with molasses and feathers and let him sit in the bathtub all night to reflect on the error of his ways. I took a photograph of him to serve as a reminder, and the punishment proved to be effective.

My girl friend tells me she's tried punishing her husband in various ways and that she's found it to be a good release for her anger. It's better, we agree, than physically harming them, constant nagging or fighting, or letting things build up to the point where our marriages would fall apart. A lot of other men might not stand for this kind of treatment, but a lot of marriages might be saved if both partners would be allowed to express anger in relatively painless but effective ways.—*Name and address withheld*

Newfound friend

I'm a twenty-three year old student at a Texas community college and I get to see an awful lot of very sexy girls. One day I was sitting in my Humanities class when I felt something rub my ass. I didn't give it much thought until I felt it again, and when I turned around to see what it was, there was this very sexy girl who looked at me and smiled. I just thought that I had imagined the rubbing feeling on my ass. But after class she came up to me and handed me her phone number, and told me to call her after school before six o'clock.

When I called her she told me that she wanted to come over to see me after school the next day. I

was a nervous wreck waiting for her, and when the door bell rang I came very close to not answering it. What the hell I thought, I could use some pussy.

Before she could get all the way in the door she said, "Let's get down to business," and with that she got undressed and started to help me out of my clothes.

She took the clothes and threw them over to the other side of the room, then started to push me down to the floor. Before I was even flat on the floor she was sitting on my chest with her back facing me, then her ass started inching its way toward my face. Her pussy was wet and she was rubbing it all over my mouth. I was licking like I never had before—I'd never been so turned on like that. By now this girl, Susan, had her mouth around my cock and she gave me the best head job of my life. We must have climaxed three times each. After I came for the last time Susan rolled off me.

We started talking and finding out about each other—that's when she told me that she was thirty-two years old, married, and the mother of two kids. I had always wanted to make it with an older woman and it finally happened. Now everything is cool with our newfound friendship—we get together bi-weekly at my place for an afternoon of eating, sucking, and fucking.—*Name and address withheld*

The weaker sex?

I was shocked and deeply humiliated last week by my girl friend. It seems we were fooling around on the floor when she suggested a wrestling match. I told her I was afraid I might injure her but she kept egging me on by calling me chicken. I stand six feet and weigh around 190 pounds, she is five-feet eight-inches tall and goes around 135. She insisted we strip down to our underclothes. I took off everything but my bikini jockeys and she kept on bra and panties. We stood facing each other and I lunged at her pinning her arms to her sides and pushed her down to the floor. But somehow she twisted to the side of me and wrapped her long legs around my waist.

I was lying face down and she exerted such tremendous pressure with her powerful legs that I was gasping for air. After what seemed like an eternity, but was really only a few minutes, I was completely exhausted from her vise-like grip. She then took both of my arms and brought them up behind me in a hammer lock. She held them with one hand and I was rendered completely helpless by this surprisingly strong chick. With her free hand she pulled my bikini shorts off past my cheeks and proceeded to give me a painful spanking with her bare hand. No one has ever spanked me in my twenty years on this earth and she had me yelling for mercy in between some genuine tears. She finally let me up and I dressed and hurried out of her apartment. She keeps calling me but I don't want anything to do with that female.—*F.M., Milwaukee, Wis.*

Chaste makes waste

I have just read in your December 1974 issue the letter captioned *The Iron Maiden*, from the inventor of a conical, metal male chastity device which attached to his penis by a sealed wire.

I just thought I'd mention I used to wear a somewhat similar gadget—a wire cage fastened to my penis by a small padlock through the frenum. Unlike the prior writer to Forum I had a 50-50 deal with my girl friend, who agreed to wear a chastity belt if I wore a lock. As it prevented her from masturbating, my cage was added, so I could not masturbate either.

The chastity belt was bothersome, and she had a terrible time hitting the holes in it when she went to the bathroom, so she had holes pierced in the outer lips of her vagina, and wears a padlock

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Tequila Pup. The loyal dog symbolized the 10th day in the Aztec week, representing faithful companionship. The drink: Mix in shaker with ice, 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 1 teaspoon honey, juice of 1 lime, dash of bitters. Serve in cocktail glass.

ITZCUINTLI

Tequila Earthquake. A circle with radiant arms symbolized the 17th Aztec day, representing the power to move mountains and get a party shaking. The drink: In blender, combine ¾ oz. strawberries and 1 teaspoon grenadine.

OLIN

Add 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, dash of orange bitters and ice. Garnish with lime slice and fresh strawberry.

Mexico Martini. The elegant jaguar represented the 14th day of the Aztec week, symbol of graceful enjoyment. The drink: Stir with ice, 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila, 1 oz. dry Vermouth, 2 drops vanilla extract. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

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Tequila Caramba. The brave eagle rules the Aztecs' 15th day, symbol of free-spirited fun. The drink: Shake with crushed ice 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 3 oz. grapefruit juice, 1 tablespoon sugar. Add club soda, serve in highball glass.

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through them. She can urinate and masturbate freely, but no screwing, and now I only wear a lock. I carry the key to hers on my padlock, and she has the key to mine in the same place, and unlocking is half the fun.—*Name and address withheld*

Coming of age

I shall always be grateful for my parents' housekeeper during the Depression. I was still in high school and she was in her middle thirties. As part of her pay, she had the upstairs apartment. So one Sunday, while my family went to the country to get fresh vegetables, we were alone for hours.

I guess she wanted to see my body as much as I had been wondering about hers—she was tall, a country gal with a nice pair of tits and well-built for her age. She suggested that we go to her apartment and I teach *her* how to play strip-poker. It turned out that the "pot" for the day was my cherry—I lost it and she won it.

For the next year and a half I had it made—instant pussy in my own home—and I don't think I ever had it so good since. One morning, with my brother still in bed, I got up to go to the bathroom . . . I had what we called in my day a "piss-hard-on" and as I wandered through the kitchen to get to the bathroom she was leaning on the kitchen table on her elbows, reading the morning newspaper. I took one look at that beautiful ass pointed at me, and, like a magnet, I slipped up to her, took a hold of her hips and placed my erection soundly against the crack of that beautiful ass.

She gasped, and then started to rotate her ass to let me know she was willing. I pulled up her skirt and pulled her panties down to her knees; then I pushed it into her as deeply as I could. I guess that it must have been the backlog of my all-night supply of piss that kept me so erect for so long—I never did come inside her that time. But she came about five times during the thirty minutes we both enjoyed so very much. Neither one of us cared if my little brother woke up or not. We were all alone in the world.

On other mornings if she were horny, she would wake my little brother and send him out to play at the neighbors on the next block. Then she would come into my bed, take off her shoes and get me to fuck her before I could go to the bathroom to piss. I have never seen any other letter written about this kind of sex. This is not a fantasy, but it is a wonderful memory of a real woman. Too bad there are not more like her left around.—*F.L., Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Fighting females

. . . at a dance

I have been very interested in letters to *Penthouse* Forum about girls fighting and wrestling. This past week I saw a fight between two beautiful ladies after a dance. One of these girls was a brunette about twenty years old, five-feet nine-inches tall, and with a very good build. The other girl had black hair, was about thirty years old, and was about six-feet tall. Both girls had on mini-skirts and tight blouses.

The older lady completely dominated the fight which lasted for about ten minutes. The whole thing started when the older woman grabbed the brunette's hair and pulled it as hard as she could—jerking it from side to side, and finally pulling it down so the brunette fell to her knees. Then the older woman let go of her opponent's hair and kicked her in the stomach three times until she fell on her back. When she was lying on her back the older woman jumped and landed with her knees on the brunette's breasts. Then she put her knees on the brunette's outstretched arms, and sat down on her face. She tore the blouse and bra off the brunette and grabbed her breasts, squeezing them and pinching the nipples. The brunette tried to scream, but the sound was muffled because the older lady was sitting on her face. She then tore the brunette's pants open and ripped her underpants off. She reached to her adversary's vagina and gave the pubic hair a fierce pull. The brunette tried to scream and kick but she just didn't have the strength.

At this new impertinence the older woman stopped pulling her enemy's pubic hair but inserted two fingers into her vagina and pulled them back and forth real hard. After a few minutes of this the brunette was ready to pass out, but the older lady let her go and got off her. When the brunette sat up the victor gave her a solid kick in the breasts leaving her victim lying there crying and humiliated.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . in the shower

My boyfriend has been buying *Penthouse* for about three years, but until recently I haven't even glanced through an issue. A letter in the December issue from a lady about fighting women was brought to my attention by my friend, Ann.

About three years ago when Ann and I were seniors in high school we were involved in a real battle. We were on the girls' field-hockey team and after all our games the team captain, Linda, who was five-feet seven-inches (36B-25-36) and about 125 pounds, would stand at the entrance to the shower and slap the girls on their bare bottoms. Ann was behind me in line as we entered. Linda said that I deserved two because I was the goalie and I cost them the game. My friend Ann hated Linda, and told her to shut the f___ up. Then she pushed me through so I wouldn't be slapped. As all the girls stood under the showers, Linda turned and said that the real reason I couldn't block the goals was because my 36D boobs blocked my view.

Ann turned to me and said that I should punch her (Linda) in the mouth. Then as Ann rubbed soap on her breasts she laughed and threw the bar of soap hitting Linda on her shiny ass. Linda swung around and walked toward me. I watched her pointed boobs shake as she walked over and faced me with her hands on her wet hips. She had a muscular body, lean and shapely with no extra fat anywhere. She pushed her right index finger into my left nipple and said that I was going to pay for that. She pressed her finger into my soft boob until it began to hurt. I pushed her hand away and received a hard slap in the face which shook my entire body.

Ann then pushed Linda back and said that she threw the soap. Linda started to throw another slap, but Ann stepped back and thrusted a powerful upcut into Linda's flat soapy belly. She let out an agonizing moan and doubled over in pain. Ann turned to me and asked if my face hurt, but as she did Linda grabbed her wet hair, spun her around, and pounded a hard punch into Ann's chest.

Ann staggered back gasping for breath and crying. Linda punched her again, in the stomach this time. I watched the muscles in Linda's back contract as she readied to land a third, but Ann toppled over onto her back, falling on the steamy wet floor with a splash before she could. I grabbed Linda's long blond hair and tried to pull her down, but she was too strong and managed to turn the tables on me by twisting my arm behind my back. She drove me into the wall, smashing my chest against the cold tile; she then repeated this three times until I collapsed onto my hands and knees. The pain in my breasts was too much and in pain I rolled onto my back. Linda screamed at the others and they all left the shower.

I remember lying there flat on my back rubbing my pounding boobs when Ann came over to me and lifted me into a sitting position. We wiped

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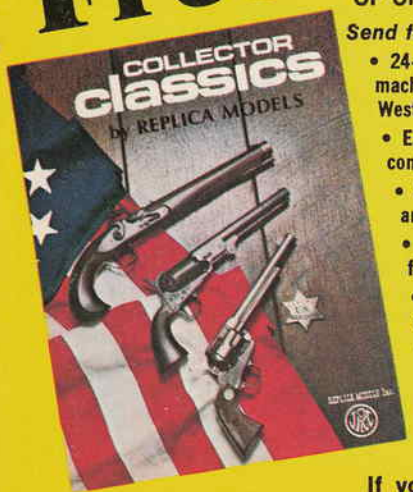

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each other's tears and as we embraced we both came to tingling orgasms. Ann and I quit the team, but rejoined when Linda came and apologized to us both.—*Name withheld, N.J.*

. . . in the home

I've long been fascinated by the thought of two young girls fighting or boxing, and I recently had an experience which satisfied my fantasy along those lines. While visiting a friend's home late one evening, I had the opportunity to witness the wildest cat-fight you could imagine. There were four of us (my friend and I, and our dates), and we had been drinking heavily. We began playing a drinking game similar to strip-poker, and eventually all four of us were in various stages of undress in the living room.

Unknown to me at the time, my friend had been seriously dating another girl who, I soon learned, was fiercely jealous of anyone who she thought was "stepping into her territory." Soon a knock at the door revealed this stunningly beautiful black chick and this set off a chain of events I won't ever forget. The black beauty could see the blond, semi-nude in the living room, and she barged in for a better look at the situation. After exchanging an ample number of obscenities, the two wildcats were temporarily separated by my friend.

The blond's 40-inch bust was bare, though she was still clad in her panties, while the black wore hot pants, boots, and a sheer, white blouse which allowed her ample breasts to press suggestively against the fabric. While my friend restrained the black girl, the blond slipped on a loose-fitting T-shirt. Finally, the blond decided that she had taken enough lip from the black girl, and the two beauties locked up in a battle-royal which was to last almost ten minutes.

We quickly pushed aside the furniture to leave a large arena for the circling combatants. The blond lunged at the black and grabbed a handful of afro-hair as they struggled for position and fell to the floor in a tangle of legs.

The black chick was pummeling the blond with her free right fist, landing several wicked shots to the head. The two girls continued to flail away at each other, spiced with the foulest insults they could hurl, as they rolled on the floor in battle. Finally, the black kicked free and staggered to her feet, casting aside her shredded blouse and revealing a huge pair of breasts with jet-black and jutting nipples. To even things up, the black jerked the blond's T-shirt off, ripping it down the front, and the two topless fighters circled again, breasts glistening with perspiration and heaving with exhaustion, hair a tangled mess, and teeth slightly bared in anger. Each girl kept her fists open, with claws bared like circling jungle-cats.

This lull in the action was temporary, however, as the black once again took the offensive and caught the blond with a nasty slap across her face, and again they tangled with in-fighting tactics, black and white breasts pressing against each other. After minutes of groveling on the carpet, the black brought her knee into the blond's crotch, and the fight was over . . . or so I thought.

Without warning, *my* date, also a blond, decided that a kick in the cunt was no way to have a fight end, so she lunged into the melee with fists and feet flying. I was completely stunned at the sight of my nude, semi-drunk girl friend wading into a fight, advising the black that she was going to beat the fuck out of her. This second match-up proved to be interesting in that my date's semi-drunkenness was offset somewhat by the fact that the black was now almost exhausted. These two lovelies rolled to the floor again, my girl pinning the black chick; the sight of her bare ass straddling the other girl's black chest while she punched her in the face was enough to make me come right there. The fight ended soon thereafter with my girl the victor and the black girl a mess.—*Name and address withheld*

Terrific tutor

Until about two weeks ago this quarter at Akron University had been very depressing. I have always been a fairly quiet guy in class and really didn't know that many people. My grades on tests were low because I was scared to ask questions. My instructor was fair to all of us in the class, and invited us to have conferences with her anytime we wanted.

One Tuesday I made an appointment to talk with her about my school work. I walked into her office and sat down and about five minutes later she walked in. She was wearing a short red skirt, black nylons, and a white blouse.

Her blond hair was about shoulder length and was fixed up real pretty. As she bent over to get my file, her beautiful legs drove me wild. I could feel my dick rising. Well, she looked through my papers and then asked what my trouble was, and for the first time I felt comfortable around her. I told her that I was shy and afraid to discuss problems in front of my classmates. She knew exactly what I needed. She said it wasn't an educational block but a social one, and invited me up to her apartment for some special tutoring, and I accepted.

About 8:30 PM I knocked on her door. She came to the door right away as though she had been waiting for me. She grabbed my hand and led me to the sofa and told me to make myself at home.

She went to the kitchen and brought me a Pepsi, and then sat down next to me. Like a fool I really didn't know where to start. I had only fucked once before and that was with a girl my own age; my instructor was about thirty-one. It took a while but I knew what she wanted. I kissed her full lips and made out with her for about fifteen minutes. My cock rose like a flagpole. She unzipped my pants and before I knew it we were both naked on the couch. She sucked my cock for about one minute and then put her cunt in my face. I licked her until she was nice and juicy. A few moments later I shot my load in her mouth, and she didn't even flinch. We slept together that night and had intercourse about four or five times. One thing she told me was not to fall in love with her, and I didn't. She said she would help any one of her students if they needed it.

Class went on the next day just as before but I sure brought my grades up and became a very good talker. I just hope more teachers realize what problems exist with their quiet students; really all they need is some extra attention.—*Name and address withheld*

Bringing up baby

For the past year my girl has gotten me involved in the most fantastic method of foreplay that I have ever known. About a year ago, she started to "baby-sit" for me and treat me as her baby. All I can say is it is fantastic warm-up.

One night my girl called me up and told me that she was coming over to my place for the night and that she had something special in mind for that night and that she wanted my word that she could be in full command.

I agreed without any questions asked.

She came over with a large carton and, after a few drinks and dinner, she told me that she was ready for the special event that she had planned. She told me that she was going to baby-sit for me and that all the necessary equipment was in the carton. When she opened it up I observed diapers, rubber pants, bottles, toys, rubber sheets, and other baby items. I was all set to tell her to go to hell but I decided I'd go along with the gag.

She walked to the bathroom and ran a bath. Then she returned to the living room, took me by

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the hand and led me into the bathroom where she undressed me and helped me into the tub. She then gave me a bath, washing me all over with tender loving care paying special attention to my penis and balls. After the bath, she dried me off, took me into the bedroom, and applied baby oil and baby lotion to the area where it is applied to any infant. Then putting me on the bed, on top of the rubber sheet, she dressed me in diapers and rubber pants.

After being dressed in this crazy outfit, she sat me on a pillow on the floor, took off her clothes except for a pair of panties, put some toys in front of her and started to comb my hair at the same time asking me what toys the little baby wanted to play with. By now my erection was so big I felt that it would bust right out of the diaper and the rubber pants. I reached and started playing with her cunt and to hell with the other toys she had in front of her lap. She let me play with it for a while until my penis felt like it was on fire and I told her that I was ready to ejaculate right then.

At this point, she picked me up and put me across her knee, and started spanking me at the same time telling me that I was not to come until she said she was ready. By now I was ready to fly right into orbit and the little fox knew it.

She then laid me on the bed and went and filled up a baby bottle with milk and started to feed me from the bottle. She then asked if I would like to be nursed which I agreed to without any arguments. As I was sucking on her tits, like a brand-new baby, her hands were busy down in the diaper area checking to make sure that the baby was not wet, and that the diaper was on correctly.

All in all it turned out to be a beautiful night and the foreplay and the massaging and the baby bit really set the both of us off for an outstanding night. Since then, I have tried this with a number of girls and the results have been out of this world. to say the very least. You might say that I am now the best baby around when it comes to this foreplay.—*S.M., Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Pussy skirmishes

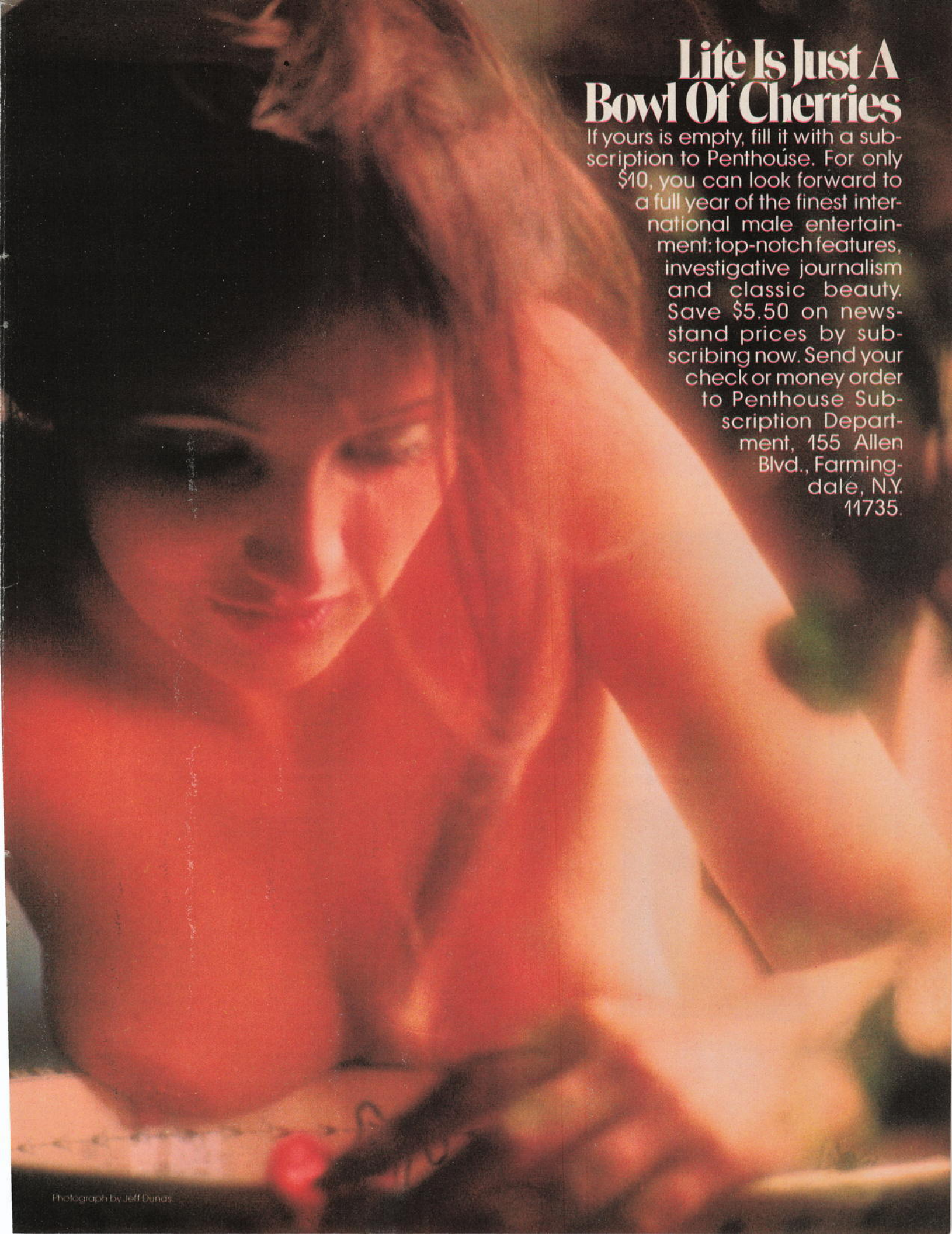
I am a twenty-one year old female reader of your magazine, and have been blessed with a gorgeous amount of hair on my beaver. When I was a senior in high school I carefully manicured my cute little patch every week. I would trim the overgrowth and shampoo my pubic patch faithfully. I fell in love with it. I continued doing this in college until one day my roommate caught me with my panties down. She asked me what I was doing and rather than lie which would've been ridiculous I simply told her.

To make a long story short, I now have a pubic patch partner and each week we touch up each other's pussy hair.

My point is this: We have read about women shaving their beavers completely. This is not being a woman. The hair was put there for a reason. Our motto—keep your patch beautiful.—*Name and address withheld*

Reading the October Forum, I wish to express my appreciation to *B.A.* for telling it like it is concerning the virtues of vaginal odors, i.e., delicious aromas (*Forgotten flavors*). I'm not familiar with army life, war, or soldiers, but I, like *B.A.*, know about prison life, and about men separated from women for long periods of time. For years, the odor of a woman's vagina, "a special woman," has stayed with me, and I hope this delicious aroma never leaves.—*J.R., Florence, Ariz.*

This letter is in regard to the *Muff-divers* letter in the November Forum, where *R.T.* of *Los Angeles* wrote of his distaste for the art of eating pussy. To *R.T.* I say if you can't get into eating pussy don't do it, but don't tell *Penthouse* readers that if God had



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intended for man to eat pussy he would have put a toothpick and a napkin in that area. I doubt very seriously if you were born with a toothbrush in your hand to brush your teeth with. We weren't born with rubbers on either, *R.T.*

R.T. says that although all pussies don't smell bad, most of them don't have a smell that appeals to him. Well if the smell is all you're worried about, *R.T.*, then why don't you just hold your breath when you go down on a chick? I don't like the smell of pizza but I eat it all the time.

I can take or leave eating pussy but if it's not your thing don't do it—but don't put down those who do.—*M.M., Baltimore, Md.*

Have been following with interest the Pussy Skirmishers. A shot fired for eating pussy brings a burst from the non-eaters, a foray into the land of shaven and unshaven pussy brings fast retaliation from either side, and beware treading the territory concerning Fishy Cunt, No-Smell Cunt, and Strawberry Cunt! But really now (and I'm sorry for this), doesn't it just all boil down to a matter of taste?—*N.K., Sandpoint, Idaho*

X-rated tv

I read the article about X-rated closed-circuit television in your November issue with great interest. In every country there is some means of regulating all forms of communications. In most cases these government agencies carry their authority to an excess but this need not be the case.

Radio and television waves are a natural thing—one of the few things that cannot be "polluted" or "used up." Like "adult" movies no one is forced to watch any particular TV program. If X-rated programs were to be aired people could turn off the set or switch to another channel. Like regular programs the public pays for the program by buying the product the sponsor advertises. The public could force adult television off the air by not buying the products advertised. If parents didn't want their children to see the adult show they are watching they can watch another set in another room. To prevent children from watching without permission scramblers which would blur the picture and sound could be attached to the sets. The scramblers could be unlocked with a key held only by the parents.

I think the real "pornography" in broadcasting are the distasteful and misleading commercials, sloppy programming, and reruns.—*J.H., Philadelphia, Pa.*

Vasectomies . . .

I recently found an article in *Saga* magazine rather distressing. The article deals with the possible aftereffects of a vasectomy. It seems that a group of rats were vasectomized and the rats' "testicles became smaller, softer, and had an abnormal purplish coloration." What's more "small to large yellowish cysts occurred in a number of the vasectomized rats." We all agree that rats are not humans, but the rats do have many physiological similarities with man. Baylor College of Medicine has recently conducted studies on 2,711 men of the Houston area, all of whom have received vasectomies at the Houston Planned Parenthood Center. Of the 2,711 men, Baylor found these following abnormalities: one case of granuloma; 16 cases of abnormal adhesions in the vas deferens area, 14 cases of abscesses, and 7 cases of hematoma.

At this point in the article I was seriously considering calling my doctor and attempting to reverse my vasectomy. But the article goes on to say that after a considerable time, the body develops antibodies to kill off the sperm cells. That in fact 60 to 70 percent of all vasectomized men have sperm-killing antibodies.

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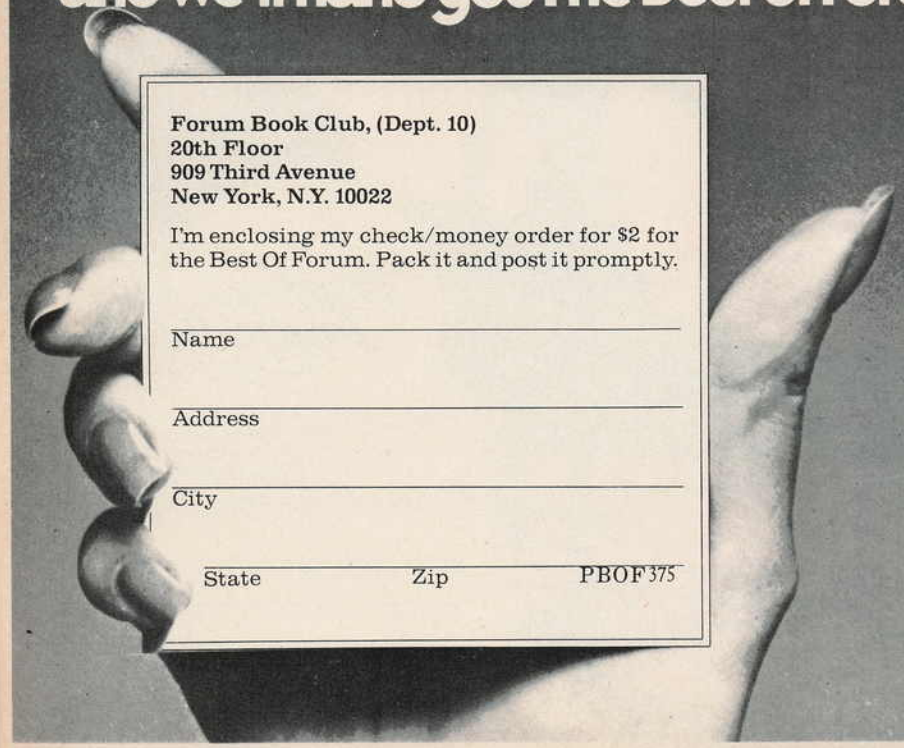

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Still another survey was taken of 73 other vasectomized men: one half of these 73 felt freer, three-fourths felt more satisfied with their present sexual lives, and a good number were enjoying a more active sex life. But, a full 12 percent of these men felt that they were having emotional and/or marital problems in connection with their vasectomies. In some cases the sex lives of these men were worse than before the vasectomies. This survey can be verified by contacting the *Journal of Psychosomatic Medicine*.

I still feel that a vasectomy is the surest way of total and complete birth control. But, those men who have been contemplating this "simple operation" should seriously consider the above-stated facts. The operation itself is simple, but it now seems that the aftereffects can be detrimental to some of us.—*D.O., Tucson, Ariz.*

The Last Days of Earth

David R. Brower's article in the November issue really told it like it is. We need people like him in government. The people need someone to stick up for them, but they also need to stick up for themselves. We must seek out people like this to run for office and elect them. We don't need people like Nelson Rockefeller in office. They aren't going to do anything to discourage oil consumption because it's their life and blood. We've got to kick out the businessmen and get someone in office who cares about the environment.

Just think of all the raw materials used in our war in Vietnam. Not to mention the landscape we wasted and all the lives lost. But G.M. and other corporate giants prospered—the U.S. government is in hock to them for billions of dollars. They (the government) even have to borrow more billions just to pay the interest on the loans. All this money could have been used to research ways to conserve energy and beautify the land.—*D.B., Lebanon, Ohio*

Diamond Dogs

As an avid supporter of most everything Bowie has recorded and done throughout his multi-faceted career I must wholly disagree with your review of *Diamond Dogs* in View From the Top in the November issue of *Penthouse*.

I will not debate with you as to whether or not Bowie's futuristics are "half-baked," that is for each and every one to decide.

Musically, however, *Diamond Dogs* has a cut named "Sweet Thing" which is probably the most sophisticated vocalizing Bowie has ever done. "Rebel Rebel" on the other hand, which the review praises, is probably the shallowest, and certainly the cheapest, cut on the record (which goes to show where the critic is at). *Diamond Dogs* rule the world (or will).—*Gary Cottet, Boston, Mass.*

The Old Shell Game

The popular social activity, frolicking fornication between consenting adults, has reached new heights. The article by Robert Sherrill describes the biggest screwing adults have ever gotten. With the politicians spreading our cheeks, the bureaucrats bending us over, the petroleum industry sinks their shafts to pump out greater profits. I guess we can be thankful they aren't drilling exploratory holes.

In my opinion the oil orgy is just the foreplay to the bigger party that is being set up. I think Rocky (of EXXON and other foundation fame) will make things interesting for a big party in the White House. He won't be living there but he'll be commuting via a Ford.

I think the Watergate blanket covered up a lot more than the political pus that has polluted our federal government. I guess we ended up with gonorrhepublican.

We should have another scheduled crude oil

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crisis (the lube job) to assure the proper selection of a vice-president. After the Rock gets confirmed by the select legislators, the world bank and the federal reserve system should dump the heavy yellow on the market. That's when lots of folks will consent to a lot of things . . . 'cause that's when the real party starts.—*Name withheld, Calif.*

Tasteless Santa

I just received my December issue of *Penthouse*, and as usual this month's is as good as the rest, as far as pictorials and articles are concerned.

I am a very broad-minded person. However, I feel I must say that the cartoon by Paul Psorakis depicting Santa Claus with a belt around his arm, and a hypodermic needle in his hand, getting ready to "shoot up," is in very poor taste.

Surely a magazine of your size is aware of the drug problem in both Canada and the U.S. today, and of the seriousness of it. It is a pretty sad thing when people start to think that this is what Christmas is all about. Let's hope it never comes to this.—*Doug Simpkins, Acton, Ont.*

Going Broke

In spite of the recent proliferation of "doomsday" articles, Alex Cockburn has succeeded in approaching the subject of America's economic turmoil with a novelty I found refreshing.

While I was a bit disappointed with his apparent ambiguity in dealing with Ayn Rand's influence on Alan Greenspan, I must take issue with his assertion that Greenspan "has no clear-cut solution" to America's economic crises.

Prior to his departure for Washington, Greenspan lived and worked in New York and gave numerous lectures on economics and his assessment of the economy and its future were both candid and severe: we were in for serious trouble. That was back in the mid-Sixties.

The real test of any theorist is his ability to predict with consistent accuracy future events. This holds true regardless of whether we are dealing with human behavior, the splitting of atoms, or apples falling from trees. On the subject of our national economy, few have had so admirable a record for accuracy in predictions as have the economists of the Von Mises genre. That Greenspan is a member of this group is obvious.

He knows the answers but like a wise Doctor, I believe he recognizes that for him to administer the "cure" while we are in such poor economic health would prove equally catastrophic to letting things go as they are. Besides, I doubt we'd be all willing to swallow such a pill. The fact that he is a radical economist and not a politician (thank God!) means that he must attempt change while bogged down by the flypaper of political bureaucracy—not an easy task.

Undoubtedly the most frightening aspect of Cockburn's article was Geoffrey Barraclough's assessment of Kondratkieff's Theorem of Economic Cycles and its influence on political systems. But I had to read between the lines to get Cockburn's subtle but powerful message: 1984 is only a short nine years away!—*Art Fernandez, Queens, N.Y.*

Book review . . .

Regarding a book review of *Idols* in the December issue, a picture of me was included and a reference was made to "drag queens in all their splendor." Please remind the reviewer that the book is titled *Idols* not "Drag Queens," and the whole point of the book is that the models (both male and female) are all beyond the concept of the male-into-female role playing on which female impersonation is based. Female impersonation is a whole other stratum. Perhaps the reviewer should drop the street phrases and look up "androgyny" in the dictionary. . . .

Yours on "the wilder side of decadence."—*Beauregarde, New York, N.Y.*

Vietnam vets

I feel that if all draft dodgers and deserters are granted unconditional amnesty Congress and the American people might just as well walk up to any Vietnam vet they know and kick him in the teeth! That's just what unconditional amnesty would be to the vet who served his country and risked his life for it.

When the question of amnesty first arose I was totally against any kind of amnesty. The draft dodgers and deserters made their choice, just like a lot of Vietnam vets made their choice to serve. But I am either getting soft, or I am just another vet beginning to think, "Who really cares what we think or feel?"

We've been shafted by Congress on the GI Bill, we've been screwed by the Veterans Administration, we're refused employment unjustly, and the people want their little chicken sons back from exile, without penalty, or punishment.

I say, "Make the draft dodgers and deserters pay, at least some price, for the right to come home and be Americans again!" Two or three years of military, or nonmilitary service is a small price to pay, compared to what the Vietnam veterans have given up.

For a deserter to have more rights than a person who did his job and served his country would be just another way of kicking the vets in the teeth.

I think Vietnam vets everywhere will feel better knowing that the deserters and draft dodgers are not going to get off scott free.—*Robert Fox, Aurora, Colo.*

Everyone is yelling about draft evaders, what to do with them, what not to do with them. Some people want them shot or jailed. In North Dakota, Cyril Solin, and a few hard-core "Vets of Foreign Wars" have suggested to President Ford that they be used as human guinea pigs. The past Post Commander, Leonard Buresch, added, "Place their lives in danger one year as was the case of the men who went to Vietnam in the draft evaders' places."

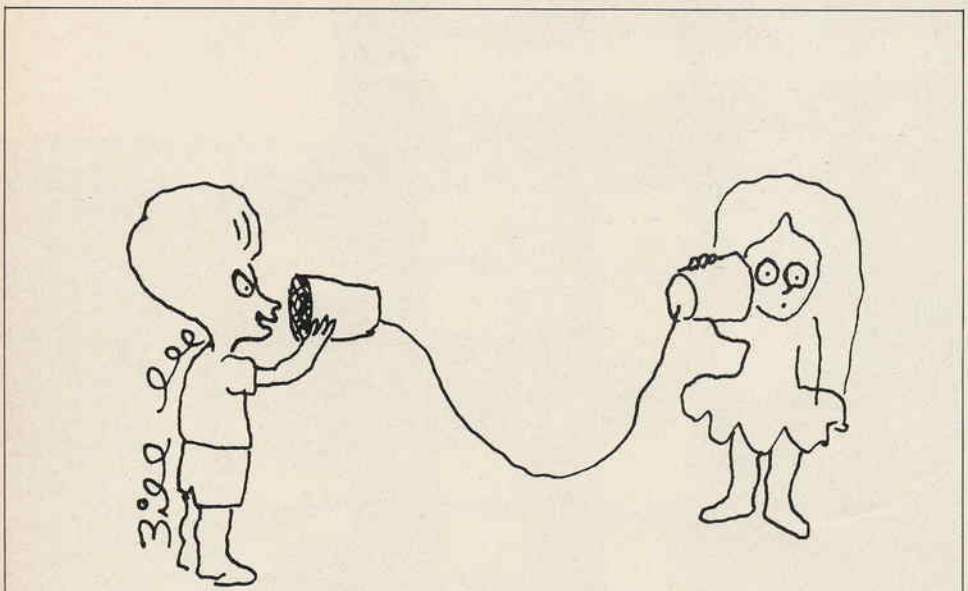
Me, well hell I'd like to see everything about Vietnam cleared up. I honestly believe the evaders' situation is not half as severe as the problems of returned vets who plague our prisons, mental institutions, and drug-rehabilitation programs. Christ, what about those 1300 MIAs—doesn't anybody care? And what about the black and white bastard children born in Vietnam?

I have no answers and plenty of questions, but few concerning these men who didn't want to get mixed up in the killing. After all, if Jesus had been around five years ago, he'd have gone to Canada too!—*George Dillon, Arizona*

Re: Amnesty: Those who deserted, resisted the draft, or in any other way refused to participate in the war in Vietnam did not commit a crime—it is the American government that did. The men that didn't serve only stood up for what thousands of others should have. So you really think the government will admit fault? If any action is further taken by the government it should be in the form of payments to those who interrupted their lives for years just to keep out of an unjust war.—*Name and address withheld*

I have been reading with great interest your series of articles dealing with the Vietnam veterans. I am presently in the army, served in Vietnam for eighteen months, and consider your series of articles required reading for anyone in the military, past or present. At the present time I am a Race Relations instructor and am using your series as a source of reference material.

Your series of articles has covered the full spectrum from those of us who went to Vietnam and picked up some vices that became habits; to those of us who got out of the service and found no job market; to those of us who were "branded" in a civilized fashion; to those of us who felt like Indians going to the Bureau of Indian Affairs for help when we went to the Veterans Administration for our rights; to those of us who became temporary residents of Southeast Asia and missed the great "progress" America has made; to those of us who were simply after the "American Dream" of a good education, rewarded by a good job and a nice family and a house in suburbia. We were taught by Mom and Dad to seek and ye shall find



"Kaa kaa, poo poo, tittie, pee pee, . . ."

the "American Dream" but, the dream is like a plastic cup with a hole—it doesn't hold water for some.

One thing disturbs me about your series of articles. Where is the article concerning the Vietnam veteran who remained in the military? What about the veteran who got out of the service and then decided to reenlist? Jumping from the boiling kettle into the fire and then back into the boiling kettle. The United States does not have a quality fighting force because within the military you have a majority of people who are tired of getting screwed like the civilian Vietnam vet. The people who get us into the next war may have to end up being the ones who fight it. Wouldn't that be a refreshing change? Next time Canada may increase it's population again.

Finally, I would like to make some comments on amnesty. President Ford's decision to grant amnesty was long overdue. A person is taken out of society and placed in the military in the prime of life. That person decides to go to Canada, Sweden, or any other place available. That person has been away from America for three to five years, and started a whole new life. What is Ford letting these people come back to: the prosperous economy they left three to five years ago? Hell No! If I was one of these people, I don't know if I would want to come back.—*Bob Adkison, New York, N.Y.*

I read the Forum as often as I look at the pictures in each new issue as it comes out. Your magazine is marvelous pictorially and does an excellent job of presenting peoples' opinions and problems.

One letter in the Forum drew my particular attention and has prompted me to comment. The letter was in the October '74 issue and was signed *Name withheld, Maryland Correctional Training Center, Hagerstown, Md.* He said in part " . . . all the Viet vets I have known since my return to the land of the free have been involved in something destructive and they all seem to have the same attitude—Fuck the army."

I don't consider myself as prolific as this gentleman, but I would like to relate my personal experiences as he has. I joined the Marine Corps when I dropped out of Ohio State University in December of 1965. After a year of training in Aviation Electronics and being taught "1001 ways to kill" as he puts it, I went to Nam for 27 months as a helicopter repairman and door gunner. I got out of Nam in '69 and only tried pot once. I decided I could sober up faster than I could come down so I stuck to suds.

I got out of the corps as a sergeant in '70, joined the U.F.W. and American Legion, and got married to a beautiful girl from my high school days. Soon we decided we liked to travel more than we liked to work. As the saying goes "I'm in the army now," this time as a Warrent Officer Candidate and I want to become a MEDIVAC pilot. My "max" bonus from Ohio for Vietnam veterans just came in the mail and it sure is helping my wife and me with our budget.

My main purpose in writing, I guess, is to let people know that all Vietnam veterans are not social basket cases. I grant that your taxes are paying my wages but I pay taxes too. Funny, a thought just occurred to me: I wonder if I'm paying my own wages or if I'm paying to keep *Name withheld* in Hagerstown?—*D. Graham, Fort Rucker, Ala.*

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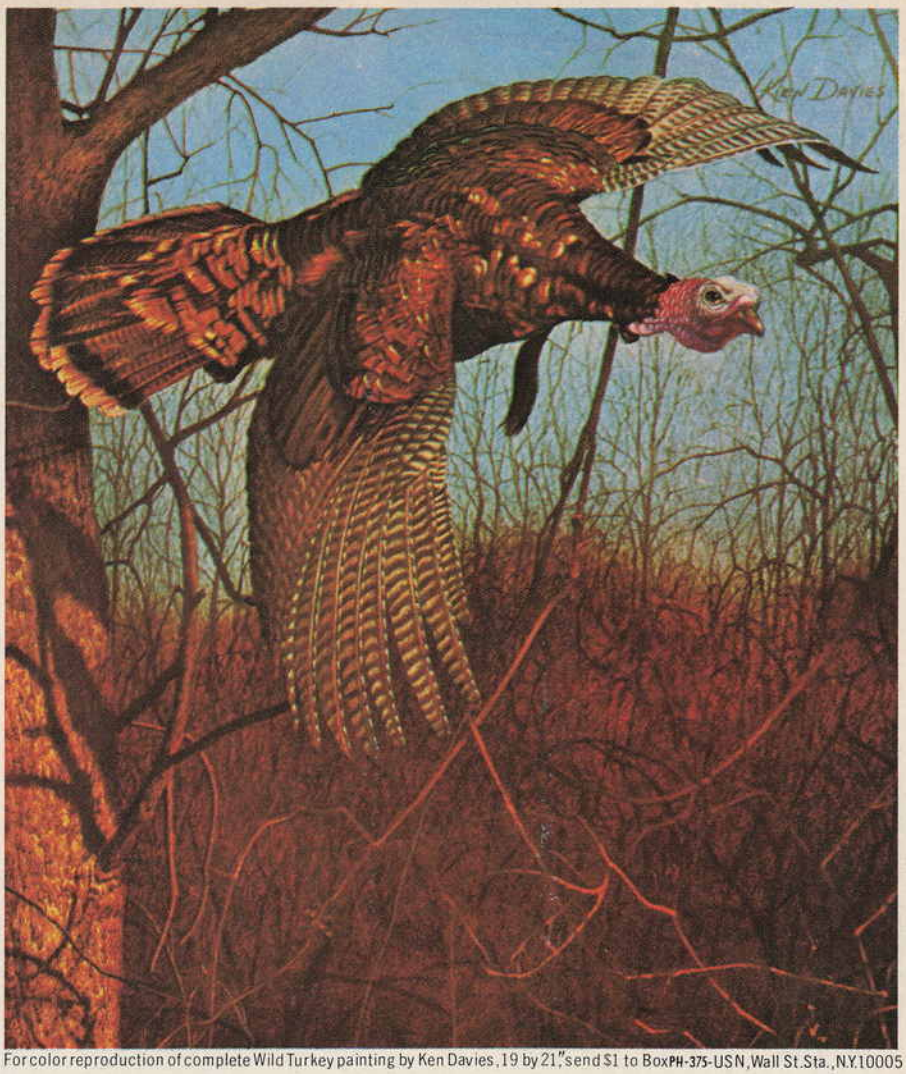

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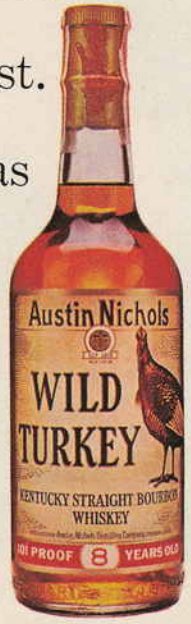

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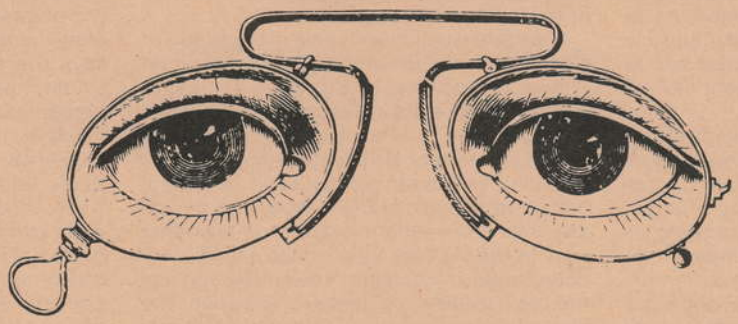


PLOWSHARING THE PENTAGON

Considering the shape of our economy today, perhaps Congress *shouldn't* cut the defense budget. Properly used, that budget could become an instrument for economic recovery. In fact, with the space program dead and unmourned, the defense department now looms as the only major force in the economy over which Congress can still exercise sufficient control to fight both inflation and recession.

Some years ago Congress lost effective power over the so-called private sector—that sector which today is dominated by a relatively small number of multinational conglomerates with no sense of obligation to this or any other country. They seem content to pursue their own individual goals, employing their own devices. These include exporting American jobs to cheap-labor dictatorships, rigging world currency markets, administering prices, regulating demand, and avoiding taxes.

At least the Pentagon is still an American institution whose purse strings are tied to our elected representatives. It is also the only superbureaucracy outside the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture whose mere continued existence does not strike the Ford administration as a wicked extravagance. So it continues on its usual course, unmolested by the White House.

But the job of Congress is to be sure it works on constructive projects that contribute to our economic well-being rather than destroy it. The idea, after all, is not entirely new. In 1956 Congress put through a multibillion-dollar program that resulted in our present network of superhighways. These roads are 90 percent federally funded on the basis of their necessity for "defense readiness." The program is even called the "National System of Interstate and *Defense* Highways."

Congress could use the same fake-military strategy on a larger scale to shore up the economy with a plan that would consist of two main parts:

Part 1: We could deal with the recession by transferring the functions of Housing and Health, Education and Welfare to Defense. This Congress could do by redefining the word "defense" to include our economic as well as our military survival. As with the CCC, WPA, and PWA programs of the Thirties, the Pentagon would become the nation's "employer of last resort." It could also use its excellent facilities to train civilians in skills ranging from carpentry to medicine, and it could assign doctors to less populous areas where they are desperately needed.

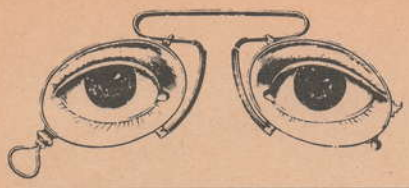
Part 2: We could deal with the inflation by making the government, through the Pentagon, the *purchaser* of last resort. It could become this by using its vast procurement machinery to buy up at wholesale huge quantities of all those things the conglomerates have priced beyond the reach of ordinary citizens—automobiles, refrigerators, gasoline, flour, rice, dried beans, sugar, etc. Then it could declare them "surplus" and dispose of them through surplus stores or at public auctions—thus restoring to the economy a measure of what we used to call the "free market" of supply and demand.

There are other built-in advantages. For example, when the Pentagon sets out to buy commodities like food, it doesn't go by brand names as ordinary homemakers have been conditioned to do. It is guided only by government standards of quality grading. This eliminates the added cost of advertising.

When the Pentagon buys manufactured hard goods—airplanes, missiles, automobiles, etc.—it is not only unaffected by dubious advertising claims, it is actually in a position to dictate precise performance specifications—speed, cruising range, fuel consumption, and the like—which the manufacturer must live up to, or no deal. This means, for instance, that if Congress should decide that the Pentagon must forego four of its planned ten Trident nuclear submarines at $1.5 billion each and instead buy a new car for each man and woman in the armed services, it could force the automakers to come up with small, sensible, nonpolluting twenty-five-miles-per-gallon-or-more vehicles. Obviously this would help save both the environment and the economy. It would leave us far less vulnerable to the oil-embargo threats of the Arab countries and the price gouging of the Big Seven oil companies. And what it would do for the armed forces' morale and recruiting is beyond calculation. (Each year, of course, the cars would be replaced, the old ones being sold off to the public at very reasonable prices.)

The same procedure could be applied to prefabricated housing, except that—since it is not needed by the armed forces—it would be *immediately* declared surplus and made available cheap to the public.

The participation of U.S. troops in the Presidential War in Vietnam was finally ended, you'll recall, when a previous Congress finally recognized its responsibility to stop financing it. If this new Congress would assert its power to decide exactly how much the Pentagon should spend—and what for—it could safely double the "defense" budget without making anybody angry.—*Fred Darwin*



HAPPENINGS

MIDNIGHT CULTS

Midnight is the witching hour. Nothing is more traditional than people gathering at midnight in some kind of organized, ritualistic fashion—a witches' sabbath, solstice fire, or midnight mass. Today, the midnight movers go to the movies . . . cult movies.

Midnight cult movies aren't like ordinary movies. They inspire something like religious fervor in their followers. People need to see them again and again, never tiring of a plot committed to memory or lines they could recite for themselves. Aside from these symptoms, cult movies have little in common. Some are funny, some are horrible, and some are both; all have an air of the underground about them, because midnight is the underground hour.

Some films—*Fearless Vampire Killers*, *Harold and Maude*, *King of Hearts*—receive a general commercial release, disappear quickly, and then resurface at college campuses, small film societies, or third-run cinemas. But the real cult movies are put together with a stapler and spit, and they *must* premiere on the midnight circuit at theaters like the Elgin (New York), Clay (San Francisco), Biograph (Washington, D.C.), and the TLA Cinema (Philadelphia). One of the first to do so was Alexander Jodorowsky's *El Topo*, which began playing at the Elgin on weekend midnight screenings. Popular demand soon had the film playing weeknights at midnight as well. It wasn't long before *El Topo*, a "Zen Buddhist Slapstick Spaghetti Western," was picked up by Beatles manager Allen Klein, who distributed it for a gross "in excess of two million dollars."

Jodorowsky, who produced, wrote, directed, and starred in *El Topo*, made a sequel called *The Holy Mountain*. Despite a more expensive production and ad campaign than *El Topo*, this film has not graduated from the midnight curcuit. Sequels are anathema to a cultist's sense of adventure and discovery, and *The Holy Mountain* enjoyed only brief popularity. In these circles, professional polish and hype are not chic.

Having discredited Jodorowsky long ago, *El Topo*'s original admirers show little interest in the director's new film, *Dune*, which probably will not premiere at midnight. With a reported eight-million-dollar budget, this science-fiction epic is too cosmic to be cultist.

One of the biggest midnight cults is that devoted to the traditional creatures of the night—zombies and ghouls. But George Romero's *The Crazies*, a horrific sequel to his *Night of the Living Dead*, never came close to its predecessor in popularity. *Night of the Living Dead*, a low-budget sci-fi flick made outside Pittsburgh in 1968, is a zombie-film masterpiece in which radiation from an alien meteorite causes the dead to rise from their graves and eat the flesh of the living, who in turn become zombies. Cultists obviously prefer the gritty black-and-white of *Night of the Living Dead* to the more lavish Eastmancolor of *The Crazies*, and the sequel's story of an Army germ-warfare leak resulting in an orgy of ruthless killings has proven derivative and less than infectiously appealing to admirers of Romero's earlier classic.

The greatest midnight show in the annals of cinema is *Pink Flamingos*. Directed by John Waters on location in Baltimore for Saliva Films, the film stars a 300-pound transvestite ("gender blur," as Waters says) named Divine. The story of Divine's attempt to retain her title of "filthiest person alive" is ancient history to cultists. Murder, rape, and pillage are Divine's weapons against challengers such as the Marbles, who kidnap and impregnate hippie hitchhikers. Their offspring are then sold to lesbian couples for adoption. The film's epilogue, wherein Divine eats dog shit, now ranks for some with Eisenstein's Odessa Steps sequence and Garbo's first cinematic lines. And students of cinema have begun to discover Waters's earlier films, *Mondo Trasho* and *The Diane Linkletter Story*.

Innovative genius that he is, John Waters is now risking the fates of Jodorowsky and Romero with a successor to *Pink Flamingos*. *Female Trouble* (New Line Cinema) is presently in release around the country in scattered midnight showings. Divine stars this time as Dawn Davenport in one woman's story from sweet sixteen to the electric chair. Kidnapped by a cadre of fascist beauticians for a group of militant fag hags, Dawn is tortured and brainwashed with the idea that "beauty is crime" until she is ready to die for art. Divine says the film is autobiographical, and it sounds like *Female Trouble* could be even bigger than *Pink Flamingos*.

Saliva films has gone all out on sets and costumes; Dawn Davenport's execution actually takes place in Baltimore's city jail, where Waters discovered an unlikely midnight cultist. "It seems that the warden was a big fan of *Pink Flamingos*," says Waters. "We asked him for the use of the jail, and he just couldn't say no." However, difficulties did arise. "I had to bring my own electric chair," explained Waters. "They still use the gas chamber in Baltimore."

The city's infamous censorship board, however, was less cooperative. Waters laughs, calling them "three old ladies who scream out 'rear-entry!' and 'cunnilingus!' to the projectionist as they screen three films simulta-

Bruce Moore

Divine plays a double role and a fag hag (right) strikes back in *Female Trouble*. *"Beauty is crime" in John Waters's new film.*

neously." Apparently, the board is still upset over having left *Pink Flamingos* intact. "Why, people still call me to say that I should have cut that dog doodoo scene," laments one member. And so revenge is sweet as the three censors had Waters cut approximately one second of simulated cunnilingus from *Female Trouble.* They tried for more cuts. "One censor cautioned me about an open-vagina shot of Divine, but I won that battle," says Waters. "After all, how can you have a vaginal shot of a man?"—*Glenn O'Brien*

THE GREAT ARTIST RIP-OFF

In his lean novice years, pop artist Robert Rauschenberg sold his painting *Thaw* to taxi tycoon Robert Scull for $960. Several years later, Scull auctioned off *Thaw* for $85,000. That gave Scull a tidy 9,333 percent profit; all Rauschenberg got from the resale bonanza was a headache. He screamed at the taxi king after the auction, "I've been working my ass off just for you to make that profit. The least you could do is send free taxis for a week."

But Rauschenberg didn't get either complimentary taxi service or a share of Scull's massive profits. That's because in America artists have no rights to their works once they've been sold, though several European countries grant visual artists copyright resale royalty and reproduction protection under law. As one contemporary painter lamented, "It's actually depressing to sell, because you can't ever see your work again. And at the prices most artists have to sell at, it's a giveaway."

The trouble with being an artist is that more often than not you have to be dead before you get any kind of recognition. You also have to be dead before your paintings and sculpture start raking in heavy money. Because there won't be any additions to their *œuvre* its value escalates once the artist has exited to That Great Northern Exposure in the Sky. Unless you're a "star" artist—like Picasso, Chagall, Miró, or even Warhol—art is not going to make you rich. If you want to reap riches in the modern art world. your best bet is to become a gallery owner. Or, better yet, become an astute collector like Robert Scull or Larry Aldrich, who buy paintings for a few hundred dollars and resell them ten years later for tens of thousands.

Unlike composers or writers, visual artists traditionally do not receive royalties when their works are resold. Visual artists can't even get adequate copyright protection for their works, so they're unable to reap additional monies for reprints and reproductions. Nor do they get those tidy little royalty checks for past works that tide their musical and literary counterparts over their nonproductive periods and old age. The art world functions as a complex, ever so genteel mechanism for ripping off the nonstar artist. But only in the past few years have artists begun to organize for more money and more rights to their works. One partial solution to the 50 percent commissions that galleries usually skim off the artists' profits has been to establish cooperative galleries. Artists pay an annual membership fee to exhibit works for sale at the co-op, and the co-op's management takes a "mere" 25 to 33 percent of the sale price off the top. Some "name" artists avoid paying galleries' middleman fees by setting up their own private galleries, and selling directly to collectors.

Jill Krementz

Collector Robert Scull and pop artist Robert Rauschenberg
Buying and selling "giveaway" art

More importantly, artists' rights associations have been formed in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities to politicize artists, and show them alternatives to the current exploitative art sales system. One of the most talked-about organizations is the Artists' Rights Association of New York. Founded by fragile-looking expressionist painter Judy Pendleton, the ARA has worked with lawyers to draw up a model contract for artists to use when they sell a work of art. This "artist's reserved rights transfer and sale agreement" calls for notification each time an artist's work is resold so he can confirm the work's authenticity (guarding collectors against frauds and fakes) and, more significantly, so that the artist can collect a royalty fee, which ARA suggests as 15 percent of the resale profit.

Other negotiable clauses in ARA's model contract allow the artist to refuse to permit his work to be altered or repaired without his permission or help. This is to stem a common shoddy practice in which many paintings and sculptures are mutilated to please their new owners' fancies. The ARA contract wouldn't seem revolutionary in most industries, but in the antiquated, highly exploitative art world the ARA contract is often considered controversial—if not downright crazy.

"I'm against the whole idea of 'stars' in art," ARA's president Judy Pendleton declared. "I'd be happier if more artists could just make a living off their work. Those twenty- or thirty-dollar checks for resale royalties add up. They'd make it possible for regular artists, not just stars, to make a living."

However, the art world's customs are deeply entrenched. Few artists are presently represented by ARA or similar organizations' sales contracts. "When I first started the organization in 1973," Pendleton recalled, "artists were afraid to join. They thought nobody would buy their work and that galleries would never show them again. But the situation has improved so much—even in the past year—that I can't help but be hopeful."

Artists aren't the only ones campaigning for their rights. One of the innovative and vocal people in the field is Manhattan CPA Rubin Gorewitz, whose clients are a veritable Who's Who of American artists, including Warhol, Rauschenberg, and Oldenburg. This casual creative accountant is working for changes in the copyright laws and has protested that the current tax laws "penalize" artists.

One of Gorewitz's more bizarre ideas for giving artists tax advantages is to have their homes and studios classified as "parsonages" under tax laws. That way artists could deduct rent, furnishings, and fixtures from their taxes just as the clergy do. How did Gorewitz come up with the parsonage idea? "Just like a parsonage, an artist's house is open to the public all the time. An artist is spiritually more motivated than a priest—he's an artist, period. He doesn't kowtow to any church hierarchy. This stuff comes out of the purity of his heart; there's no bureaucratic or business reason for him doing anything."

Gorewitz also wants to obtain residual rights and resale royalties for artists. He's gone to Washington on his campaign and has received some encouragement from Senators Jacob Javits (New York) and Frank Church (Idaho). The accountant admits that the struggle for artists' rights is an uphill battle all the way. "If I were a lawyer, I wouldn't try to do it, because I'd know what can and cannot be done," Gorewitz says, smiling. "Most lawyers I've talked to say, 'Stop it. Forget it.' But I'm not a lawyer so I don't know what 'can't' be done. I just try to do it."

Still, artists have a long way to go before they get the rights they desire and the exploitation stops. As ARA member Stanley Lindwasser, a young abstract painter, cynically noted, "When the big-name artists are sober, they tell you your success—and the amount of money you make—depends on the quality of your work. But when they sit around and start drinking, they always admit it's still the same old thing: It's who you know, where you show, and who you blow."—*Meridee Merzer*

FILMS

CLOSE-UPS

Show me a searing human document on film, and right away I begin worrying about camera technique. Since I can easily see 365 movies a year without even noticing camera technique, this has had me worried. For a while I thought it might possibly be some kind of reflex reaction against feeling—normal emotion being as offensive to a movie critic as, say, fresh air and sunlight. But no—every time they sing "La Marseillaise" in *Casablanca* my eyes water involuntarily. In the half-world film people inhabit, that's feeling. And so after deep reflection, it has finally occurred to me that I am really suffering from a built-in defense against truth. It isn't "searing" that bothers me, or even "human." It's "document." Just put that word together with a movie and it jumps out at you—excessive, sensational, in rather questionable taste.

Both Bob Fosse's *Lenny* and John Cassavetes's *A Woman Under the Influence*, two movies that opened late last year to considerable critical respect, if not affection, belong in the "searing human document" wing of current cinema. Not "documentary," which is very different and sometimes noble, but "document," in the sense of bearing witness and making an outright claim upon truth. But neither the "truth" of art nor the reasonable truth of fact is what these films have in mind; they're after something much gutsier—the real thing, the unvarnished truth of life. And as always, when such solemn hogwash comes into view, there is only one way of getting at it: by direct assault.

That's where my obsession with technique comes in. Like right at the beginning of *Lenny*, when giant movie-screen-size lips in close-up begin speaking words. . . . Now *Lenny*, as you know, chronicles the life and death of Lenny Bruce. So it means to be about words—dirty words, words offensive to the fine morality of public prosecutors, words that Lenny Bruce set out to detoxify—by repeating them as often as possible. Actually the words don't get into the movie all that much. But the idea of them does, and *Lenny* is nothing if not a movie that wants to render its ideas visual.

With *A Woman Under the Influence* the basic unit of meaning isn't the word but the gesture. Since gestures must be caught, so to speak, unawares if they are to count, the film depends not so much on what we are purposefully shown as on what we happen to notice. *A Woman Under the Influence* deals with some of the more ambivalent stages of what may be a young woman's insanity. Ambivalence is crucial to the issue, so a relatively casual indirection would seem a good way to proceed. But casualness through Cassavetes's camera looks almost as assertive as sermonizing through Fosse's—and we are faced with still another exercise in the cinema of aggressive good intentions.

Everybody has noticed that *Lenny* whitewashes the seamier aspects of its subject's personality, and that the real Lenny Bruce isn't here. I don't think that's of much consequence. Nobody real ever got into a movie biography anyway, and the missing parts don't bother me so much as the parts that are there. Not that these all bother me. Valerie Perrine's parts are quite magnificent, and her performance—as Lenny's beautiful, corrupt, addicted, bisexual wife Honey—isn't bad. She is treated more as an object and less as a force in Lenny's world, and so, paradoxically, she survives the film better than most of her colleagues. Dustin Hoffman's Lenny catches the air of manic, wise-guy, con-man Jewish prophet (though without explaining how, following his beginnings as a lousy stand-up comic, he got that way) but misses the humor that justifies the intensity. Like a lot of other people, my only contact with Bruce's act is by way of the marvelous old *Lenny Bruce Performance Film* (now in limited general release), which was made after his obscenity trials had begun and after he had reportedly entered his decline. Lenny Bruce could be hilariously funny. Dustin Hoffman is simply never funny, though he's a pretty good approximation of Bruce's method and mannerisms.

The movie might have done something for Hoffman's performance—and others—if it had ever given them an even break. But it fragments everything—as if to present its story as half scattered memory and half unsifted evidence—and pretends that it's all being told to a tape recorder, in interviews with the guilty survivors of Bruce's self-destruction. And everything is too emphatic—like a collection of the more self-indulgent moments from Fosse's other movie, *Cabaret*, which at least had the music and the singing and the stage to balance all the significance.

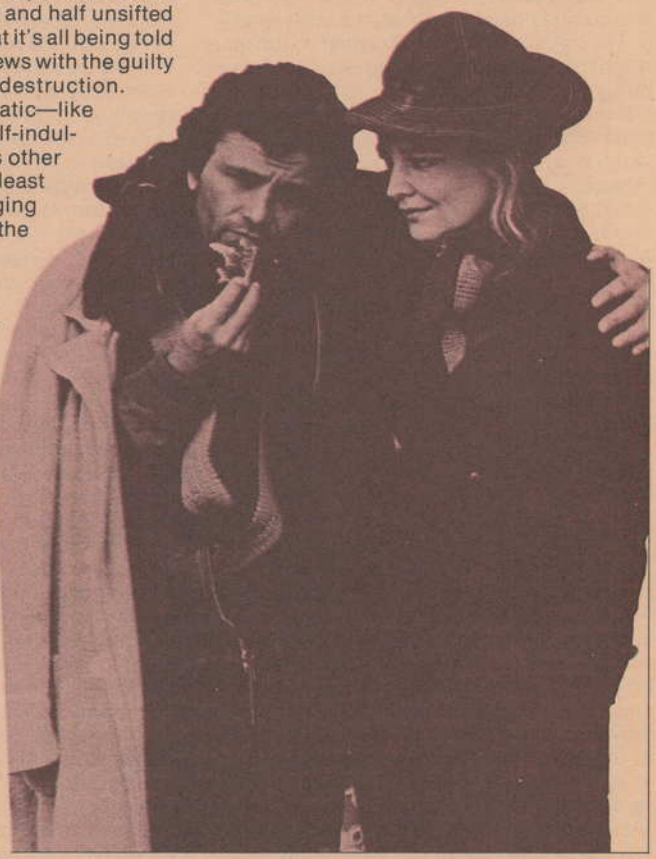
Going way back to *Shadows* (1960), then up through *Faces* (1968) and *Husbands* (1969), and now to *A Woman Under the Influence*—it is possible, even necessary, to see the John Cassavetes filmmaking enterprise as a form of home movies. Employing his friends (including such actors as Peter Falk and Ben Gazzara), his wife (Gena Rowlands), his parents, and even his in-laws—he has created a world of his own perceptions and his own style like nothing else in commercial film. In feeling, it is mostly middle-class or lower-middle-class

Director John Cassavetes
Strong virtues, slight defects

New York: Queens or Westchester rather than Manhattan. And when he moves the location to California, as he does in *A Woman Under the Influence*, it still looks and feels like New York. One of the more interesting side comments I've heard on the film came from a West Coast friend, who said that nobody in Los Angeles would conceivably live that way.

"That way" is in a family and peer-group situation almost tight enough to suffocate the precariously balanced wife (Gena Rowlands) of an energetic construction foreman (Peter

A Woman Under the Influence
with Falk and Rowlands
A cinema of aggressive good intentions



Hoffman as Lenny Bruce
Mannerisms

Falk) who loves her a lot better than he understands her. As for the woman, she is good with kids, nervous with adults, and—in public—given to fighting private battles in that secretively insane manner you can see on the streets of any big American city. The movie is much too long, and it's full of structural flaws (true of all Cassavetes), some good observation, and one really luminous performance—from Rowlands—that makes *A Woman Under the Influence* the director's best work to date.

The trouble is that, given these strong virtues and slight defects, Cassavetes has chosen to muck up the action with a camera technique that's intended to look like utter self-effacement but which always comes across as blatant calculation. Thus a Cassavetes close-up (and there are plenty of them) will tend to be interrupted by something even closer—a stray hand, or perhaps an elbow—to make it look as if the camera were only there by chance, unnoticed by all the people, who are, of course, *living* and not just acting in a movie. He doesn't need this kind of affectation, but he seems committed to it, and it makes his work seem a good deal more pretentious than it ought to be. Certainly, when he has Gena Rowlands, either alone or as a child among her own children, he has something worth seeing on film, and worth seeing clearly.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

HOUSE NIGGERS

We are being screwed, and it ain't no fun. We don't even know it's happening until we've read the verdict of rape in our bank balance.

How this happens has never been more perceptively explored than in *The Screwing of the Average Man* (Doubleday, $7.95) by David Hapgood. Hapgood is not only perceptive but also entertaining; in fact, he manages to make us laugh when we should be weeping. Nobody likes to think of himself as average, but if you work for a living and make something less than $200,000 a year, you're getting just the screwing Hapgood describes.

But this is not simply another book on consumerism. Hapgood is not concerned with the frauds that have always been with us: the moneylender, the undertaker, the retailer of goldbricks. We are not advised to get a written repair estimate or call the Better Business Bureau. This is about a systematic screwing within a system that is so intricate and so all-encompassing that we just have to take it in the end.

From the maternity ward, where the health racket begins, to the nursing home, the last brutal rape, this is a screwing of both the purse *and* the person. In between, the banker has a genteel go at it; the stock market is a gigantic harem and you're the houri; the insurance complex seduces with mandarin intricacy; the lawyers keep the system unassailable; and the pension plan breaks it off before you pass to the nursing home.

Why do we let it happen? "People continue to be screwed because a large number of losers actively support the system that screws them," writes Hapgood. "In the terminology of the Old South, we have become a nation of house niggers."

THE CONNECTION

"Heroin addiction is here to stay . . . it will take its place alongside poverty, racism, and social injustice on the list of insoluble problems which, though ceaselessly deplored, are finally accepted by the majority as necessary evils."

That is the conclusion of Catherine Lamour and Michel R. Lamberti in *The International Connection: Opium from Growers to Pushers* (Pantheon, $7.95). The two French writers, a journalist and an economist, reached their bitter conclusion from a world survey of the U.S. government's program for cutting off the opium supply. They trace that supply from poppy to pusher through its changing sources and routes: first, Turkey-to-Marseilles-to-New York, the old Corsican connection, which later became Turkey-to-Marseilles-to-Latin America-to-New York. Then came the Southeast Asia-to-Hong Kong-to-Latin America-to-New York route, and finally the bringing in of supplies from Afghanistan and Pakistan, the latest sources.

All roads lead to America, and this is the heart of the problem. We *are* the market, for though heroin addiction has increased in Europe, the problem is essentially ours. In the poppy-growing countries there is no addiction problem. The problem is simply keeping alive—and opium is hard money. In the language of hide-and-seek, the U.S. is "it."

Apart from the obvious impossibility of patrolling the entire globe, the authors believe that our program must fail because of its political hypocrisy—an hypocrisy best demonstrated by the case of Turkey, where the centuries-old cultivation of poppies had supplied most of the licit pharmaceutical needs of the world. Then, in time for the 1972 elections, the Nixon administration strong-armed Turkey into wiping out the poppy fields, offering only token reparations. At the same time, the CIA was arming and supplying a literal army of opium smugglers in Southeast Asia, while other U.S. agencies were materially aiding heroin connections in the government of Vietnam.

"By blaming other countries," the French team concludes, "the [U.S.] authorities can divert attention from the fact that the cause of the evil is essentially indigenous."

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

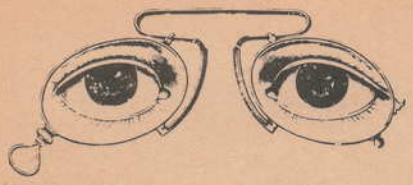
The Encyclopedia of Graffiti (Macmillan, $7.95) takes us through the alphabet from "Aardvark" ("Kiss the ass of an aardvark") to "Zooerasty" ("Montana—where men are men and women are sheep"). It also ranges through time from ancient Rome ("All thieves vote for Cassius Marcellus") to contemporary America ("Do you realize that if Kissinger was shot today Ford would become President?").

This is Robert Reisner's third book on the subject of wall-writing. His chief occupational hazard is getting caught in the ladies' rooms. One game woman, who surprised him at his work of recording graffiti, excused herself and tried the next stall, wherein she surprised a man at a less scholarly task. She staggered back to her table and confided to her female companion, "This place is wonderful; they have men everywhere!"

The writings range from schoolboy-nauseating ("Don't flush the toilet, the next guy may be hungry") to the intricately intellectual ("For Hegel, contradiction was a moment in totality; for Marx, totality was a moment in contradiction"). They spread over literature ("Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?" started as a graffito) and art ("Mondrian is square").

The process of replying to graffiti makes for some of the more interesting examples. Puns are often used (for instance, adding "Gomorrah the merrier" after "Sodom is a summer festival"). Sometimes the process begins with some simple existing official sign such as, "Out of service indefinitely for major repairs." Then underneath: "Well, tell Major Repairs that General Use wants this damn thing back in service immediately."

Of course, there are the ubiquitous graffiti that consist simply of names. When a cave man traced around his hand on a wall, it was the first wall-writing—and come to think of it, the first "handwriting." Sorry.—*Norman Hoss*



SOUNDS

THE BIG TOURS

What's it like going on tour with a rock supergroup? "Chaos, organized chaos," Peter Rudge says smiling. He's probably had more experience setting up and executing the intricate logistics of a supergroup's tour than anyone in America. The twenty-eight-year-old Englishman is the North American manager for two of the biggest surviving supergroups: the Rolling Stones and the Who. In this capacity, Rudge has shepherded Mick Jagger through the groupie-infested hinterlands, prevented Keith Moon from self-destructing, and also arranged for fifty people and six tons of equipment to wend their hectic way from one-night stand to one-night stand across the United States.

Because of his heavy responsibilities guiding these supergroups, Peter Rudge's refined English accent sounds something like a 33⅓ rpm record played at 45. Rudge moves fast, thinks fast, negotiates fast, yet he's never frantic and always seems in complete control of situations which can best be described as organized frenzy.

Here comes a new day, here comes
a new stage,
Tune up, start to play, just like
*any other day.**

Tour logistics for a supergroup are complex, Rudge explained, because of the sheer numbers of people and equipment tonnage that requires transport. "You have to count on everything going wrong and plan for disaster ahead of time," he groaned. "Oh, I could arrange a whole tour in three hours, sitting down with a travel agent to make the plane and hotel reservations. But you could be fogged in at an airport and have to land in another city, so there has to be a contingency plan for available cars and buses to get to the concert on time. Things like that. When we plan a tour, we have to figure out four different ways of getting there; if one doesn't work, we have a contingency plan to fall back on."

Just talking about planning a tour made Peter Rudge squirm restlessly in his chair. He rang his secretary for more black coffee. It was 11 A.M., yet Rudge's employees hadn't gone home yet, still finishing up the last-minute planning for a Golden Earring tour. The young, bleary-eyed road staff drifted in and out of Rudge's enormous two-story private office (complete with modular suede couches, a balcony, a fireplace, and potted palms).

Peter himself had knocked off "early" the day before—at midnight. He was on a pretour diet and hadn't eaten anything but pills for five days, yet Rudge was working eighteen-hour days, placing a stream of long-distance calls to negotiate concert fees without missing a beat. He's virtually a human perpetual-motion machine.

Allan Tannenbaum

Supergroup manager Peter Rudge
"I've studied Barnum & Bailey; the circus people are the real experts."

There goes another night, here comes
another flight,
Can't stop, gotta go, here comes yet
*another show.**

Arrangements for a Stones or Who tour begin six months before the first note is played onstage. Visas and work permits must be secured. Peter has to negotiate performance dates, fees, and contracts, even ticket prices. Once the concert bookings are firm, the procedures for the Who and Stones tours differ radically. "The Stones are the ultimate professionals," Peter explained as he downed thyroid pills and black coffee. "Their tours run like clockwork. You run into craziness on the Who tours. It's looser—more like a family."

Hiring the tour crew usually begins more than six months in advance. "My aim is to get the best people from all over the world," Peter said. "I can pick and choose with the Stones' staff, and then my only problem is getting people from four continents to mesh harmoniously. The Who's core crew have been with them for years. You can't order them around as easily, since one of the roadies may have started with them ten years ago as John Entwistle's chauffeur."

When Peter finishes hiring, he gets an overall stage manager and managers and crew for sound, lights, equipment, security, and moving. Besides the technical personnel, a publicist, accountant, tour secretary, even an electrician may travel along. With the addition of the superstars and their second-billed band, the entourage can number fifty people, who drag over one hundred pieces of luggage with them.

The musicians usually travel separately from the road crew in either a chartered jet (the Stones' preference) or a regular commercial flight (the Who's choice). As the crew might need eight hours to assemble the six tons of sound and light equipment, they travel on earlier flights. The instruments, amplifiers, lights, and sound-mixing consoles travel ahead of the roadies in two forty-foot moving vans that drive all night to span the hundreds of miles between one-night stands.

Can't stop, can't be
late, mustn't make
the people wait.
Can't even
comb my hair or even change
*my underwear.**

According to Rudge, the advance man is the key to the whole tour operation. His job is to arrive at the gig the day before the supergroup and straighten out all last-minute details. He makes sure the hall is prepared, limousines are furnished, hotel reservations are confirmed, and local police are alerted. Peter's advance men are preferably older, suit-and-tie types with circus experience. "I studied books on

*All lyrics from The Kinks's "Here Comes Yet Another Day" by Raymond Douglas Davies. © Davray Music, Ltd., 1972. Used by permission.

Barnum & Bailey for advice," the Cambridge-educated manager admitted. "The circus people are the real experts at putting a show on the road."

Peter won't even let a supergroup off the plane until the advance man personally hands him their hotel room keys—just in case there's a race riot, general strike, or some other unforeseeable disaster.

*Can't stop, gotta go, here comes yet another show.**

The rock tour is organized in even more tangible ways. For instance, the tour secretary compiles a logistics sheet every day and slips it under everybody's hotel-room door. The sheet details times and places—for the concert, sound checks, baggage pick-up, flights. "The difference between touring with the Who and the Stones," Peter grinned, "is that the Stones will read the sheet and the Who won't. You can't tell Keith Moon he's not to leave the hotel. He wouldn't listen anyway."

Despite the need for the painstaking preplanning of details—everything from distribution of backstage passes to fail-safe escape plans—Peter acknowledged, "This emphasis on logistics can get out of hand. The whole aim of the logistics is just this: to get the group onstage in the best possible psychological condition to play well. The kids in the audience don't give a shit what the group has gone through to get there that night. The point is the group has got to be good onstage. Period."

Rudge is a perfectionist; there's no room for mistakes in big-time rock tours. Too much money is at stake. "If I employ a person for a tour crew, the job *has* to get done. The word 'try' doesn't exist on tour."

Although outsiders might think rock 'n' roll is a free and easy lifestyle, a supergroup's tour actually operates within fairly rigid hierarchies. Crew members talk to their department heads, who talk to the stage manager, who, in turn, is the only person who consults with Rudge. "And I'm the only one who talks to the group," Peter said. "Even then I consult them only about serious problems. If I have to talk to the group about an emergency, then I've failed in my job."

Bob Gruen

On the road with the Rolling Stones
The ultimate professionals, their tours run like clockwork.

All this professionalism, this logistical machinery, tends to separate superstars like the Stones and Who from reality when they're on the road. Peter ruefully reflected, "I'm afraid that the kids in the audiences are losing touch with thirty-year-old rock stars. They're so isolated, the kids get the impression they come down from the clouds to play."

Not only the stars but the road crew, too, goes into a rock 'n' roll time warp, as a result of overwork, exhaustion, and insulation from anybody who isn't somehow involved in the music business. Their work drains them twenty-four hours a day for the duration of the tour. Even Rudge, the self-styled taskmaster, had to sympathize, "People have no idea just how hard the crew works. And it's not all parties. I can't very well stay up till seven in the morning drinking with the Stones, if the accountant is stopping by at eight.

"You get into a time bubble on the road. I usually read the *New York Times* every day but on the road Washington doesn't exist, the New York Knicks don't exist. If I'd been on the road when they were impeaching Nixon, I wouldn't have known about it. Nothing exists for that period except the tour."

Peter recalled a gala party celebrating the end of one of the Stones' tours. "It had gotten to the point where Princess Radziwill was sitting next to our electrician, and nobody thought it was strange," Peter chuckled. "We just couldn't even relate to people who hadn't been on the tour. We *clung* to each other. It took me about four weeks to adjust to the real world again."

But the rock business simply leaves you no time to reflect on "old times." Or even on last year. Fast-fast-fast. That's how a supergroup's tour runs. That's exactly how Peter Rudge runs. He bounded out of his Manhattan office, hailed a cab, and picked up his friend and client Michael Philip Jagger to fly down to Washington for the first night of the Golden Earring tour.—*Meridee Merzer*

SHORT TAKES

CLASSIC JAZZ

The Fantasy-Prestige-Milestone labels in Berkeley, California, make up one of the best jazz organizations in American recording. They have just released a record series that is not only good music but history as well. The Classic Jazz Series (Milestone) features Louis Armstrong and King Oliver (M47017), Jelly Roll Morton (M47018), Bix Beiderbecke and the Chicago Cornets (M47019), New Orleans Rhythm Kings (M47020), Ma Rainey (M47021), and Blind Lemon Jefferson (M47022).

Most of these recordings (all double albums) were done in the Twenties. They are old and tinny and have a faraway sound; it's the way things were. Some of the early King Oliver records, for instance, were made on the first recording machines, cut directly on wax discs using a phonograph with a horn, the microphone's predecessor. What you hear in the case of King Oliver is the best New Orleans dixieland jazz band of the time—a brassy energetic music played by a band that was so good that, at first, Louis Armstrong was afraid to join them.

Jelly Roll Morton was a proud and eccentric Creole who is credited as jazz music's first composer. His idea was to play the piano as if it were an entire New Orleans jazz band, and his accomplishments are startling.

Bix Beiderbecke played a major role in the changeover from dixieland to modern jazz, galvanizing white and black sensitivities into a new music that later (following his premature death at twenty-eight) stood for a new era of appreciation.

The New Orleans Rhythm Kings were an underrated band in their own time, and the notion unfortunately persists today. Ma Rainey is considered the first of the female blues singers, paving the way for Bessie Smith. And Blind Lemon Jefferson's guitar playing laid the groundwork for all blues players to follow.

The Milestone series was compiled by producer Orin Keepnews, who apparently had to comb jazz collections to find just the right material. Both he and Fantasy brass deserve a note of thanks for doing something to preserve history.—*John Gibson*

CURRENT RELEASES

Homeless Brother/Don McLean (UA LA 315-G). Since his big "American Pie" single, Don McLean has not attempted to best himself.

While this album is a compassionate and moving work, it is a smaller effort all the way around. McLean still has a touch of the poet about his lyrics, and his phrasing here is especially fine. On this album, the best single cut is the title tune sung with McLean's unpresumptuous empathy.

Goodnight Vienna/Ringo Starr (Apple SW-3417). Ringo Starr is a funny guy. He's one of the world's best drummers, but he has never been a great singer although he keeps trying. He continues this great tradition on his new album *Goodnight Vienna*. There are some good songs, the production is energetic, but if you didn't like Ringo before this LP, it isn't going to change your mind. For a fan it's chock full of names and talent: John Lennon, Elton John, Doctor John, Robbie Robertson, Harry Nilsson, and Billy Preston. And they all seem to be having a wonderful time on Ringo's album.

Utopia/Todd Rundgren (Bearsville BR 6954). Todd Rundgren is rock 'n' roll's bad boy *cum* genius. He is eccentric, aloof, garbled, eloquent, and weary of it all—all of which comes with the territory. There is a certain reverential attitude required to discuss the subject of Todd with a fan, almost as if his attributes were so obvious that one would have to be a cretin not to understand. This attitude may prevail even though *Utopia* is more like the East Village in a fuel crisis than the perfect city-state. It is confused, directionless, harsh, opaque, strident, and a bit hostile. Perhaps Todd is misunderstood once again.

Ma Rainey

Fire/Ohio Players (Mercury SRM 1-1013). While most people are still trying to conjugate the verb "groove," the Ohio Players are going through all the declensions of "to get down," leaving their competition in the pale blue smoke of their Eldorados and Coupe De Villes. These guys are hot. Their albums (*Climax*, *Skin Tight*) are selling like the group invented the idea of a party, and they act like they're holding the patent. The music is very tight, but there's very little there except something to put on the box for a neighborhood bacchanal. When the depression hits, we'll still be able to boogie.

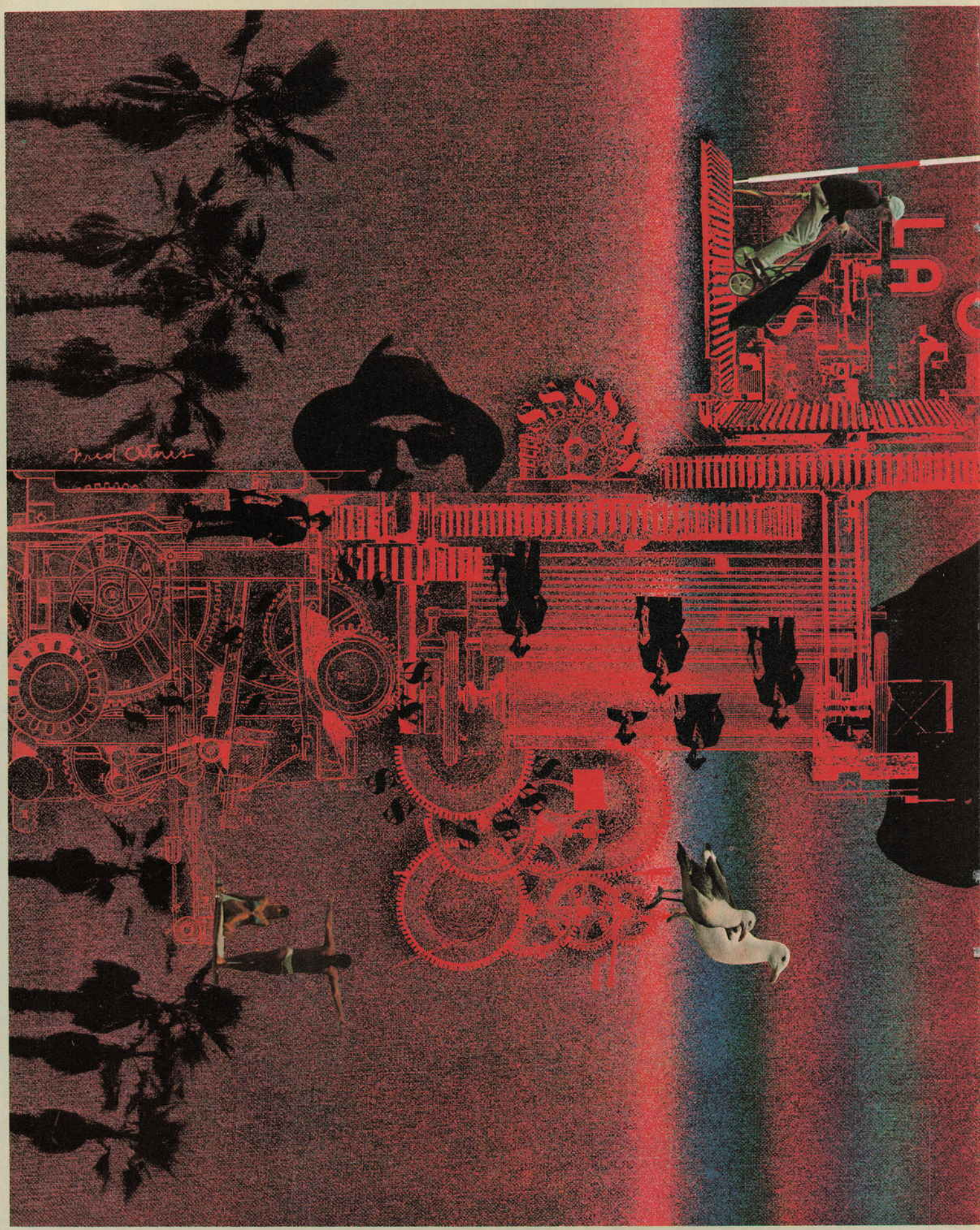
Waitress in a Donut Shop/Maria Muldaur (Warner Brothers BS 2194). After years of singing with the Jim Kweskin Jug Band, Maria Muldaur hit it big with the song "Midnight at the Oasis." Her second LP is far better than the first because it contains no dippy material like the Oasis song. Everyone involved seems to have the word "authenticity" in mind. She is a brilliant singer, and with material like "Cool River" she leaves novelty songs far behind.—*John Gibson*

Louis Armstrong

Jelly Roll Morton

©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

If it wasn't for Winston,
I wouldn't smoke.
KING SIZE
Winston
CIGARETTES
Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.
All Winston will ever give me is taste.
A taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report
OCT.'74.



The Hundred-Million-Dollar
Resort with Criminal Clientele

LA COSTA

By Lowell Bergman and Jeff Gerth

"I received a call from Ehrlichman in San Clemente telling me . . . to come to California that night so that he could discuss in full detail the problems of how to deal with the forthcoming Senate hearings. Everyone was staying at the La Costa Resort Hotel."—Testimony of John W. Dean III before the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, June 25, 1973.

"Hell, what's to keep La Costa from becoming the site of [another] Apalachin convention? . . . They could hold a two- or three-day meeting, and we'd never even know the damned thing was going on."—A San Diego law-enforcement officer, quoted in the Los Angeles *Times*.

Rancho La Costa is a 5,600-acre California coastal complex located thirty miles south of Nixon's San Clemente estate. It is a luxurious arrangement of residential units, a resort hotel, a theater, a golf course, the only AMA-approved health spa in the country, various convention facilities, and a country club. It cost close to $100 million to build, and more than a thousand employees look after its maintenance.

It looks very innocent. But in reality this rich man's playground, patronized by powerful figures from business, labor, and government, was established and is frequented by mobsters.

The greedy manipulations of the men who hold their meetings at La Costa have contributed to a massive bank failure and to a plague of security frauds that have been estimated to cost Americans fifty billion dollars. These manipulations have helped tighten the market for the average citizen trying to borrow money as well as encouraging the inflationary spiral. In addition, the illicit financial operations planned at La Costa have cost taxpayers uncounted millions of dollars, not only in uncollected income taxes but also in other, more complicated ways.

The interwoven jungle of deals, arrangements, and associations—directed by keen legal and financial architects operating with a seemingly unlimited re-

serve of cash—has resisted the probings of most investigative reporters and has blunted, or corrupted, most of the official investigations.

The primary founders of La Costa were syndicate "bluebloods." Their roots were in Prohibition rum-running and bust-out gambling. The bulk of the financing for La Costa since its inception ten years ago has come from friends in the scandal-ridden Teamsters Central States Pension Fund. Additional funds were made available by C. Arnholt Smith's United States National Bank of San Diego. A member of Nixon's inner circle along with Bebe Rebozo and Robert Abplanalp, Smith ran into trouble early in the Watergate struggle. In October 1973, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation declared his billion-dollar bank insolvent, ending one of the largest financial frauds in history.

Rancho La Costa has been controlled by the Moe Dalitz mob—which includes Dalitz, Allard Roen, Merv Adelson, and Irwin Molasky. (They use the acronym DRAM, made up from the first letters of their last names, as a kind of corporate shorthand.) Dalitz has been a prime mover in transforming organized crime into a financial powerhouse. At seventy-five, he is a senior mentor among the criminal aristocracy. A close friend commented, "You'd never guess who he is if you saw him. He's a little man with a round head who walks around with his arms wrapped behind his back like Groucho Marx."

He and his partners at La Costa represent a major force in entertainment, television (Lorimar Productions, founded by Adelson and Molasky, among others, produces such shows as "The Blue Knight," "The Waltons," etc.), construction, laundries, and, of course, gambling. It was Dalitz who persuaded the then-president of the Teamsters Union, James Riddle Hoffa, to finance Las Vegas casinos, starting with Moe's Desert Inn and related properties, with Teamsters retirement cash.

The La Costa operation is an extension of services the crime syndicate people provide in their Las Vegas casinos. Events at La Costa are regularly featured in society columns and travel sections. This adult playground has attracted glamorous jet-setters as well as a horde of underworld heavyweights. La Costa regulars include John "Jake the Barber" Factor, who has been identified in news reports as a notorious international confidence man and stock swindler; Allen Dorfman, a special consultant to the Teamsters Pension Fund who was convicted of kickbacks and is currently under indictment; Jim Braden (Eugene Hale Brading), mob courier and "lovebird swindler," as he was known in Dallas; Arnold Kimmes, a San Diego "developer" who has served time for fraud; Anthony Giacolone, a mob boss in Detroit; Louis "the Tailor" Rosanova, a Chicago mobster now headquartered in Georgia; and Anthony Spilotro, a notorious thug from Las Vegas.

A veneer of respectability is maintained by a host of resident celebrities, including Sandy Koufax, Hoagy Carmichael, and Desi Arnaz. Country-club members and regular guests such as Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Dean Martin rub elbows with Henry Ford and others of the established rich.

Moe Dalitz likes gold and tennis—tastes acquired since the old days. Accordingly, La Costa is studded with more than twenty tennis courts. When Dalitz left his Las Vegas home adjoining the Desert Inn course, it was to relocate in an almost identical house next to the La Costa course—the world's largest and costliest ($2.4 million to date).

The PGA Tournament of Champions, formerly a Desert Inn feature, was moved to California by Dalitz. It typifies the La Costa style. Each player gets $2,000 plus expenses just for showing up. Until 1971, the 170 crowd-control marshals were active-duty U.S. Marines bussed in daily from Pendleton. They were fed all week and given golf hats and windbreakers for their troubles.

The nerve center of La Costa is the country club, which houses the land-sale office, golf shop, restaurants, swimming pool, and meeting rooms. The latter have been the site of numerous executive-board Teamsters meetings. When business and security are primary, the management makes use of six "executive houses" nearby. Here the most important VIP's can relax, safe from the curious as well as from the surveillance of law-enforcement agencies.

The nature of the clientele makes understandable La Costa's preoccupation with security. A great many important politicians have stayed there. High-ranking White House staff members used La Costa's secure grounds for planning parts of the infamous Watergate coverup. Up until the time this was revealed by John Dean, public figures of both parties could be found taking the waters there. They included Cook County judges and Nevada lawmakers as well as senators and congressmen who took off weight at the spa and hobnobbed with show-business celebrities in the bar.

Republican Senator Jacob Javits of New York was a frequent visitor. Sources close to La Costa claim that Javits was considered a "special guest" who received services on the cuff. Contacted in Washington, the senator acknowledged through an aide that he had stayed at the resort, but insisted he had paid his own bills.

An aide to Arizona's Republican Senator Barry Goldwater told *Penthouse* that the senator has been a "close friend" of C. Arnholt Smith's for some time and that Goldwater has "nothing but sympathy for Smith." As for visits to La Costa on the part of the senator, the aide remarked, "it would surprise me if he hasn't."

And why not? The senator's brother, Robert, was a charter member of La Costa and is a frequent participant in Teamsters outings there—fun things such as the Frank Fitzsimmons Golf Tournament, named in honor of the Teamsters president. Also, the Goldwater family owns a large part of the Valley National Bank of Phoenix. *Penthouse* has documented the use of the Valley National Bank by C. Arnholt Smith to obtain personal funds at a time when federal investigations were tightening a noose around Smith's empire. In July 1973, the SEC alleged that Smith, in violation of the law, was selling debentures issued from his U.S. National Bank after the SEC had filed its suit in May 1973. Some of these debentures were pledged to the Valley National Bank to support loans it had made to Smith.

BIG CRIME IS BIG BUSINESS

The triumvirate of government, business, and organized crime has been a fact of life for years. More recently, labor leaders have joined the club. In their parallel drives for profit and power, the gangsters became businesslike while many entrepreneurs and union leaders adopted gangster methods. Back-room poker players and candy-store bookies have become tycoons controlling billion-dollar cash flows. Former hit men are now experts at security frauds and aspiring Horatio Algers cultivate the fine art of the fix.

The business of the mob has spread everywhere. Lucky Luciano fondly recalled in 1961 how his outfit had "muscled into the milk business. *And we're still there.*" Jonathan Kwitny described in the *Wall Street Journal* how a mob-related "brokerage" business in New York levied a fifty-cent tariff on every 100 pounds of beef brought into the metropolitan area. Kwitny's story went on to detail how payoffs were made to union officials on behalf of the nation's largest beef packer.

The continuity of the La Costa gang's history brings the nature of organized crime into focus. In 1949, when Elliot Ness (of "Untouchables" fame) was Cleveland's Public Safety Director, he drove Dalitz and his friends from the shores of Lake Erie. The Cleveland Syndicate, while maintaining influence in the East through protégés, spent the next twenty years presiding over a hotel and gambling empire in Las Vegas.

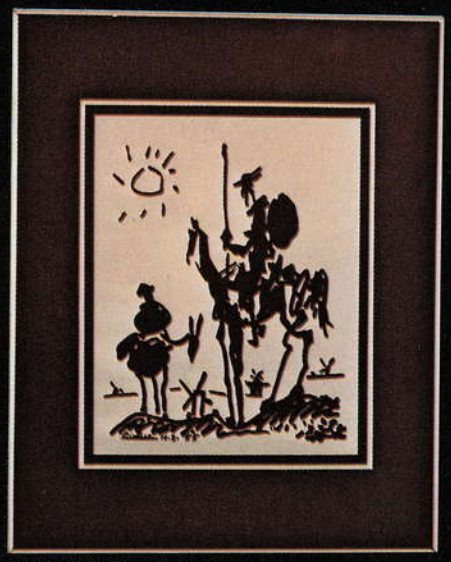
The comfortable cover of Las Vegas was destroyed by Attorney General Robert Kennedy. By 1964, DRAM's casinos were infested with wiretaps and special surveillance teams looking for "skim" (unreported income from gambling). Then Allard Roen, Dalitz's favorite uncrowned prince, was forced to plead guilty to a felony rap in what turned out to be one of the largest stock frauds on record. Dalitz himself was enmeshed in a tax-fraud case; he escaped by having his accountant take the rap.

The new heat, along with burgeoning opportunities in real estate, convinced DRAM to shift their base to California.

By the early Sixties, organized crime had a working relationship with San Diego's power elite. C. Arnholt Smith and his ex-shoeshine boy and protégé, John Alessio, exercised total control over San Diego and its neighboring Mexican city of Tijuana. Smith had reigned for a quarter of a century as chief money lord and political boss of San Diego city and county. Through Alessio's Agua Caliente racetrack and international

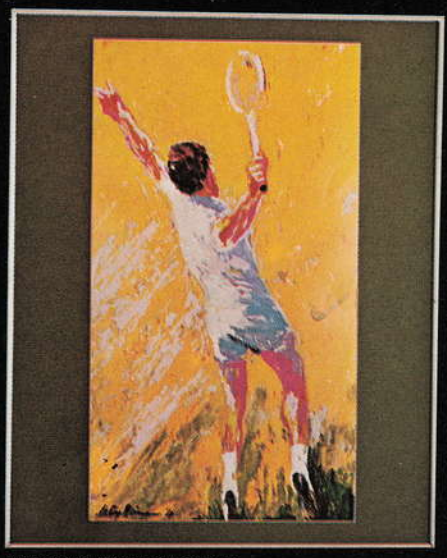
CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Walls can talk.

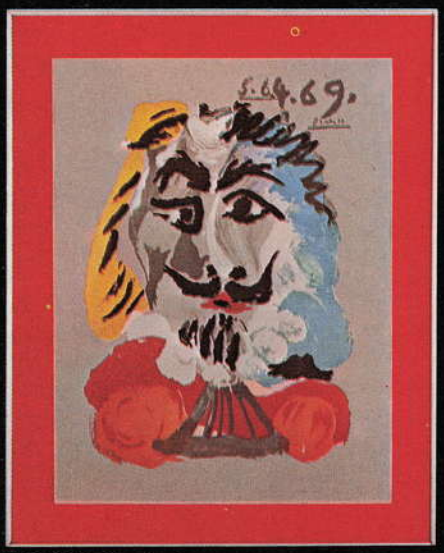


PICASSO *Don Quixote*

ROSAMOND *Blue Denim*

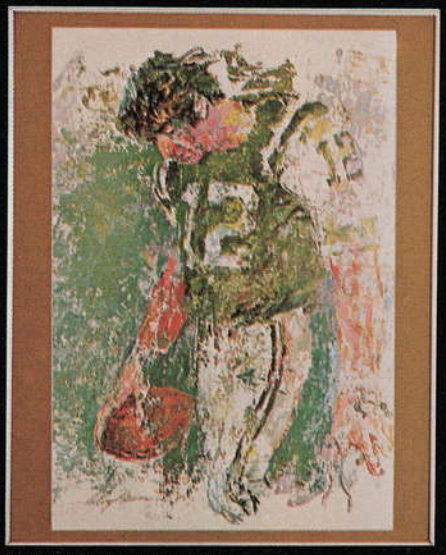


NEIMAN *The Big Serve*



PICASSO *Musketeer*

ROSAMOND *Summer Mood*



NEIMAN *Joe Namath*

Look around. What are they saying about you?

If a main wall in your living room bears two massive Picasso's, it says, "Here lives a person of maturity with a taste for true art."

A wall of masterfully understated women by Rosamond says, "Here's a person with an eye for texture and design: one who not only enjoys beauty, but respects it."

Or, a wall of the controlled violence of Leroy Neiman's brush says, "Here's a dynamic person, with a taste for rich, colorful living and art."

Choose the art that reflects your taste and sophistication the best, and let the walls do some of your talking for you.

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A101 ☐ *Don Quixote* 24x30" $40
A102 ☐ *Musketeer* 24x30" $40
A103 ☐ Save $10. Combined price only $70

ROSAMOND

A104 ☐ *Blue Denim* 24x30" $40
A105 ☐ *Summer Mood* 24x30" $40
A106 ☐ Save $10. Combined price only $70

NEIMAN

A107 ☐ *The Big Serve* 24x30" $40
A108 ☐ *Joe Namath* 24x30" $40
A109 ☐ Save $10. Combined price only $70

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Account #_____ Expires_____
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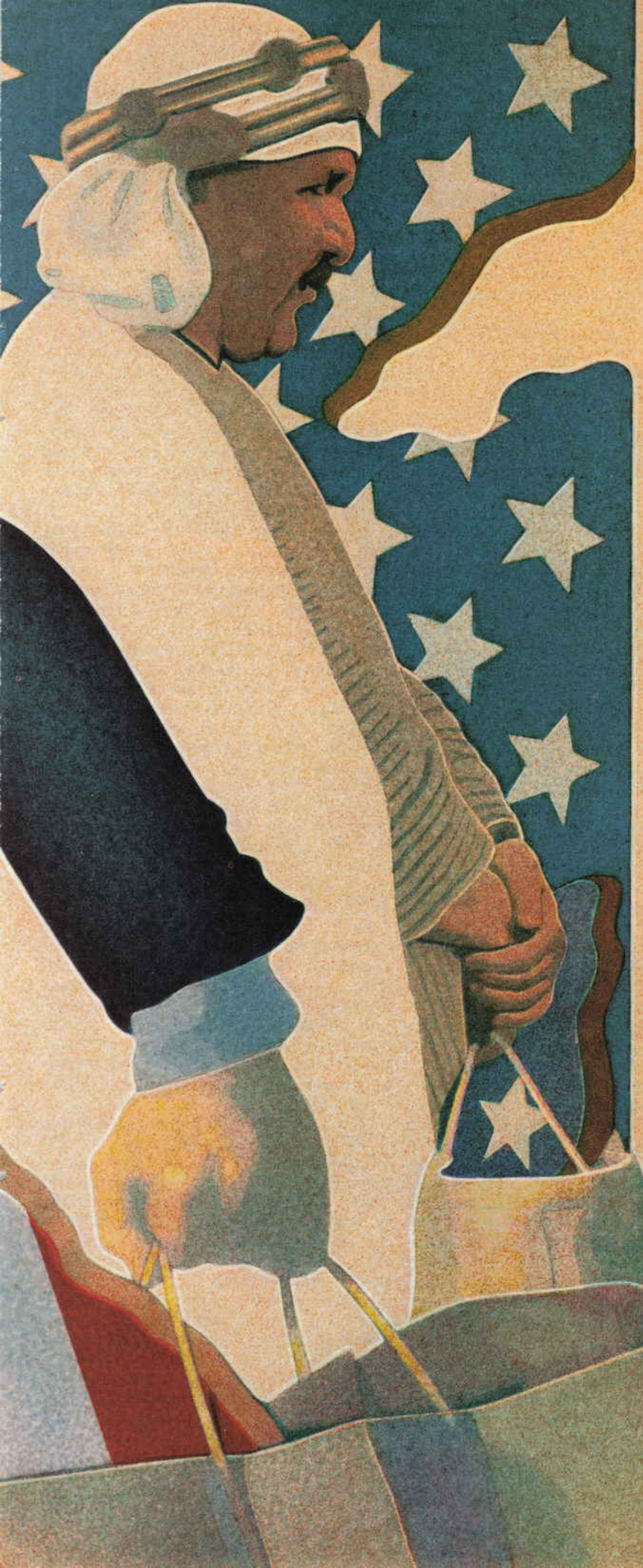


BUYING THE UNITED STATES

America has become a bargain basement for the Japanese and the Arabs—the last of the big-time spenders

By Fred Ferretti

The sign in the Madison Avenue art gallery window was propped discreetly below and to the right of a massively framed Léger oil. It read, in elegant Japanese calligraphy, "This gallery specializes in Foujita and other Post-Impressionist and Impressionist artists." The sign itself was the gallery's way of telling those who are its best customers these days to come in and be welcome. Foujita, a minor 1920's painter who drew and painted hundreds of cats in the Paris of Hemingway and Gertrude Stein, was included simply because he was Japanese.

Chauvinism pays, the American art market has found out, particularly with the Japanese. Unimportant Foujita graphics, worth $25 to $50 retail a year ago and standing unsold, bring $500 to $700 today. Oils by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, an expatriate Japanese who painted here and is considered an American artist, expected to sell for $1,500 have been auctioned for $11,000. One painting, estimated at $30,000, was knocked down for $220,000 at New York's Sotheby Parke Bernet auction house. It was bought by a Japanese dealer.

At another recent Sotheby Parke Bernet auction, Japanese buyers accounted for $1 million of a total sale of $5 million, and conservative estimates are that the Japanese—whether representing dealers, museums, or just themselves—are spending more than $70 million a year for art here. They have made virtually a clean sweep of the available French Impressionist paintings, and after sending them home to Japan for weeding out, they have now begun dumping the lesser works back onto the market. They buy in bulk and by the artist's name; they never seem to haggle over price; and altogether they are an art dealer's fantasies materialized.

One New York dealer recently said of his Japanese customers, "They want to deal very privately—they're almost like Mideast bargainers." An apt comparison, for both the Japanese and the oil-rich Arabs are today's big spenders, today's colonialists. In fact, someone has called the Japanese and the Arabs "The New Americans" because of the way they're throwing their excess wealth around.

William Craig, vice-president of Previews, Inc., an exotic real-estate firm that specializes in international properties, calls the Japanese buyers, "strictly blue chip . . . like the paintings they are purchasing from Madison Avenue and Faubourg St. Honoré galleries, and the yearlings they are leading away from sales at Keeneland and Deauville."

The Japanese, the fastest-growing capitalists in the world, have enormous amounts of money to spend and they're spending it in spectacular fashion, buying an entrée into the international fine-arts world as easily as they've

muscled their way into industrial dominance. It certainly makes us think about that "Co-Prosperity Sphere" of the World War II Imperial Japanese, about wars and winners and losers, about turnabouts and ironies. And despite the inflations, recessions, and depressions in Japan's industrial community, there seems to be no abatement in Japanese acquisitiveness.

The Arabs, lacking industrial sophistication but sitting atop an apparently bottomless deposit of crude oil that has made them much envied and hated—but needed—have recently begun sending their oil profits abroad, with an estimated $1 billion already invested in the United States. They have even gone to the trouble—and presumably at very considerable expense—of hiring America's most famous convicted politician, Spiro Agnew, to assist them with their Western investments. For months now, Spiro has been popping up in and out of Iran, Kuwait, Lebanon, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and Morocco.

William Craig says, "We can look forward now to tapping an increasingly significant source of dollars from the Arab states and other petroleum exporters. Money from Kuwait and Saudi Arabia has been put into various real-estate trusts in New York. It is reported that Lebanon and Kuwait plan to sink $250 million—largely government 'petrodollars'—into U.S. property. We know at this moment of a buyer from Kuwait who is preparing an offer on 17,500 acres in New Mexico. Iran, too, has stepped into the picture, having bought the De Pinna building on Fifth Avenue to house an Iranian center, a chamber of commerce, a tourist office, and the Bank Melli Iran. And other Iranian purchases have been made on the West as well as the East Coast. All of this is just a hint of the business possibilities which will exist for U.S. brokers."

German and English investment here is on the rise, too, but although the amounts are staggering they are infinitesimal compared to the spending of the Japanese and the Arabs. The oil money the Arab countries have available for investment is amazing. Alfred L. Atherton, an Assistant Secretary of State, said recently: "We now find a situation where a small group of countries on the Persian Gulf are well on their way to becoming financial giants, since the world must continue to depend on the oil resources of the region." He added that oil emanating from the Arab producers approximates 15 percent of the world's total imports, that oil revenues will be in the neighborhood of $70 billion this year, and that each month the Arabs are presently amassing about $3 billion in foreign assets.

A Lebanese analyst, Hakim Bourdjally, was quoted in the *New York Times* as saying, "Oil revenues are going to be so vast that all our estimates and projections are going to be proven terribly naïve estimates." And David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, echoed this with, "Taking into consideration existing reserves and estimates and dividends on these massive funds, total reserves of the oil-producing nations are likely to exceed $70 billion by the end of 1974, $140 billion by 1975, and $200 billion by the end of 1976. These are staggering amounts."

According to the White House's Council on Economic Policy, foreign-exchange assets of the principal oil-producing countries—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Iran, Iraq, and Qatar—were $3.5 billion in 1970. That figure grew, the CEP estimates, to nearly $60 billion in late 1974.

More irony. Everybody who reads the newspapers knows how we were whipsawed by the Arab oil-producing countries during the recent manufactured oil shortage. Oil companies were permitted by the Federal Energy Office to pass on the ever-increasing costs of foreign crude oil to retailers, and you and I paid through the nose. Much of that money found its way—and in gold—to the Middle East, and it is now returning to the United States as Arab investment money. Angry? Detroit refuses to make a small car like the Datsun or Toyota—no extras to buy—and then moans because Americans buy Japanese. Well, that money comes back here and conspicuously buys consumer goods and American luxuries.

The Picasso oil at Sotheby Parke Bernet is knocked down for $400,000—in cash. The buyer? A Japanese businessman-tourist, complete with neck-hung camera, who "liked" it. It was the same with the Rousseau bought by a fellow countryman from the Metropolitan Museum of Art for $2 million after the Met had "de-accessioned" it. And the island of Kiawah, fifteen miles off Charleston, South Carolina, is bought for $17.4 million—cash. The buyer? The Kuwait Investment Company. A woman stops in Gucci's, looks longingly at a handbag knowing she can't afford it, then watches openmouthed as a Japanese buys six—for cash naturally—in different colors. The Shah of Iran buys 642 Fifth Avenue in New York City, and a Japanese syndicate contracts to build a steel mill in Auburn, New York, thereby lifesaving much of that community's work force by providing about six hundred jobs. Several Kuwaitis pay $27 million for a plot on the Champs Élysées where they intend to build a large combined office and banking complex to be called, understandably, the House of Kuwait. And last November, Kuwait spent more than $300 million to acquire about 14 percent of Daimler-Benz, maker of Mercedes automobiles.

The Japanese scout the coalfields of Montana, seeking relief from their burgeoning fuel needs. They have built a $6 million soy-sauce factory in Wisconsin; bought enough wheat and other grain-producing fields in the Midwest to prompt the comment that "they've bought Ohio, for chrissake!"; leased forests in the Far West; and erected a Sony assembly plant in California. They have also bought Fifth Avenue office buildings and hotels, resorts in California, Florida, and Hawaii, and thousands of acres of prime undeveloped land in Colorado and the Southeast.

Just last year, Previews sold Dean Martin's Hidden Valley, California ranch—sixty-three acres with a heliport, three-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis courts, and corral—to Hideshi Kubozono, president of the Nobel Soft Drink Company of Tokyo, for $1.5 million. They also sold twenty-three acres of prime, undeveloped land in Big Sur, belonging to Kim Novak, to the well-known Tokyo advertising executive, Sam Narita. Says William Craig, "Japanese tourists have been spending more than ever before and, in a seeming attempt to recoup, the Japanese became interested in buying resorts. We've all heard stories of their purchases of Hawaiian hotels. More than one Japanese syndicate contacted Previews' Los Angeles office to arrange inspection of a twelve-island Pacific atoll which we had for sale; others investigated the Little King—since sold—and C-Lazy-U ranches through our Denver branch."

A Beirut-based Saudi Arabian businessman, Adnan Khashoggi, has bought vacant land in California for development; he has acquired controlling interest in the Security National Bank of Walnut Creek Corporation, with assets of $129 million, and in the Bank of Contra Costa in California, with assets of $22.5 million. He has also bought, for $14 million, a one-third interest in the First National Bank of San Jose. The Chase Manhattan Bank has contracted with the Saudis to manage $200 million in government funds for investment. A Dallas building firm says that it has $200 million of Middle East financing for an apartment-house development in St. Louis; and a Kentucky real-estate firm has announced that it will invest an initial $50 million of Lebanese and Kuwaiti money in American real estate, backed by a $200 million line of credit.

Last fall, it was learned that the Shell Oil Company was negotiating with Iran for the possible joint construction of a $2 billion oil refinery in Iran. This agreement could result in a major investment by Iran in Shell's gasoline stations in the East. Although a Shell spokesman said that Iran would not "own" the stations, he acknowledged that negotiations were in progress and added, "Nothing is final."

At the same time, the American partners in ARAMCO (the Arabian American Oil Company), the world's largest oil producer, were offering to sell out to the Saudi Arabians. The American partners—Exxon, Texaco, Mobil, and Standard Oil of California—were forced to this point in an effort to guarantee long-term access to the Saudi oil at a preferential price.

As yet, the Arabs' plunge into the world of consumer luxuries has not been international, but imports have become a booming industry. White Cadillac El Dorados proliferate in Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Abu Dhabi, competing for petrodollars with the Rolls Royces that have been an Arab cliché for years. Chocolate-colored porcelain bidets shine through Mideast show windows, competing with Maseratis and with Dior, Cardin, Ungaro, and Ricci ready-to-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

THE MILLION DOLLAR MAN

I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE AT LEAST $1,000 IN THE NEXT 30 DAYS

GUARANTEED

OR YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY BACK AND KEEP EVERYTHING THAT I'VE SENT YOU!

I would like to start by telling you about myself. In fact, I'm even going to brag a little.

I was born March 2nd, 1950. That makes me 24 years old. There's nothing unusual about being 24 years old except for the fact that I've made more money in those short 24 years than most people will make in an entire lifetime!

I've been called a "Financial wizard" by some of the wealthiest people in the country because I've made my money by showing other people how to make a fortune!

I'm what you might call an "idea man" and I know how to make money—a lot of it! For example, last November I grossed over $50,000 on just one of my ideas alone. And I did it by showing other people how to make even more money than that!

I have a lot of ideas. Hundreds of them. And every one of them makes money for me, without exception.

I have discovered ways of making money that are so fantastic and so powerful it would scare you.

It even scares me sometimes when I have so much money piled up on my desk that I can't count it all in one day! Hundreds and thousands of dollars pouring in from all over the country day after day!

I'm going to show you exactly how I have acquired this fabulous success and how you can do the exact same thing.

To begin with, I'm going to send you a copy of my Internationally famous book "The Million Dollar Man".

In this fascinating book I'll show you actual samples and step by step details of ideas that have made me thousands of dollars (including the one mentioned above where I grossed over $50,000 in one month).

I want to teach you everything that I know about making money and I want to show you how to "copy" my success.

I'll share these valuable secrets with you for two reasons: First, by selling this valuable information to you I will become richer. And second, the foundation of my success is based on enriching other people and showing them how to make a fortune too.

Now that's where you fit in! After all, why should you care if I get rich if I can show you how to make a fortune too?

In fact, to back up everything that I'm telling you I'm going to make the most incredible money making proposition ever offered in the history of advertising.

And here it is:

I'm going to ask you to send me a check for $10.00 (that won't even buy a good steak dinner nowadays). In return, I'm going to send you a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and a "Millionaire Executive Package".

And that's not all: I'm also going to send a signed and notorized MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

This guarantee states that you must make at least $1,000 within thirty days from the time you receive your package or I'll return your UNCASHED check and you can keep everything I've sent to you!

I couldn't possibly make an offer like that unless I absolutely knew, without a doubt, that this valuable information will show you how to make a fortune.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not going to send you a bunch of get rich quick schemes or literature that will end up in the garbage can.

I don't believe in doing business that way.

I am going to send you a very fascinating, well written book and millionaire executive package that will show you how to make a fortune, and how to make it fast without doing a lot of hard work.

Making a lot of money with these plans and ideas won't require a lot of "education".

I know of one man that didn't even graduate from high school and he's making over $100,000 a year using the same principles and ideas outlined in "The Million Dollar Man".

It doesn't require a lot of "money" either. I grew up in a poor family and started with only $50.00 in my pocket.

What it will require is that you absorb everything that I'm going to send to you, and have the desire to become extremely wealthy, and then have the guts to do something about it!

If you meet all of the above requirements, and if you want to become independent and have everything that you've ever dreamed of in life, than I strongly suggest that you sit down RIGHT NOW and send for a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and the "Millionaire executive package".

I personally guarantee that this information will be the best investment that you have ever made and that it will completely change your life.

And remember: If you don't make at least $1,000 within 30 days from the time that you receive your package—In accordance with the terms of the money back guarantee I'll refund your UNCASHED check and you can keep everything that I've sent to you.

These plans and ideas have worked for me and they will work for you. I guarantee it, and I'll prove it to you if you'll just fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

If I'm wrong you'll get your money back and you can keep everything that I've sent to you. But, if I'm right, you will become rich. Either way you can't lose!

This may be the opportunity you've been waiting for—so don't pass it up!

Prestige International
"Exploring A Whole World of New Ideas"

2140 University Club Building Dept. P-3
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111

Rick, your offer sounds incredible. But what have I got to lose? Please send me a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and a "Millionaire Executive Pacakge" by return mail.

Don't deposit my check until 30 days after you have sent it to me. If I do not make at least $1,000 within thirty days after I receive it—in accordance with the terms of the written money back guarantee you'll return my uncashed check and I can keep everything that you've sent to me.

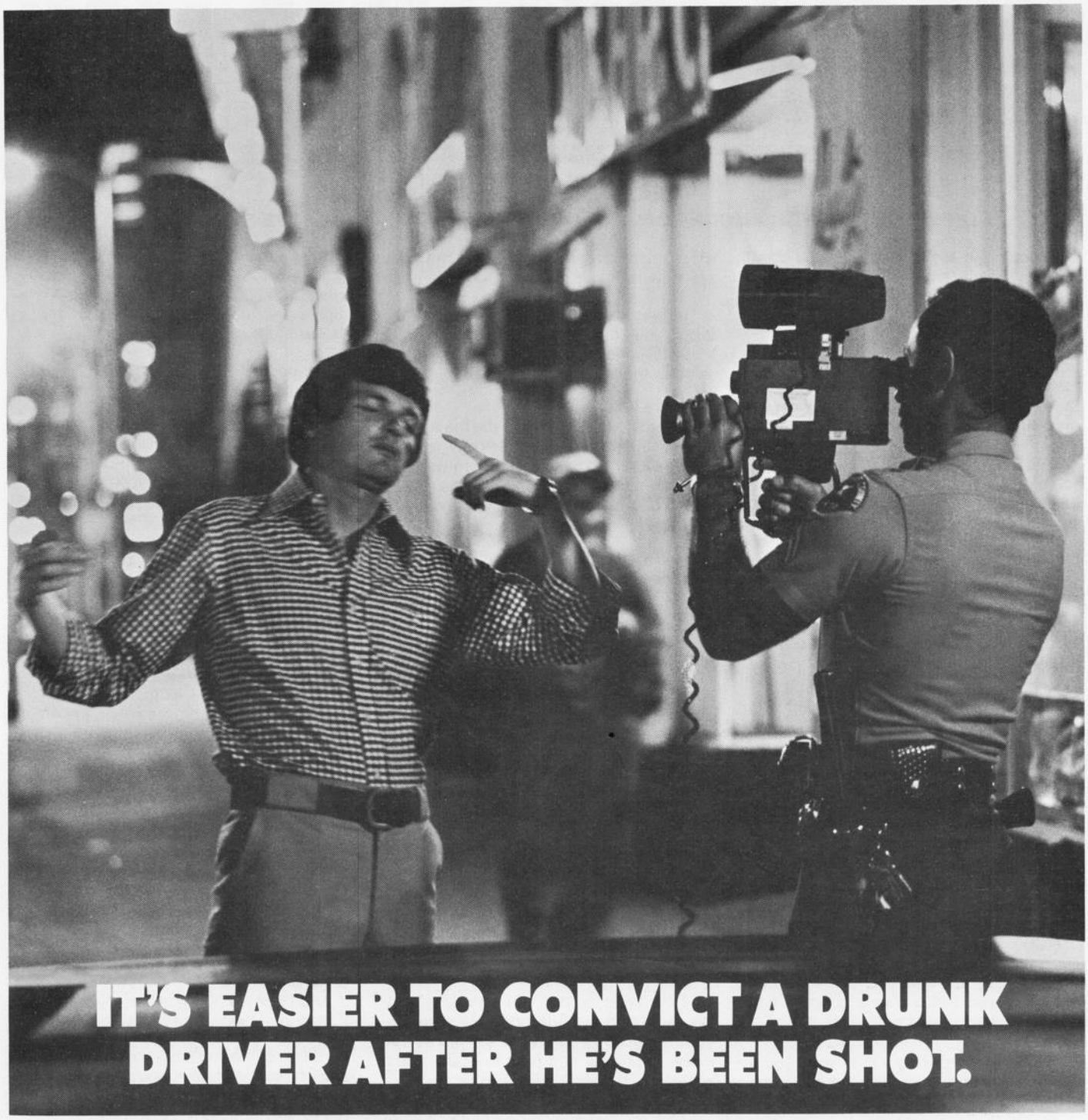
On that basis here is my $10.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

WRa



IT'S EASIER TO CONVICT A DRUNK DRIVER AFTER HE'S BEEN SHOT.

It used to be the driver's word against the officer's word.

Which could leave some doubt in the judge's mind.

Now it's the driver's word against the videotape camera's word.

Which can leave no doubt in the judge's mind.

Videotape cameras and other sophisticated methods are being used in both Los Angeles and Orange counties for one reason. To make certain the guilty driver is convicted on the first offense. With ironclad evidence. That won't let him have the chance to talk his way back on the road.

Because in the two counties, one-half of all traffic deaths are alcohol related.

Make sure none of these deaths are related to you.

When you have friends over keep the drinks down. The fewer the better. And bring out the dessert and coffee long before anyone has to drive home.

If your friends won't let you help, give us a call. And we'll try to help. Los Angeles, (213) 413-4800. Orange County, (714) 636-2572.

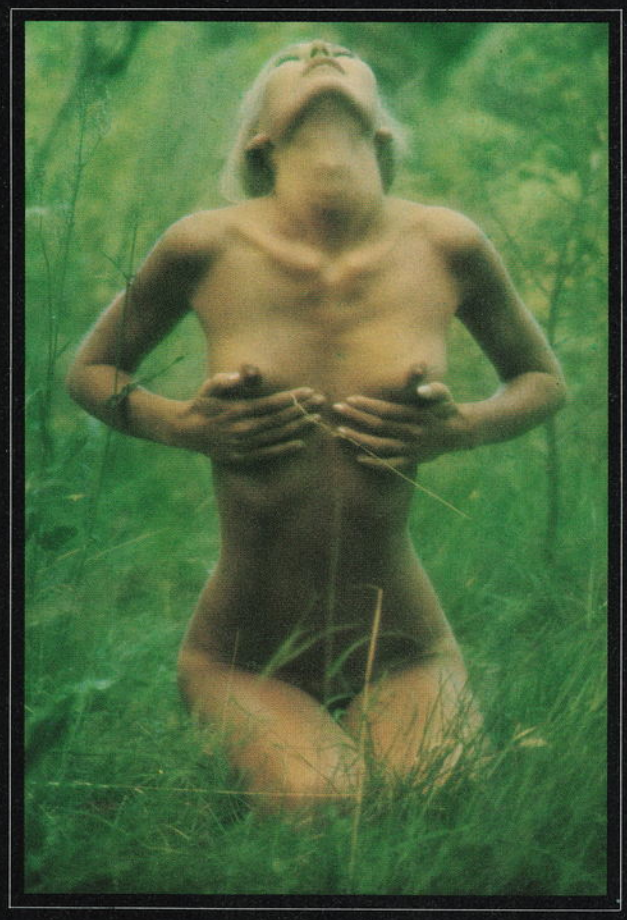
It's important. If you don't want your friends making unexpected television appearances. If you want to keep your friends.

DON'T LET YOUR FRIENDS GET SMASHED.

ALCOHOL SAFETY ACTION PROJECT.

WRb

"I say he's a fag and I say let's split!"



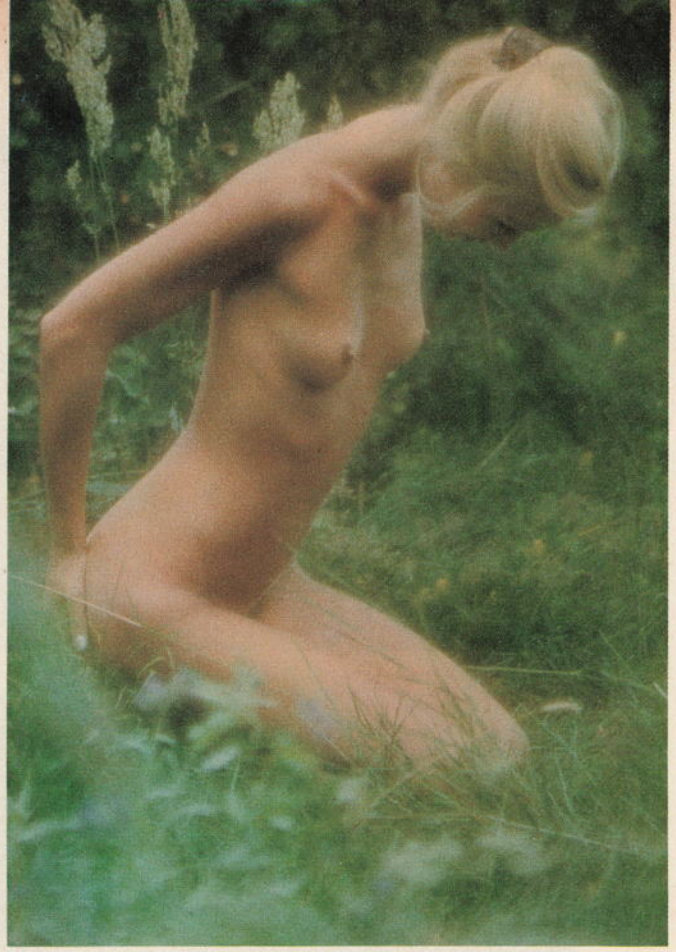
MACHINE TOOLED

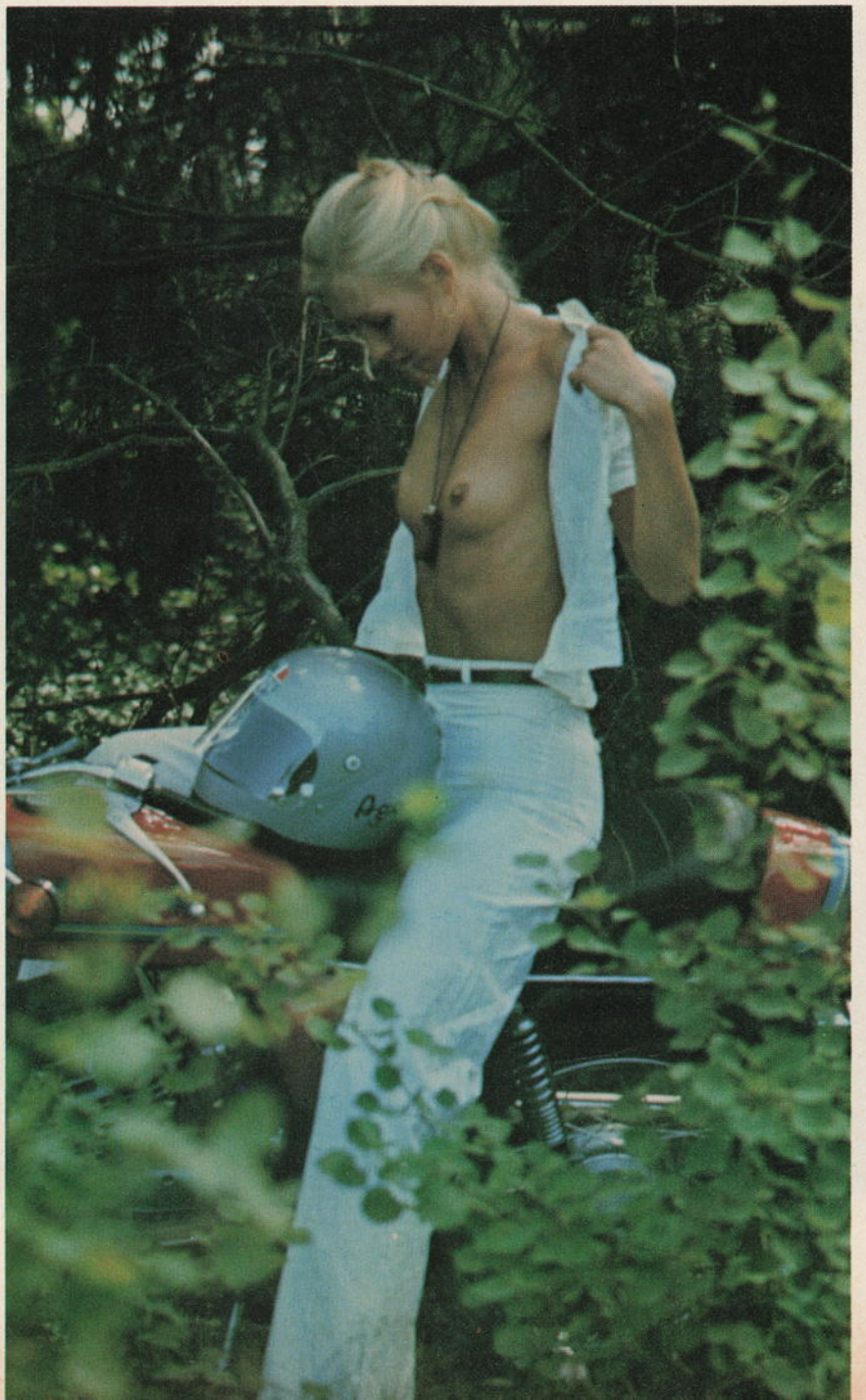
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OSCAR ABOLAFIA

If there's one characteristic that sums up the Nordic outlook on life, it's straightforwardness. So ask Birgit Sandstrom what her hobbies are and she'll tell you: "Motorcycling and sex—not necessarily in that order." Luckily, Swedish-born Birgit has all the right equipment for both. Few things give her greater pleasure than straddling a good machine and roaring off to nowhere in particular. "I love the sense of all that power sitting beneath me, ready to do my

bidding," Birgit explains. "A great bike is dependable yet unrestrained, not limited to the straight and narrow and able to perform beautifully in the rough." She smiles, "A little bit like the right man, no?"

agv





"It's not so much the size of the machine as the smoothness of the ride," she says, "and knowing that you have the ability to make it respond to your wishes. But there's one thing a man can do that a machine can't, and that's to run away with you in spite of yourself. When you're in the saddle and you lose control, that's dangerous. When a man's in the saddle and you lose control, that's delicious." See you on the road, Birgit.

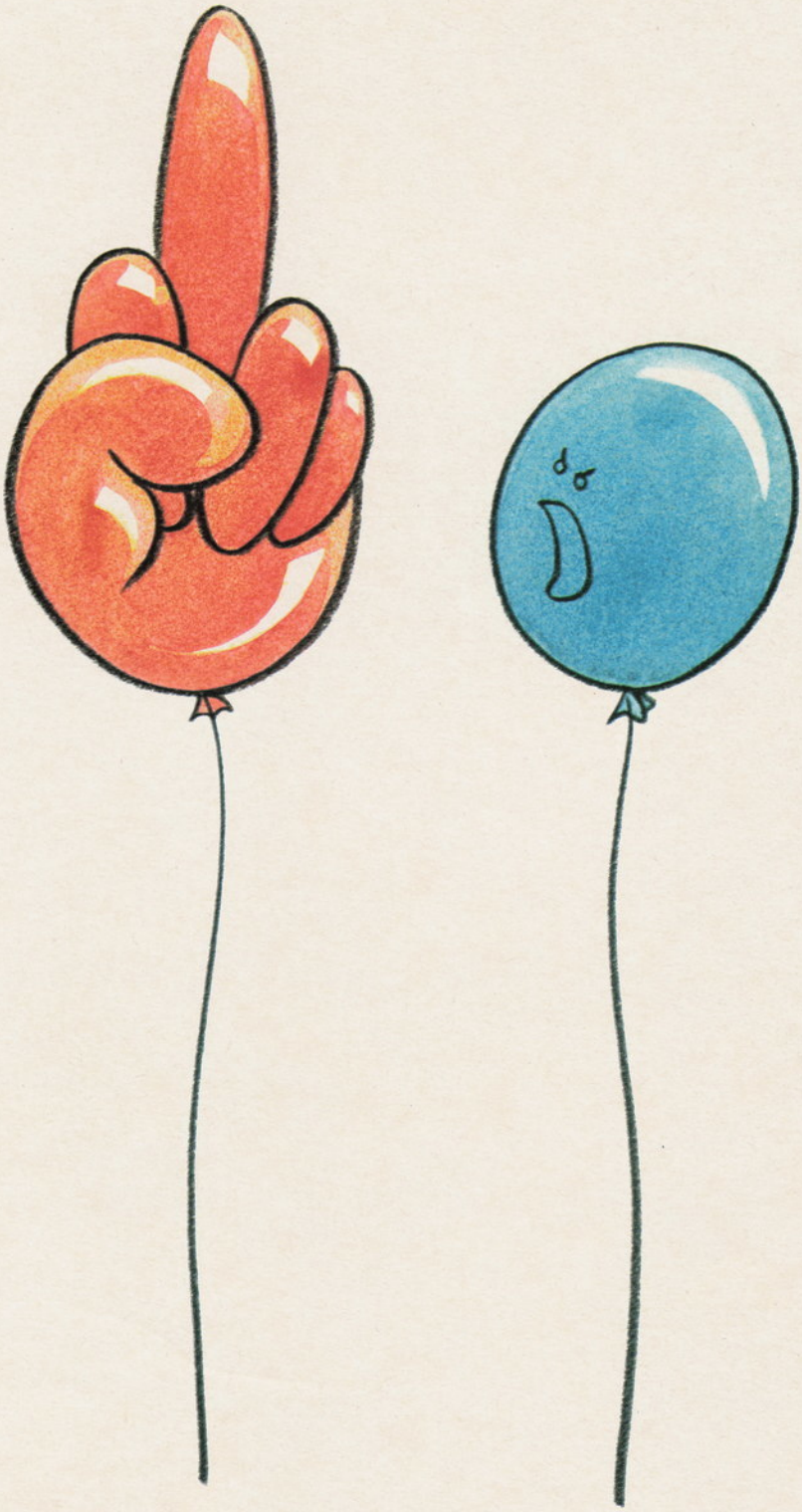
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Pall Mall Gold 100's

19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"A simple no *will be sufficient."*

ILLUSTRATION BY GILBERT STONE

The Black Man's Revenge

**"Suddenly she was frozen in paralyzed fright—
she didn't even breathe. The Fiend
was taking off the gold-lamé codpiece."**

By Calder Willingham

The aging Seamus Hotel just off Broadway in the lower part of midtown Manhattan had an established, quiet, ultrarespectable atmosphere, a Boston mood. At the same time it was a bit musty, a trifle frayed at the cuffs and seedy despite the ballroom lobby and the sweeping marble staircases that ascended to the mezzanine floor in twin curves around the open gilded grillwork of four aged hydraulic elevators. Cupids in bas-relief adorned the ceiling, floating there in the company of painted sexless angels against a blue sky now cracked and long since faded to gray. The huge rug on the marble floor was worn thin in numerous places; large, urnlike polished brass spittoons stood here and there on rubber mats. It was a somnolent environment.

But deep within the ancient bowels of this old hotel, hidden far from the eyes of the elderly ladies and gentlemen who lived there so quietly and concealed even from other employees and management, Nicholas Lordgod Sampson had his domain. It was here, hidden with the greatest skill and ingenuity, that the Unknown King of Harlem reigned with brutal ruthlessness over his three slave subjects—the bright and cheerful Suzette, the submissive meek Wan Lo, and the tormented Vasentesenka.

Black, yellow, and brown. Nick had recently cut the throat of Running Moose, his other subject. That occurred in a moment of fury. He had such moments. The beautiful red-skinned Running Moose had crossed him, a crime he could neither forget nor forgive, so he had seized his razor, backed her into a corner, and neatly lopped off her head with one powerful stroke of his arm. Suzette, Wan Lo, and Vasentesenka stood by and watched, half-fainting with horror.

There certainly have been few criminal careers more horrifying than that of this Destroyer of the White Race, the Unknown King of Harlem, "Black Nick" Sampson. A notorious monster, he was wanted for murder in many different states, for white slavery on numerous counts by both federal and local governments—and these were only his more *obvious* crimes. A dark type both spiritually and physically. The full story of this huge jet monster would fill many volumes, but it is his initial encounter with the life of Polly Dawn that is of primary concern here.

It was pure chance that Polly Dawn happened to wander into the lobby of the Seamus that afternoon. It was a warm and beautiful day in May, and she'd been out for a

stroll through midtown. At this time, she was living in a rather hoity-toity furnished suite in a rooming house in the Murray Hill district not far below Forty-second Street, the street of dreams and song.

"Hmm, I wonder what that old place is like inside," thought Polly as she caught sight of the crenellated front of the Seamus, with its stonework and massive elaborateness. "Hmm, think I'll go in."

She strolled up to the ancient white-haired doorman in a gold-braided red uniform with silver epaulets. "Pardon me, sir," she said. "What is the name of this hotel?"

"Why, 'tis the Saymus," answered the old Irishman, who had served in wind and snow so long and faithfully.

"Hmm," thought Polly, as she entered the hotel lobby. She had her doubts about that doorman out there. Didn't seem very authentic, somehow, that doorman.

She also had momentary doubts about the elderly desk clerk. There was something *evil* about that gentlemanly looking old man, a touch of concealed mayhem and slaughter, maybe. He sat perched like a parrot on a high stool behind the desk, a large, old-fashioned desk made of golden quarter-sawn oak in interesting contrast to the marble everywhere else. The clerk, like the old Irish doorman, was as old as the mountains, wrinkled and withered with time. He wore on his head a green celluloid visor of the type used by bookkeepers in the days of Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell. He had an old-maid, wrinkled-prune expression on his face.

Polly wasn't really suspicious of him on second thought. Just a snotty old geezer, that was all he was. She merely glanced at him as she passed by. He, in turn, merely glanced at her, before lowering his gaze discreetly.

But there were other eyes that saw Polly. Black, evil eyes. As she sat innocently in the lobby, knees crossed and her cigarette holder between her teeth, two narrowed glowering eyes peered directly at her. And she herself unknowingly looked straight at these pithecoid pits of human terror, the gorilloid orbs of Nicholas Sampson, who even then stood crouched and hidden in a partition inside the lobby walls, a secret spy spot long forgotten and known now only to himself.

"What a realistic picture," thought Polly.

Picture?—that was no picture, or not entirely, anyhow. The glowering eyes that stared at her did not belong to Sir Walter Raleigh. They were the eyes of a fiend and they were focused directly on an intended victim. It was unfortunate for Polly that she did not know she was gazing up into the Afric eyes of an unrestrained, rampant monster. It was unfortunate indeed that she didn't know that this monster had already determined that regardless of the cost and irrespective of the possible dangers, she would be *his* to do unto and with as he would.

"Quite nice," said Nicholas Sampson to himself as he stared down, through the cut-out eyes in the portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, at Polly Dawn, the giant-breasted baby doll on the sofa below. She would practically complete the stable of willing fillies that he was amassing in Harlem. "Mmm, quite nice indeed. Suitable,I think."

In a completely unguarded mood Polly finished her cigarette and left the musty lobby of the Seamus. The elderly Irish doorman in the red coat bid her farewell with a salute and a bow.

Polly felt optimistic, all she needed was time, just a little time to get her sea legs and catch on to the New York scene. With another pleasant little goatlike switch of the hips that made her behind quiver deliciously, Polly rounded the corner and headed back uptown, her white purse dangling from one hand and the fingers of her other hand extended gracefully out to the side, as if to say: "Ain't I the raspberries?"

Little did the dumb cunt know. As she sashayed along, wagging her man-maddening behind, a dark and silent shadow suddenly materialized in the recess formed by the moldering doorway of an ancient loft building. Silent as a haunt in a southern boneyard and twice as menacing, the shadow followed her.

The encounter was outside squat Macy's. Polly was taken entirely by surprise, distracted as she was by the gruesome insanity of the department store. She had stopped for a moment to look into a window and relish all the mad goodies when she felt a presence by the side. A *large* presence. Weirdly, almost as if by a sixth sense or something fourth dimensional that they don't know about, a *chill* ran down her *pink* spine from the downy *nape* of her neck to the plump *cleft* of her gorgeous kissable ass. And huggable, too, that valentine. She turned, and for once her blue eyes were not smiling, they were glints of arctic ice cold enough to burn a polar bear.

Shock! Ah-h, ha! Yes-s. Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes. Mmm-mm, no menace here but something else again. Mmm, indeed something else, something not only edible but yummy. A tiny knee-knocking gasp came involuntarily from Polly. Her sensitive and gifted clit twitched intuitively and poked through the furze and peered upward with cyclopean x-ray vision and perceived overhead through panty and skirt a gigantic, suave-looking, well-clad, and divinely handsome maharajah in a silken turban. An enormous jewel glowed in the center of the crisscross folds.

"Pahdon me," he said sincerely.

"Why . . . why . . . *certainly*!" exclaimed Polly, her blue eyes bugging radiantly as she smiled her best. Yoicks! The *money* he must have if that huge jewel was any indication. And this was a *big* maharajah, he must weigh two hundred and fifty pounds and all of it bone and muscle—he was at least six feet seven and had a physique that would make Tarzan look puny. And the tool he must have on him—holy catfish! What would it be like to have a thing like *that* come at you, rampant?

"I do hope you will pahdon my audacity, fair lady, if I seem a bit forward and presumptuous. But I wonder if you would be so gracious as to render a small assistance to a stranger in your land. Although haply I have maintained here for many years—or rather my subjects have maintained for me—a modest dwelling on your Park Avenue, a small triplex *pied-à-pomme* for my rare visits here, I do not know *les intime* this complex city and I am at the moment *l'avoir de la peine à la perte sèche*. Can you tell me where I am?"

"Why, now, maybe I can," said Polly. She smiled and glanced around at a nearby street sign. "This is . . . Broadway and . . . Thirty-fourth Street. Manhattan Island, New York, New York!"

"You are most kind," said the turbaned giant. "That orients me."

Polly leaned her head a bit to the side like a chicken studying a storm. The jewel was blood red and big as an orange, and it drew her gaze despite her best efforts to show a little aloofness. "Mmm," she said. "You've got subjects? Where are you from, Persia or someplace?"

"India, fair lady." The incredibly handsome stranger smiled. "I see you are not familiar with the implications of the turban. It is a matter not of mere national dress but of religious moment. But pahdon my audacity for suggesting you are unaware of its meaning, forgive my presumption."

"Don't mention it," said Polly. "What does it mean?"

"My religion and station in life require that I wear this headdress," said the giant in low, cultivated British tones with a trace of French for spice—"Howevah, that is not strictly true any longer. I fear it is in some measure a matter of sentiment with me, because I have left my native land not wholly by my own choice, alas. As you see I am wearing conventional Western garb except for the headdress and its sacred ruby."

"May I ask, what is your name? What . . . what are you called?" asked Polly. "Do you mind if I inquire that?"

"Certainly not," said the handsome giant. "I am Pahlevi Shagmadragma, Maharajah of Losam-Nehi, Humble Servant of Kali, Knight of the Order of the Slain Badger, and Chevalier of la Légion de la Femma Pécheresse Putois."

"Gosh," said Polly. "Maharajah, you don't know what a thrill this is. I'm honored to pieces to meet you. How did you happen to lose your kingdom over there?"

A shadow passed over the maharajah's face. "Nehru and the British," he said. "They formed a cabal for the purpose of eating away my power. And they succeeded with the help of Gandhi. My subjects . . . lost faith in my divinity. Fortunately, I was not completely impoverished, fair lady. I have on deposit in banks in Geneva, Zurich, New York, London, Amsterdam, Sydney, and Buenos Aires well over six hundred million dollars. A fraction of my former wealth, to be sure, but adequate to maintain me. My subjects would not have it otherwise. However,

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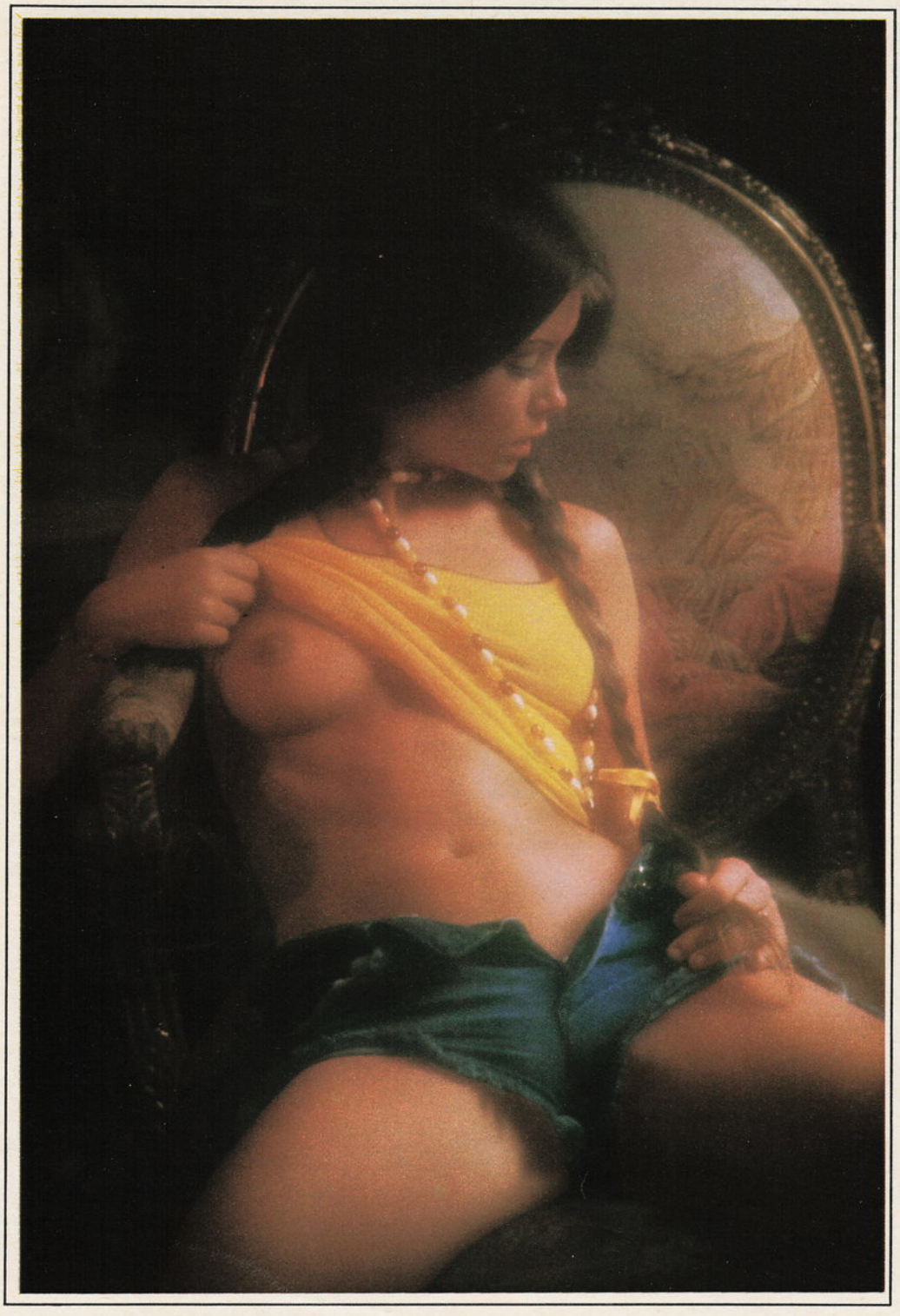
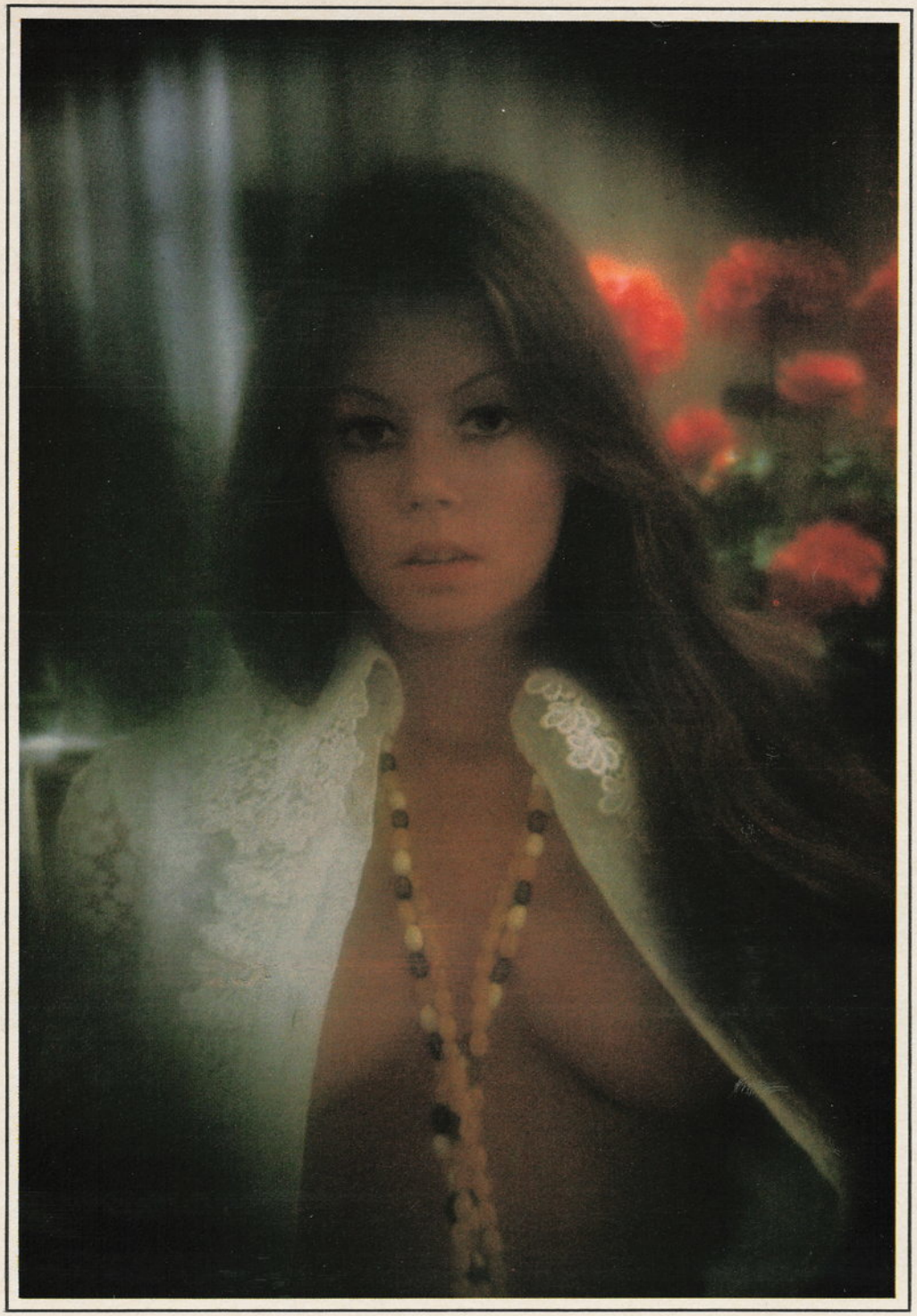


Susan

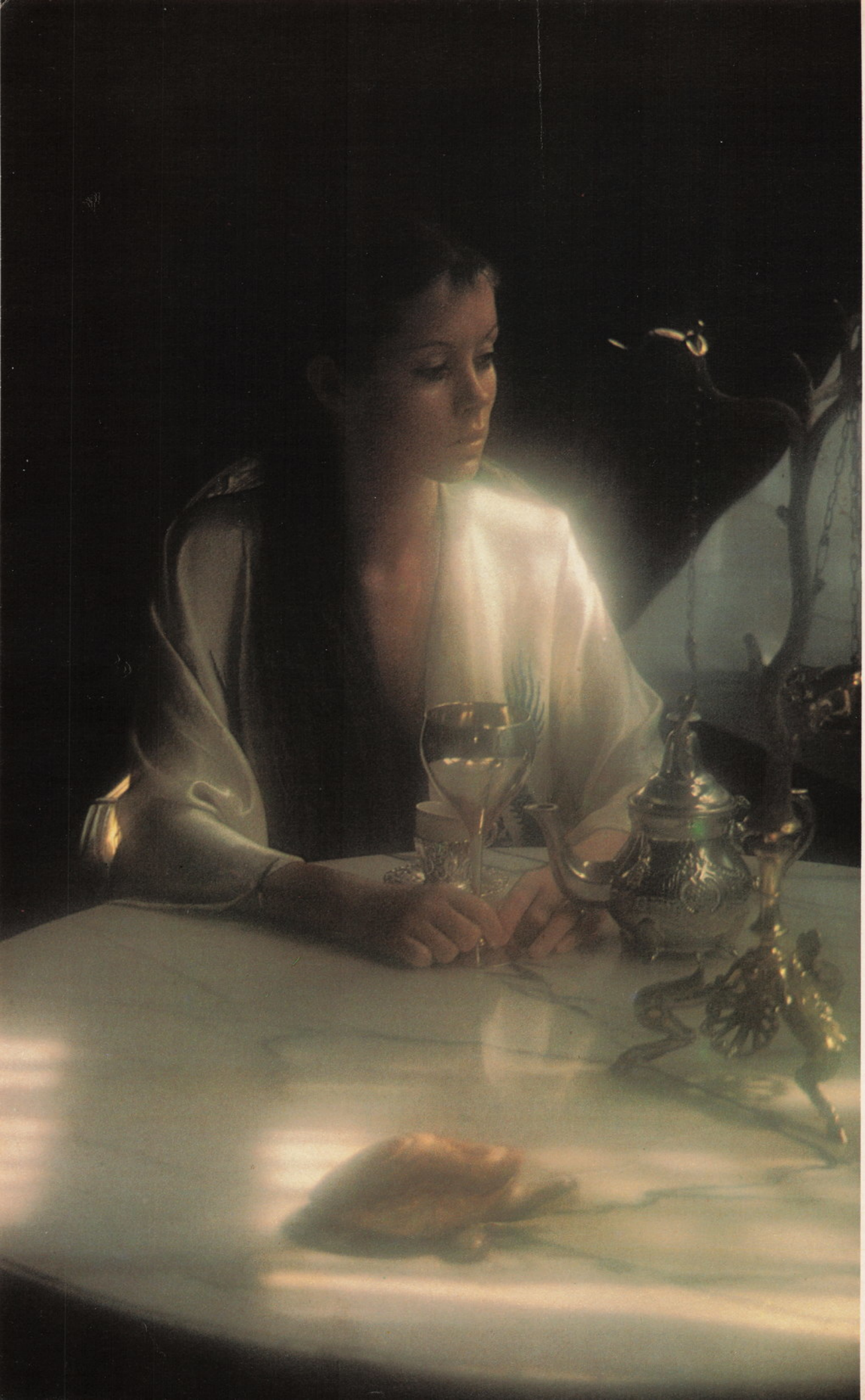


Bareback Ryder

"Growing up," according to Susan Ryder who was born on the twenty-second day of March 1954 and whose twenty-first birthday is herewith committed to history, "means growing up *out* of something. . . leaving something behind . . . your childhood maybe and what it felt like when you were a little kid and you believed in magic and superheroes. I still have a lot of that stuff in me and I don't want to let it go . . . I don't want to grow out of it."

Susan believes that youth is an enchanted time of life and that materialism, oversophistication, and cynicism are the causes of all our problems. "Basically," she says, "the world is still a good place."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

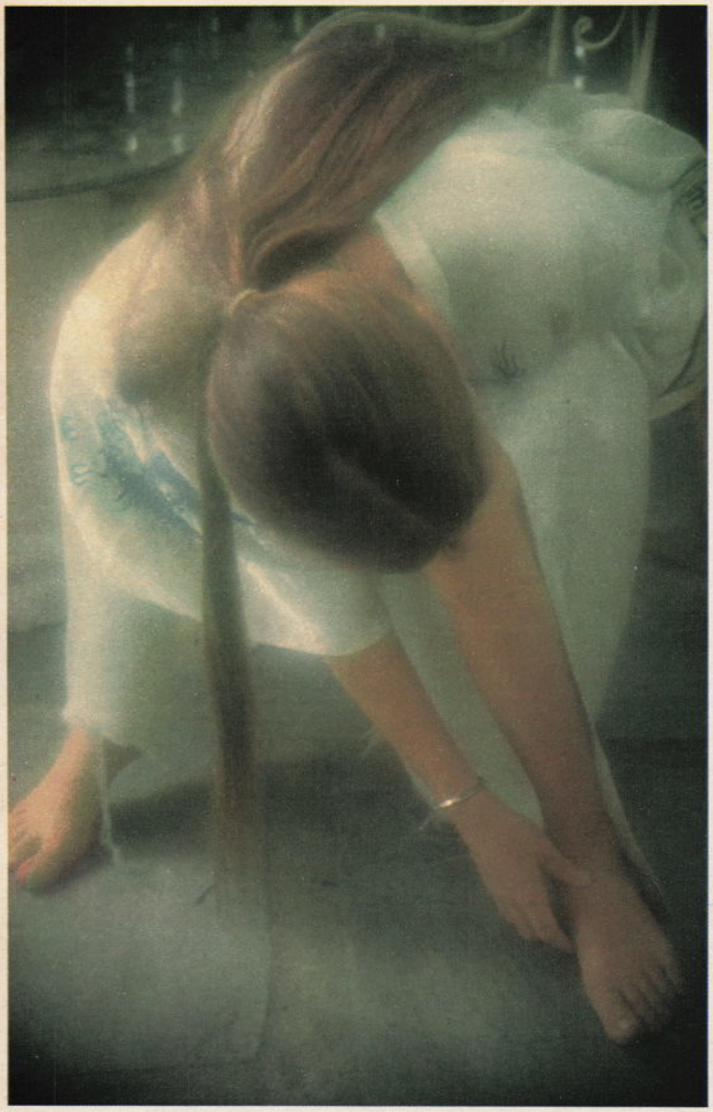


"I don't draw any line. I'd do anything for the man I love . . . anything except give up my self-respect."

Rampant unemployment apart; unabated recession and spiraling inflation apart; political corruption at every federal, state, and city level apart; the proliferating energy crisis and the pollution of our fields, streams, cities, and oceans apart; famine, pestilence, and injustice apart; and war, revolution, murder, and drugs apart, Miss Ryder believes in the more elemental values of man and the environmental machinery that shapes his life. "Things are really not as bad as they seem," she insists. "The world is a place of infinite potential. Everything we will ever need is right here . . . it's how we manage the store that matters. And at the moment we seem to be doing a pretty shitty job!"

Susan admits that she is not much concerned with politics, nor does she have any special savvy on the economic front, "but I do have strong feelings about the world we live in . . . the physical world . . . about human attitudes and feelings, and about the generation I belong to. Young people are very different today. We're optimistic about life. We don't accept the self-destruction thing—the inevitability of ideological wars on a grand scale and the idea that people are simply into destroying themselves. Maybe, by refusing to up grow all the way, my generation has a little clearer view of what's going on in the world, or maybe we just don't care about the same things in the same way."

Today, after twelve formidable years in a Roman Catholic convent, Susan describes her current



"I love oral sex. My mouth seems to come alive. I could kiss passionately for hours and hours."

lifestyle as "liberal, perhaps even liberated. I live in comparative seclusion on a farm just outside Philadelphia with my first boyfriend . . . the first guy who ever laid me. We've been together on and off for two years. I've had eight other men in the same period, but only two or three of them were important . . . most were just kind of experimental. You go mad when you get out of a convent. There are only two kinds of graduates . . . the super straights and the ones who freak out—who go off the deep end and can't wait to make up for all that lost time. I was in the last category. I didn't actually go berserk, but I felt I had a lot of catching up to do. The only sexual experience I ever had before graduating from school happened when a girl friend of mine went to a hotel to fuck. She wanted me to go with her—for courage or protection, I guess. Anyway, there I was in the next bed. I was embarassed. I didn't know what to do, so I just lay there and read magazines.

"I met my own boyfriend one month after graduation. I saw him in a store—he was my type, lean and agile, and I let him know I was interested. I'd been ready to get it on with someone for a long time but no one really qualified. He was just right, but he never even tried anything until I invited him to Florida. I knew we were going to be alone there, because I had only one bedroom and one bed. When he arrived he had no idea we were going to sleep together. I was terribly shy but I had to have him.

I got into bed with him that first night and it blew his mind. I wasn't really frightened... I knew what to do but not how to do it. He was good though. He knew what he was doing. He initiated things... taught me, and I learned fast and began to widen my own interests immediately. "Sex is very important to me —not just getting off, *everything* involved is important, the sensuality, the form of expression. Total communication with someone is impossible unless you have some sort of sexual relationship as well as an intellectual,

"Sex is very important to me—not just getting off; everything involved is important, the sensuality, the form of expression . . ."

emotional, and spiritual one. I love to experiment in bed—it's challenging. I'm inclined to be a little aggressive and I usually initiate things. There are times, however, when I like to be taught and other times when I like to teach. I haven't discovered any hangups in myself yet. I want to experience *everything.* I don't draw any line . . . except in terms of quality. I'd do anything for the man I love . . . anything except give up my self-respect. I love oral sex. My mouth seems to come alive. I could kiss passionately for hours and hours. Big dicks are great, and thickness is more important than length. But long *and* thick is 'prime'." Susan compounds her predilection for the eternally youthful and uncynical view—the view, as she says, of her own, newly emergent generation—by carefully defining the men to whom she is attracted.

A man has to be artistic, experimental, and malleable in his manner. Intellect is priority number one, and no relationship is possible if I don't have respect for his mind. His body should be slim and medium tall—five-ten to six feet—and the face is very important but shouldn't be pretty. It must have some sensual characteristics. I like a guy who is sure of himself but not sure of you. And he must have a sense of humor. I dislike liars, and I particularly dislike people who make me lie by trying to conform to their own phoney image of me. I don't think I'll ever get married either. It's hard enough to back out of a personal

entrapment—so why create a legal one? Marriage gives you an unreal guarantee of security because there are legal penalties if you don't meet the terms and conditions of the small print."

If in the face of our rapidly depreciating quality of life, Susan Ryder—envoy extraordinary of a new and confident generation—believes that the world is still a good place to be, then we, in the absence of any practical alternative, can but agree. Isn't the perennial wonder of youth, after all, a prerequisite to imagining the best of all possible worlds?

MISS SUSAN RYDER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MICKEY
GO
HOME

The Irish

BY HENRY MORGAN

This is an absolutely factual, like-it-is, don't-be-misled-by-imitations account of the Irish. The author has never been to Ireland but what the b'God difference does that make? After all, plenty has been written about heaven by people who haven't been there.

What brings this all on is the annual attack of St. Patrick's Day. Pat is the all-time winner of the "Everybody's Favorite Saint" award —the prize, of course, being two quarts of usquebaugh, formerly uisgebeatha, now better known as whiskey. The breath of life, they called it. What makes St. Patrick so perfect, all things considered, is that he wasn't Irish. And, as of a recent ruling of the Church, he isn't a saint either. If that isn't perfect, then you know nothing at all about the Irish or life or anything else.

Podrig was the man's name, and he came either from France or from England. You can look it up till you go crazy and you won't know any more than that. About his origins anyway. You'll find out that he was sent to Ireland to combat the teachings of some bum who, like many believers, was a damned reactionary and wanted things *his* way. Podrig had made something of a name for himself as a true believer and teacher, so he was sent to the Emerald Isle on the return trip of a ship that was used for the exportation of dogs to the mainland.

You don't believe it? Look it up.

Go ahead—waste your time.

So Podrig made out pretty well. He was talking to Celts, not Anglo-Saxons. He spoke Celtic because he came from where they came from, and nobody knows for sure just where that was.

Isn't that just perfect for the Irish?

The Celts were tall and blond, but the natives of the island were short and brunette. This proves nothing.

It has been written that some of the Irish are short and dark because when Drake defeated the Spanish Armada a lot of Spaniards swam ashore and subsequently interbred with the local folk. If you look into this you find that it's about 99 44/100 percent hogwash. The Armada wasn't so much sunk as blown away, crews and all.

So how come the black Irish? Well, they're a mix—just like you, honey. The only purebloods left on earth live in a ravine in Australia. Anybody else is a mongrel, and he can like it, love it, or cut his throat.

There were kings in Ireland. Brian Boru was possibly the greatest but since he took office in A.D. 1002 it's not too easy to check him out. Patrick, by the by, died in 461 so his file is a little thin too.

Then there was that s.o.b. Cromwell, but the less said about him the better.

Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (Old song)

Well, what about Paddy's pig . . . did it really sleep in the parlor? According to many, many friends of this author's, yes. And according to many farmers, a pig is a clean animal and, when made a part of the household, can be perceived to have a distinct personality. While it is true that pigs will eat garbage, so do you. One of the greatest of recent developments in America has been the fast-food take-out chains.

Right?

So you take a poor Irish family, grubbing out a sketchy living, if you want to call it that, and the family pig has to be taken care of in winter. Since the pig *is* clean and helps to warm the house, what the hell's it to you? You keep a poodle, don't you? Or you did before you ate it. (And for the benefit of people who don't eat poodles on a regular basis it might well be asked—how come you prefer cow? Or sheep? How come you prefer pork chops? You don't really, you see, since you've never even tried poodle—so watch what you say.)

Since most of the productive land in Ireland was owned by absentee English landlords (see Cromwell) and since they were, by and large, the worst money-grubbing, snide, overbearing people-grinders in the world, the Irish were left with approximately nothing. If you still want to look something up, go look up "boycott." Oh, don't bother! Captain Boycott was the overseer of some Irish properties owned by the English. He was even worse than they were, and the poor farmers finally revolted. To this day the word "boycott". . . .

The potato probably came from South America. How it got to Ireland is one hell of a boring story, but it did get there—and just in time, because the British, may they rot in hell, had finally managed to corner the fish business, leaving the Irish with even less than what they had been living on. That led to potatoes. And that led to the ruin, Lord knows why, of the potato crop right across the country. And the potato famine led to the biggest break the U.S. ever had . . . the successive waves of micks.

Tin thousan' micks laid down their picks
At the battle a' the bilin' wather. . . .

"Mick" is derived from the fact that so many Irish names begin with Mc or Mac or whatever, and it also led to the word "mickey" being used for potatoes—based on the peculiar belief that Irish people preferred them. When you're brought up by a nice mamma who tried her whole life to take the curse off of potatoes by announcing that each meal was different—porridge for breakfast, fish for lunch, and roast beef for dinner—and they all turned out to be potatoes just the same . . . well, you don't prefer them.

You'd rather choke to death.

So the poor farm boys and the rosy-cheeked girls came over to the land of the free. The first things they saw were the charming, hand-lettered signs "No Irish wanted." "No Irish need apply." "No beggars, Negroes, nor Irish here."

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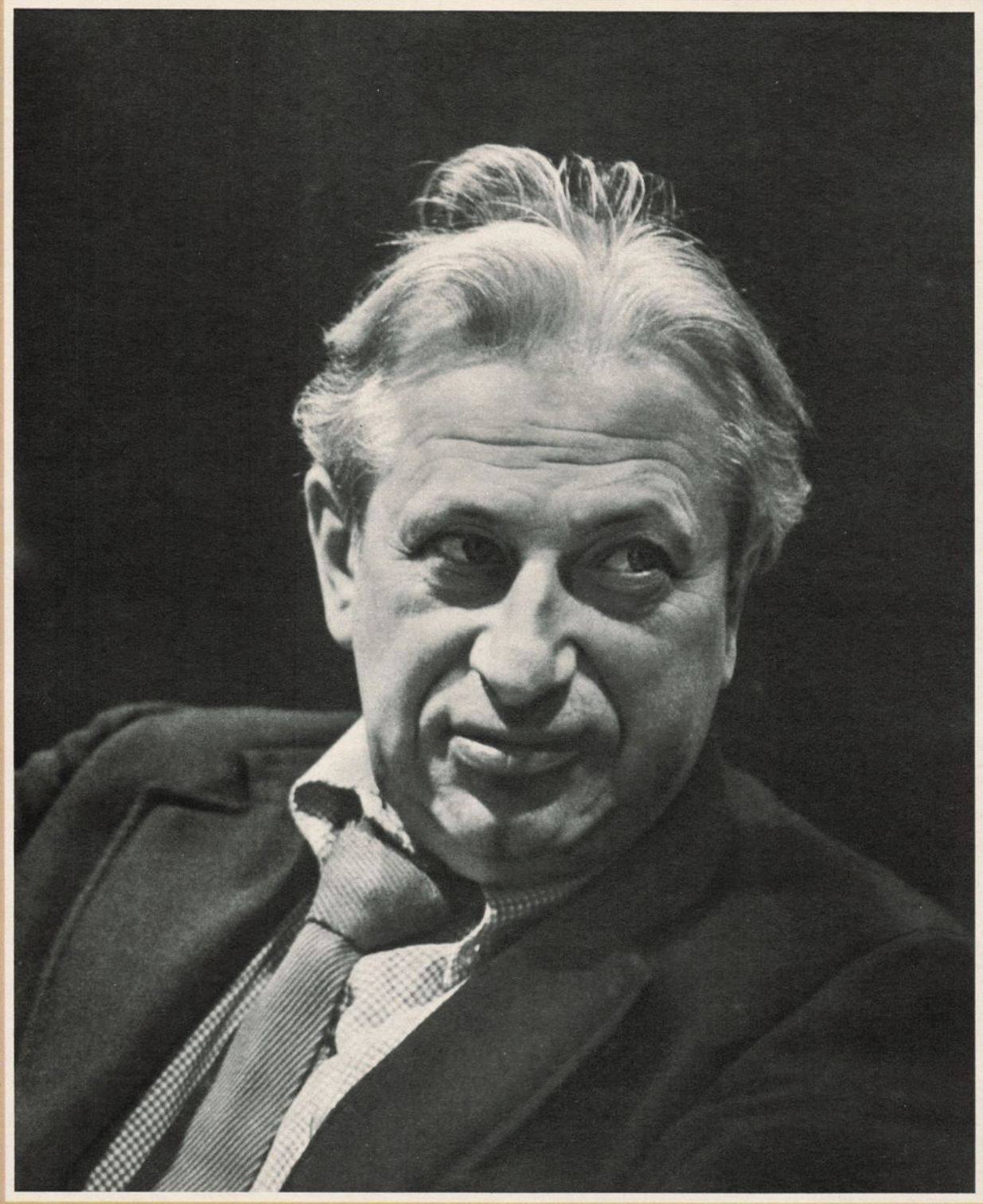


Photographs by Jill Kremitz

STUDS TERKEL

"People must have a sense of power and not feel worthless because some big shot says so. Dissent is a duty in an open society."

Stabbing the air with the chewed stump of what was once a cigar, Studs Terkel looks and sounds like an Edward G. Robinson-style gangster. But despite his machine-gun speech, the sixty-two-year-old author/announcer has never come closer to the underworld than a role as criminal Butch Malone in the Ma Perkins radio serial. Studs Terkel believes that "common" men and women can make a better world if allowed control over their own lives. On his Chicago radio show, in the pages of the best-selling *Division Street: America*, *Hard Times*, and *Working*, at rallies for citizens groups and political victims, Terkel's life and work radiate what has been called a "feeling tone," a concern with people's thoughts and emotions so obviously genuine that it elicits truths astounding even to those who voice them.

Terkel's last three books (he also wrote a children's work called *Giants of Jazz* in the 1950's) have defined a new genre, the "oral history." Each has been a series of interviews in which everyday people spoke their minds on an American concern: city life, the Great Depression, their work. Each unearthed an individualized side of history often ignored in tomes and textbooks, each presaged national interest in ethnicity, economic austerity, and the blue (and white) collar blues. But *Working*, the latest, is Terkel's magnum opus. The book (published by Pantheon) took three years of talking, as the subtitle puts it, about what people "do all day and how they feel about what they do." Prompted by Terkel's stage whispers, a hundred-odd voices vibrate with flesh-and-blood visions of hope and despair. One worker loves his job, another burns rubber to leave the plant behind. A prostitute and a corporate executive both describe their work as "hustling." Young Turks and old mules face off at the generation gap—with surprising defections in both camps. And though Terkel restricts his analysis to an eloquent preface, the result is an affirmation of what labor organizer Bill Talcott said into Terkel's tape recorder: "History's a hell of a lot of little people getting together and deciding they want a better life for themselves and their kids."

Terkel's own work history could fill several résumés. Born Louis Terkel in New York in 1912, he moved to Chicago as a boy and seemed programmed for a "normal" career even after deciding that he would never use the law degree he earned at the Chicago Law School in 1934. But a civil service job counting veterans' bonuses almost drove him bananas, and soon Louis became Studs, namesake of James T. Farrell's fictional Chicago youth hero, Studs Lonigan—who was also born in 1912. The Thirties found him acting, writing, and radicalizing, the Forties saw him announcing a series of radio shows that mixed social realism and plain fun, and the dawn of the Fifties put him on the verge of stardom as the host of "Stud's Place," a Chicago-based TV show so informal that people would stop him on the street to offer advice on how he should run "his" restaurant. But the influence of men like Joseph McCarthy and young Richard Nixon was afoot, and Terkel soon found himself losing job after job because of his political affinities. Yet his vocational ostracism had a paradoxical effect, removing him from television just as it was becoming a formulized medium, setting him on a track which has led to the worker's dream: success in one's chosen field.

Though the words in Terkel's books are almost always those of other people, the secret of these oral histories is the unique sensibility of the man behind the microphone. Terkel's world view fuses both academic and popular wisdom and he is equally at home quoting poetry or cursing a blown foul shot. Neither a conservative nor a liberal, he judges people on their responses to the issues; and, as a confirmed populist, he cautions against the search for political father figures. Terkel prefers the average Joe to some sparkling celebrity. "With celebrities," he notes, "all you get is a routine, a litany. But if you're talking to the non-celebrated, then you feel like you are Columbus hitting a new territory. . . . Once you cut through the crap in their lives, you find fantastic dreams and extraordinary thoughts."

Seemingly unchanged by such amenities as a huge advance toward the paperback publication of *Working* and an upcoming series on work for the ABC radio network, Terkel continues to work harder than ever. In addition to doing radio shows with swamis and labor officials, writing articles for the monthly *Chicago Guide*, appearing on ABC-TV's "AMerica," and planning appearances in benefit plays and at radical rallies, he is considering a book on the subject of power. "It'll be the toughest book of all," he says, "because it deals with inside. The others were about outside events —the Depression, what it was like; your work, what it's like; a city, what it's like. This is inside, so this is a tough one. I may do it, or I may not." But whatever the task at hand, Terkel is always ready with that feeling tone, the special sense of fellowship that the Germans call *gemütlichkeit* and we might label "good vibes."

This exclusive *Penthouse* interview was conducted by Abe Peck.

Penthouse: How do people feel about their jobs?

Terkel: A great many people feel low about their jobs. And there's a reason for it: work is essential. As Freud says, work and love are the two prime impulses of the human being. Work has to be an extension of a person's being. It has to be what the trumpet was to Louis Armstrong, what the trombone was to Jack Teagarten, what the band was to Duke Ellington. Work has to be for people, men and women, an extension of themselves. But when a guy is holding a sixty-pound welding gun, shooting the same welds onto cars moving along the assembly line, he doesn't know what the end result is going to be. How can he enjoy what he's doing, not even knowing the end product? How can people really enjoy anything if they know what they are making is needless? So if work is an essential impulse of man, then the person making a needless thing feels needless as a person.

Penthouse: Is this search for meaning a new development among working people?

Terkel: Maybe it's been with them for centuries without being articulated. The idea of oral history is to get your anonymous, common people to tell what their lives are like. This is Mike LeFevre's point in the beginning of *Working*, when he says, "Somebody built the pyramids." Who built the pyramids? It wasn't the pharaoh, it was the anonymous slaves. And so Brecht asked his poetic questions: "Who built the seven towers of Thebes? In the evening when the Chinese wall was finished where did the masons go?" And he wrote: "When the Spanish Armada sank, we read that King Philip wept. Were there no other tears?" Who was on that boat? Who were the widows? We read about the Norman Conquest—OK, how was the life of a Saxon peasant altered? We don't really know.

This break with continuity is one of the horrors of our own time. Young people don't know about the Depression because they haven't been offered history. Young labor guys don't know how they got their minimum wages. In *Hard Times*, I described one guy in Flint, Michigan, standing near a building where the workers took over the plant for forty-four days in 1937, and this guy, who's talking about protests, says they ought to shoot those goddamned hippies, those troublemakers, for sitting in and being violent. I said, "Sitting in the buildings! Do you know what happened in that building in 1937?" He said, "No." "No!" I said. "How the fuck do you think you got your minimum wages? Because Ford loves you? Because GM loves you?" It's the same across the board—kids think Bob Dylan began folk music—but the Depression is a dramatic case because even the parents didn't want to talk about it. You know why? They never really discussed the humiliation of waiting in lines for jobs or going on "relief" because they felt personally guilty. They felt, "I'm not working. Something must be wrong with me." So they never questioned their work —they still don't. Do anything to get that bread, gather things so the kids will not suffer humiliation. And when the kids ask about it, the parents give them a scolding: "Look at the food you're wasting after what I went through." But they never say what they really went through.

Penthouse: Your opening remark in *Working* is: "This book, being about work, is, by its very nature, about violence." What kind of violence?

Terkel: The violence to the spirit. Aside from the obvious physical violence of the factory,

there's the psychic violence of meaninglessness and boredom. A receptionist working at my radio station said: "A monkey could do what I'm doing. The only time I feel free is when I take off my headset at five minutes to five on Friday." A great many people feel that way.

Penthouse: So can we consider workers as a group, as a "working class"?

Terkel: You know, "working class" is a phrase that Americans have hardly used. Europeans use it, but here everybody except radicals says "lower middle class." We've been conditioned by bourgeois values to be ashamed of manual, blue-collar work, so we say "lower middle class." But what ties all workers together—the manual workers, the service workers, the white-collar workers, the teachers, those who work in the bureaucracies—is that they are used by the very nature of their work. Almost everybody is used by their work, instead of the other way around. Even members of what we might call the "management class" suffer. In *Working*, I interviewed a top-level executive. He'd become a machine, dictating letters all day, driving himself until he experienced strains that showed he wasn't quite the powerful man he'd thought he was. So we come to the question of why people feel badly about what they do all day, and in most cases I'd say it's because the work they do is not commensurate with the possibilities they have. The jobs are not big enough for their spirits.

Penthouse: Where does this lead?

Terkel: I think we are by and large a death-oriented society. We basically say a man is good for what he has, not what he is. And to me this is death. Death is inanimate; you are inanimate when you are dead. As the saying goes: "Alive and kicking." So why judge people by their inanimate objects?

To be a life-oriented society, we have to change our whole value system. We have to redistribute wealth, of course, but really I'm talking about the redistribution of power. Power is vital, but it has to be the kind of power that makes people grow from its use.

I'll give you an example: there's a woman in Chicago named Wolff, a mother of nine kids, who thought she was nothing. Then she got in with a group called the Citizens Action Project and began fighting an expressway that was coming through the neighborhoods. One thing led to another, and she started saying things like "Wait a minute! Together we have a little power!" Then, one day at City Hall, an alderman said to her: "Why don't you go back where you belong?" When an alderman said that in the past, somebody like Mary Lou would have gone home, but this time she said: "Hold on! You are my servant! I'm not your servant! I am paying you! Now you get the hell in there and serve me, not some phony real estate guy who's gypping us all."

Penthouse: Are you saying that we have to take control of our lives in both our work and our power relationships?

Terkel: Now we come to it. The great number of people don't enjoy their work because they have no decision-making power in what they do. And it comes down to the question of who the best judge is. Who's a better judge of asbestiosis than a guy who works in the asbestos plant? Who's the better judge of the illnesses of miners than the guy who's got black lung? That's what we're talking about, consulting the ones who are affected.

Penthouse: You subtitled *Working* with the phrase, "People talk about what they do all day and how they feel about what they do." How does what you call "a feeling tone" fit into all this?

Terkel: "Feeling" is the key word. Feeling is one of the things that's missing in almost every aspect of our lives today. In film today, there are great technicians, but the aspect of feeling isn't even there. A movie like Altman's *Thieves Like Us* is a study of a period that isn't a study of a period at all.

Was the Depression just Bonnie and Clyde and the boy and girl and the two killer friends in *Thieves Like Us*? We should be told something about the inner lives of people. Who were this couple? What made that guy tick? And the books we read about sex are not about sex, not about love, but are "how-to" books. We're a "how-to" country.

With *Working*, the original subtitle was "What people do all day and what they think about what they do." Then somebody said "How about *feel*?" And I said, "That's it, you've got it." Because when you talk to people, you listen not to the words so much as to the sound of the voice. Sometimes there's a hurt tone or a laugh. Many black people laugh at strange things when they're discussing a moment of the most profound humiliation, and you hear that laugh and know it's important as a safety valve, as the old blues feeling of laughing on the outside, and crying—no, *raging*—on the inside. You want to come back to it, and when you do, you find that the true feeling is different than the words. I remember interviewing a middle-aged lady, a motel switchboard operator, and she said: "Oh, I like my work, I wouldn't do my work if I didn't like it." But as she talked she spoke more and more about her indignations: "They take us for granted," she said. She works for Holiday Inn and at two o'clock one night she answered the phone "Marriott Inn." I said, "Why did you answer that way?" And she told me, "I wanted to make the night go faster. Just for a lark." Then came the clincher: "What I'd like to do sometime is take all those plugs out and mix them up. Then they'd know we're around." Remember—she said, "I like my work."

Penthouse: Anatole Broyard, who reviewed *Working* for the daily edition of the *New York Times*, seemed to think that you put too much trust in the thoughts and feelings of working people. What do you think of his objections?

Terkel: He wrote: "Were they—the workers—telling the truth? Did they know the truth themselves? Is *Working* an accurate picture, or one more instance of the intellectual's tendency to translate the ordinary American into a tragic figure trapped by fate?" He's asking how I know they're speaking the truth. Well, I don't know for sure. I try, and as they talk, they say, "Gee, I never realized I felt that way before." Which is beautiful for me and for them.

I don't consider myself an intellectual, but you've got to consider Anatole Broyard. Anatole Broyard is a very strange guy. It's unusual for a book to be reviewed over two days, and I was flattered because he liked the writing in the preface, and that's a question in my mind, a personal thing—can I write? Now Broyard says, "Yes, this guy's a hell of a writer, but why does he waste his time with these worthless people." He doesn't have contempt for me—he's putting me in his league—but he's asking why I'm doing this unnecessary thing. Again, I'm torn because he likes me as a writer at the same time that he's denying my books. And once upon a time Anatole Broyard was a very promising writer, but he was with an ad agency for many years, and he's a very bitter guy. So here's this poor guy living in a vacuum, who doesn't even know these people, who has contempt for these people, and he's saying that only big shots are worth writing about.

Penthouse: What do you think the more enthusiastic reviewer for the Sunday *Times* meant when he called you "the ablest spokesman and visionary of the popular front"?

Terkel: If he meant that I represent a humanistic force from the various strata of society, then I'm flattered. That's what I'm trying to do. Each person is different, each individual is different, but there is a common humanity. I don't believe in ersatz egalitarianism—that's a lot of crap—but each person should have a right to fulfill whatever possibilities are within them.

It also means that I'm not a liberal or a conservative. Those words have no meaning for me. Who's a "liberal"? Humphrey, for Christ's sake? Who's a "conservative"? Buckley? What I call myself is a conservative radical. Now, a conservative is, for me, someone who wants to conserve the Bill of Rights, to keep the First Amendment, to conserve the goodness of nature from those fucking predators with the snowmobiles and the polluted factories and the military poisons. That's a conservative. A radical is one who goes to the roots of things. Unless we go to the roots, we're not going to get at the ailment. And the ailment is a cancer, not a boil. It's a cancer, and it needs the scalpel, and not a goddamned bit of salve or an aspirin.

Penthouse: If it is a cancer, then we're in a life-and-death struggle. Do Cathleen Moran and Carl Bates, two of the people you interviewed in *Working*, embody this conflict?

Terkel: We've got to break this down a bit. Cathy Moran is a young girl who is ambivalent. She's a hospital worker who says she doesn't give a damn whether the patients live or die. She says this, but at the same time she works like hell to be a good hospital aide. She says this, but while we're talking she offers me a pillow to make me more comfortable. So her rhetoric denies her humanity, but her humanity still comes forth. Now, I met Carl Bates in a tavern near the Ohio River, in Newburg, Indiana. He said: "I like what I do 'cause I see it. There's not a house in this country that I haven't built that I don't look at every time I go by. And if there's one rock, one stone out of place, I'll never forget it." And now we come to what I think is one of the keys. Carl Bates said: "You know, there's something called Bedford limestone, and it erodes one-sixteenth of an inch every hundred years. That's gettin' awful close to immortality." And he's right, because immortality represents a mark. We leave a mark, or else we're unique snowflakes that melt after a short life.

Penthouse: You think of yourself as a worker. What would be your mark?

Terkel: I have a craft in which I hope I have a sense of pride. I'm lucky in that I control my hour a day on the radio. I read a short story or play jazz or interview a writer or some other interesting person. I do the whole hour, it's mine. Nobody tells me what to do, nobody gives me a script to read. Sometimes days are lousy, but I always have that decision-making power. But I don't know what my mark will be.

I hope that my books will be remembered, I hope the tapes have a meaning. I'm not saying that they do; that's just my hope. When I get a letter now and then from a man or woman, from a young girl or a young guy, that says, "You've affected my life, you've opened a window for me," that's pretty good. That's a mark.

Penthouse: You could have been famous many years ago: you had a hit TV show in Chicago in the early Fifties. But then you were blacklisted for supposed Communist affiliations. What happened?

Terkel: I signed petitions to end Jim Crow, to end the poll tax, to end discrimination, that were also signed by many Communist party members. So they said: "Look who you signed with." I said, "So what? I'd sign if a right-wing guy had signed it. The important thing is what it says." And I refused to apologize for supporting some good things.

The blacklist in Chicago was not like the blacklist in New York or Hollywood. There were only a couple of guys here—I called us the Chicago Two. There was also a clown named Ed Clamage, who ran a flower shop and was head of an Americanism committee for the American Legion. His one mission in life was to plaster visiting actors who had signed things he didn't like and get the local radicals. I lived here, so I was his favorite pigeon. Whenever an item appeared in the paper saying that I was going to appear somewhere, he'd call the place up and try to cost me the job. So once some group which had asked me to introduce Count Basie at a country club for a hundred bucks—I could use all the dough I could get then—called and said, "Hey, Studs, are you. . . ?" I said, "Am I what?" They asked, "Are you or have you ever been?" I finally said, "I'm not going to answer your questions, and I'll tell you why. It demeans you and it demeans me. You want me to talk about jazz, I'll talk about jazz—but nothing else." So I got paid the hundred, and the next day I wrote to Clamage and said, "Clamage, I owe you ten bucks. Let me explain. Because you complained, those people gave me $200 instead. So you get a 10 percent commission of the extra $100." That drove him crazy.

But I was one of the lucky ones. I lost a lot of jobs through the blacklisting, but I got along. Other writers and actors and many anonymous working people we know nothing about had their lives destroyed by it. Talent is fragile, and people were destroyed by not being able to work. But because I didn't work on TV, I wrote a kids' book called *Giants of Jazz*, went to the radio, and got a chance to do these books. If not for the blacklist, I might have been the emcee of a show like "Tonight" or "Tomorrow" or "Today"— but not for long. I couldn't have. I might have died of bleeding ulcers and whatnot. But the blacklist was not a good thing. My success is a case of the perversity of fate.

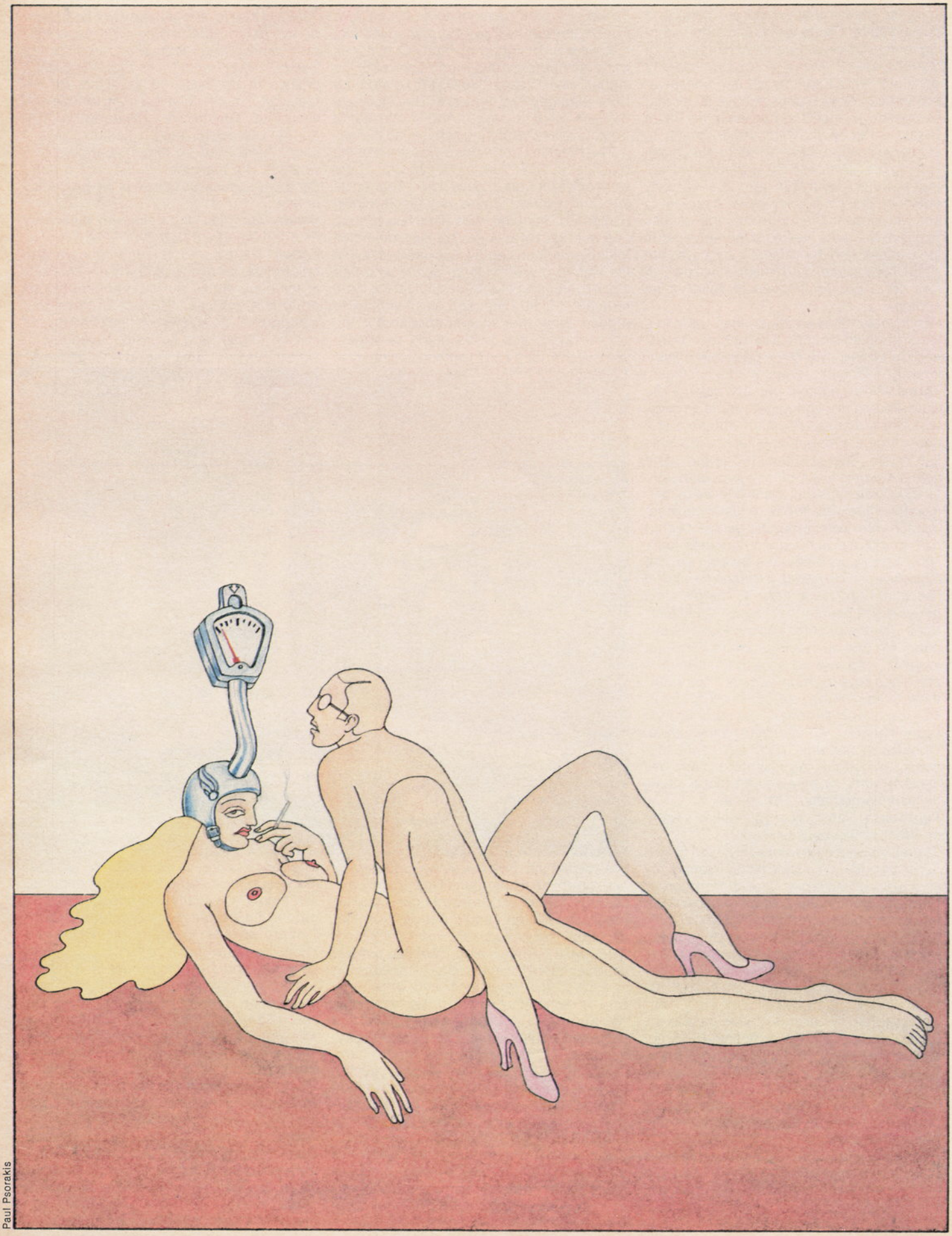
Penthouse: You don't seem to think very much of being a celebrity.

Terkel: There's all too much concern with celebrities. What's a celebrity? A celebrity is someone who is known. And people look up to him and say, "Hey, can I have your autograph?" So all of a sudden I find myself in this league, and so I say, "I want your signature, too. Give me your signature."

Charles Manson is a celebrity. Charles Manson killed people; he made headlines. If William Calley came into a restaurant he'd get the best table. He's a celebrity. So is Sinatra, so was Einstein. It's value-free. There's a clown book called *The Celebrity Register*, and I did a review of it for the *Nation*, and my point was that it's a very funny book. They have Richard Daley and Lewis Mumford, they have Heinrich Böll—who won the Nobel Prize—and Pat Boone. They're all celebrities, united only by fame.

Penthouse: Your television show—"Stud's Place"—was so casual that people thought you really ran the restaurant in which it was set.

Terkel: Oh yeah! "Stud's Place" was precisely the opposite of "All in the Family." "All in the Family" is funny, but it's all cheap shots. It's the stereotype of a bigot—the merry, happy, genial bigot. On "Stud's Place" we never played down to people. I



Paul Psorakis

remember one show dealt with cutting out smoking—way before cancer became widely talked about—and during our rehearsal some guy came up to tempt me with a cigar and I said, "Oh no! I'm going to be Ulysses, pin me to the mast, I'm passing the Isle of Circe." And somebody said, "You can't do that on the air. Nobody will know what the hell you're talking about." But I said, "It's OK. If we wanted to quote James Joyce, that's OK, because the point is not to underestimate the intelligence of people. If a reference is too arcane, let it go. They'll get the idea." And we did it.

Yeah, people thought it was a real restaurant. It was a marvelous feeling. The four people on the show would be sitting in a coffee shop figuring out a plot and some dialogue and the waitress would come up and say to our waitress, "Look, you don't have to take that from him." Even though some blue-collar people know me from the books and to a certain extent from the radio, "Stud's Place" was a TV show that cut through every stratum of society. We'd hear from the college professor and a scrubwoman signing with an X, from a tavern owner or a truckdriver, somebody writing on embossed stationery from a wealthy suburb, somebody from a bungalow or a tenement in a black neighborhood. And all because we never played down to people.

But I'll tell you something. "Stud's Place" would have been dropped even without the blacklist—as Dave Garroway and Kukla, Fran and Ollie were dropped—because the improvisatory, free, Chicago-style TV gave way to TV as a sales medium. The agency guys were taking over, the salesmen were taking over. These were not formula programs, so they had to go.

Penthouse: Did it bother you when somebody came up to you and said: "We used to like you, Studs, but now you're with the hippies and the colored"?

Terkel: I remember that incident. There was a group of women pickets who were anti-integration, and someone from the group noticed that they had the word "busing" with two s's instead of one. Somebody said to me, "You see, our schools aren't any good." And I said, "I know that the schools are lousy. But busing isn't the key issue. Anyway, I want to hear you out." And a lady said, "Nah, you're with them. You don't like us anymore." And I said, "I do, very much." Because they were real people, not "All in the Family" stereotypes.

Penthouse: You've been described as "Chicago-style": tough, opinionated, yet sentimental and big-hearted. How do your beliefs fit into the reality of life in Chicago?

Terkel: Nelson Algren, in his beautiful, great book *Chicago: City on the Make*, said that Chicago is the city of Jane Addams and the city of Big Bill Thompson, the city of John Altgeld and the city of Al Capone. Chicago, the two aspects of the city, could be a metaphor for the two aspects of our society because Chicago is the big daddy of corrupt cities. Is Chicago more corrupt than other cities? No, but it's more dramatic in its corruption. It's older, it's more experienced.

There are two parts; which will be the city? Thus far it's been in the hands of the predators. Daley represents this predatory aspect, the guy on the make who will rise in the traditional, corrupt way. But the others are there, fighting all the time. You have to, they have to.

Penthouse: What keeps you in Chicago?

Terkel: Again, roots. Radicalism is going to the roots of things. Chicago is where I live, Chicago is where my sense of continuity is. It's the city I know, and again I quote Nelson Algren: "Living in Chicago is like being married to a woman with a broken nose. There may be lovelier lovelies but never a lovely so real." My past is part of its past, and there's always something new happening.

Penthouse: Did Adlai Stevenson mean anything special to you?

Terkel: Not to me. I guess here's where I fall into the category of non-liberal. Stevenson to me was a nice charming guy, a man of decency, but not a strong person. Compare him with Estes Kefauver; it's no contest. The intellectuals—I'm sounding like Agnew now—the intellectuals used to laugh at Kefauver, but Kefauver was the stronger man. He never signed that segregationist Southern Manifesto the way Fulbright did. And he fought for a civilized foreign policy that was against the cold war.

I guess what made me less than enthusiastic about Stevenson was his conduct on the eve of the Bay of Pigs. He was our UN representative, right, and he was ridiculing Dorticos, the president of Cuba. He was very good as far as speeches and words, and he made this guy who was talking about an American invasion look like a fool. And the next day they tried it—the Bay of Pigs—and there's Stevenson, pie right on his face. They never even told him. He didn't resign in indignation to become leader of the opposition. He didn't, he continued—and that wasn't the act of a statesman in an open society.

Penthouse: What statesmen do you look to?

Terkel: Oh, Bob LaFollette, but he's been dead for fifty years. Today I don't know. Maybe it shouldn't be a statesman in the traditional sense, maybe it should be a guy like Nader. Maybe Julian Bond. I like former attorney general Ramsey Clark very much; I think he's grown tremendously. I like the former governor of Oregon, Tom McCall, and former Oklahoma senator Fred Harris, who says, "Let's take the rich off welfare." Harris says that the welfare bum is Ronald Reagan, the welfare bum is John Wayne, the welfare bum is Jim Eastland, the welfare bum is the Pentagon, Boeing, Howard Hughes. The welfare bum isn't the woman with kids who gets nothing compared to these guys. The big money goes to the military and in the tax depletions.

But again, even the individuals—I should have named women, too—are less important than the grass-roots, populist movements. Change has to be from the bottom up. People in the low or middle parts of society have got to find self-esteem.

You'd think that Watergate would liberate us from this myth that the guy up there is necessarily worthier or more honest or smarter than us. Just kicking Nixon out hasn't made a basic change—we got Gerry Ford. In 1976, we may get Scoop Jackson, God help us, or George Wallace. Can you imagine a working man voting for George Wallace, who has the worst labor record of any governor in the States? Here again it's a break in continuity and a lack of knowledge and awareness. Labor doesn't have a break in Alabama; the big shots get the big tax rake-offs in Alabama. Yet the workingman says: "He's my man," because he doesn't know the history.

Wallace! Wallace is as much of a lickspittle to the big boys as Nixon was, so how can he be a friend of the little guy? He's never attacked a big company by name, he loves the Pentagon, one of the biggest spenders in the world. When this little phony was beaten by John Patterson in his first run for governor, he said, "I'll never be outnigged again. I'll never be outsegged again!" Wallace will be anything he has to, and yet he's nothing.

It all comes back to the big point: people must have a sense of power and self, and not feel worthless because some big shot says they are. If we're an open society, this nonquestioning of "authority" has got to go. Dissent is a duty in an open society.

Penthouse: In line with not being a traditional liberal, you've recently argued with Reverend Jesse Jackson of Operation PUSH and Sam Evett, the head of a large Midwestern steel local whose election was voided after claims of voting irregularities. What did you fight about?

Terkel: I feel that all movements have operators. Now Operation PUSH paid tribute to a moonlighting, black Chicago policeman who "gave away" five gallons of gas to black people at his gas station if they paid $10 for a rabbit's foot and a will form. Very cute; will forms cost fifteen cents, which means he was charging his own people two dollars a gallon. And he was being honored for leading a fight against the big oil interests. No doubt black station operators were discriminated against by the oil companies, but imagine honoring this guy! So I wrote an open letter in the *Chicago Tribune*. Is this what Martin Luther King died for? Is that what Harriet Tubman led the underground railway for? I called the piece "Son of Shaft," and the next week Jesse Jackson answered with an attack on "sick pseudo-liberals." He didn't answer me, he just went on to attack oil companies as if I hadn't. I felt sad in writing my letter because I thought a black guy or woman should have. But none did.

Now the Evett thing is funny. There's a guy named Ed Sadlowsky, a young rank-and-file guy whom I admire for his knowledge of labor history and his energy. Ed just won the local steelworker's union presidency. He worked in the mills all his life, and he needed some dough because the International gave all the union money to Evett. So

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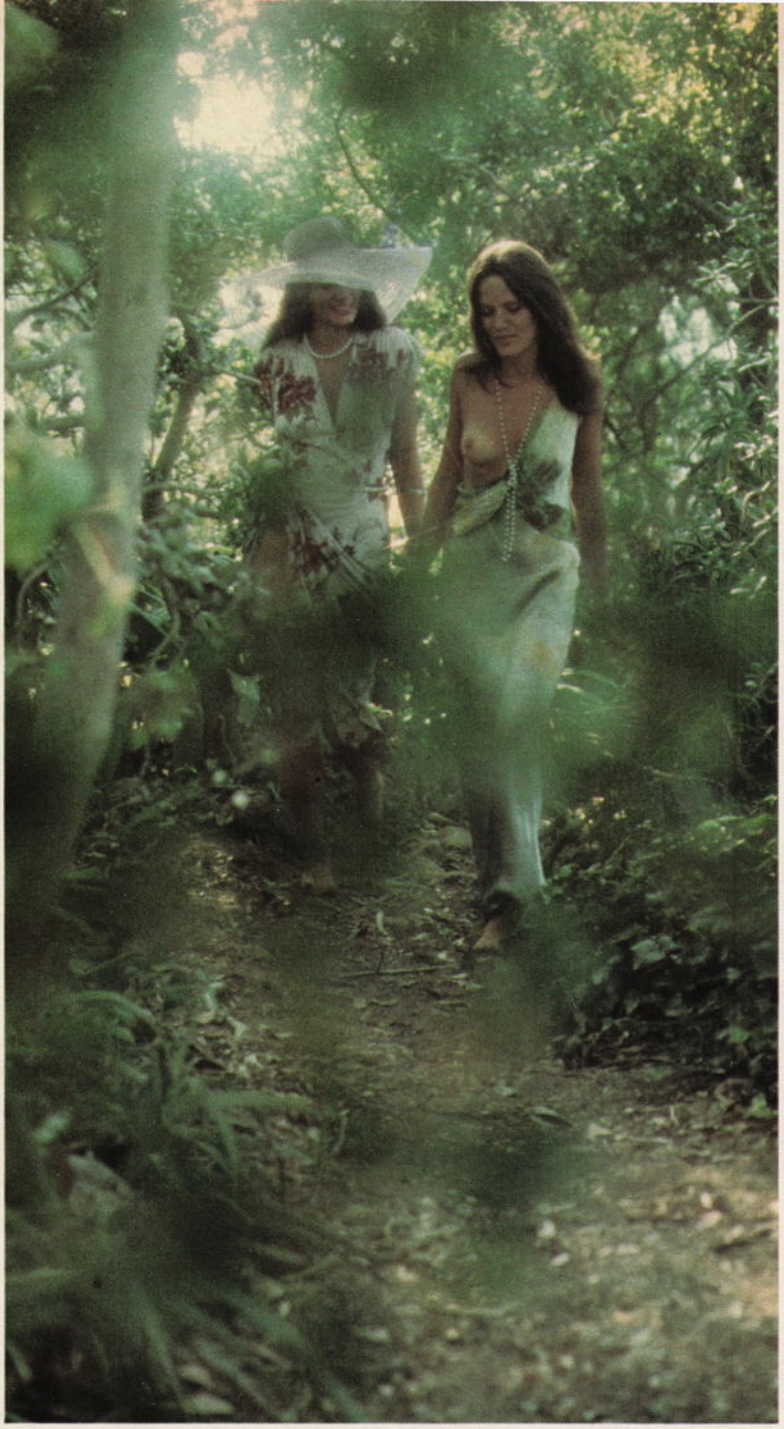
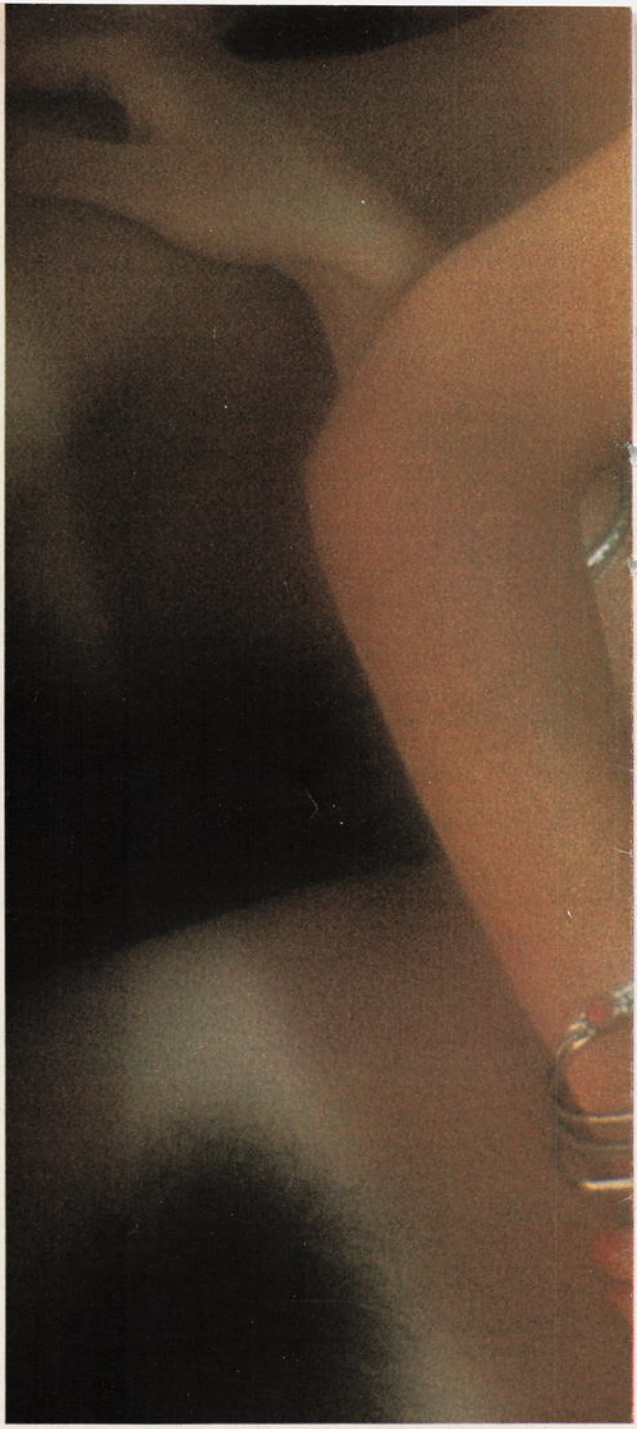
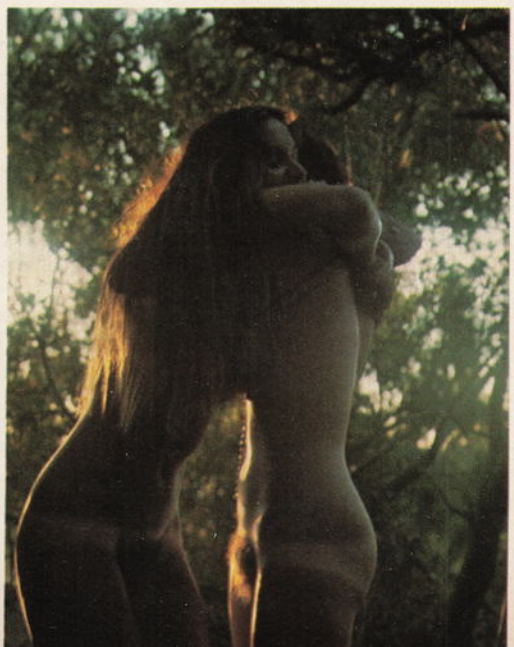






Rites of Spring

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

The splendor of springtime—the first day of spring. The sun kissing the air with warmth, making the day more gentle than Sarah and Julia might have expected. They walk through the woods on trails that only children know—wandering through the wilderness of their adolescence. Women in the first full bloom of maturity.

Reunions are strange, unpredictable. Julia and Sarah are old friends, with that special familiarity born of constant childhood togetherness. In

these same woods they played out their earliest fantasies. Now there is a different mood. The deep, long-standing affection between Julia and Sarah has not changed, save for a sensual closeness that has grown between them. They are no longer children, and a sudden inexplicable intensity has suffused their love and trust for each other.

Caresses. The whispering and giggles are still part of their intimacy, but suddenly there is a natural need to touch and explore each other with lips, tongues, and delicate fingers. Gently, *very* gently.

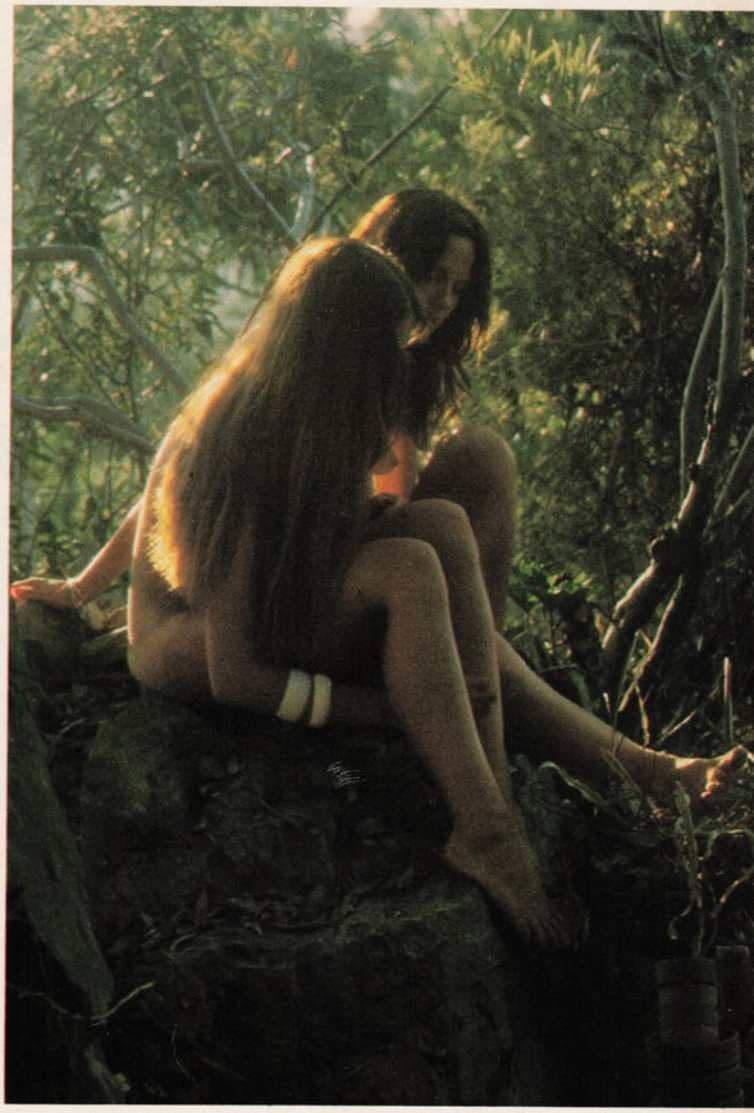
It is a time of exquisite serenity. The forest is a magical boudoir where they can let themselves go safely and serenely. Julia rests her head on

Sarah's breast and their heartbeats reverberate in the quietness. It is a private time, a time for affection between two women discovering the mysteries and the pleasures of their newly understood womanhood. A time for music.

Sarah's flute is accompanied by the rustle of the wind in the trees. Time stands still. The forest makes its own music, and Sarah and Julia orchestrate the mood. There is a hush, a muted wind dies, and the two friends slip into each other's arms. Hands brush across taut breasts and rest on a heartbeat. There is pleasure in their love. Strong bodies are aroused by the subtle tickling of the breeze as it stirs again. Julia's

body responds to the touch of Sarah's fine gentle hands—hands so much like her own. Sarah reacts with effortless grace, her hands stroking Julia with slow, long-sweeping caresses. The finesse of the sensual.

There is no envy here, only the mutuality of their pleasure and the joy of their loving. A touching with whispers—breath held in ecstasy. The soft feel of breasts and thighs, and the warmth that falls over those who understand the erotic tenderness that enfolds two women in this primal way. Loving, adoring, passionate sisters.



A SURVEY OF PENTHOUSE READER OPINION ON THE SUBJECT OF AMNESTY FOR DRAFT EVADERS AND DESERTERS

As part of *Penthouse*'s continuing series on the Vietnam veteran, we included in our November 1974 issue a questionnaire on the subject of amnesty. At the time, President Ford's amnesty offer was only three weeks old and there was much speculation about the public's reaction to it. Because of the importance of the issue, we were curious to discover exactly what our readers felt about this difficult question.

These statistics were compiled over the six-week period between October 15, 1974 and December 1, 1974, during which period response was heaviest.

The composition of the respondents was as follows:

- 63 percent Vietnam veterans
- 22 percent other veterans
- 10 percent nonveterans
- 5 percent relatives of veterans

As the numbers indicate, the response from Vietnam veterans was particularly heavy—they accounted for three times as many responses as other veterans, and six times as many as nonveterans. This suggests that Vietnam veterans are more interested than the public at large in the aftermath of the war in Vietnam. The public's concern, when compared to that expressed by the GIs who served in Vietnam, is very slight.

The respondents to our questionnaire chose from five positions: 1) no amnesty; 2) total and unconditional amnesty; 3) a conditional amnesty for all draft evaders and military deserters who serve a specific period of military service, nonmilitary service for the public good, or a choice of military or nonmilitary service; 4) the creation of an amnesty review board to review each case of Vietnam draft evasion or desertion individually; 5) the creation of an amnesty review board to review cases of Vietnam draft evasion only—the military would continue to deal with cases of desertion.

The basic breakdown of our statistics shows:

- 31 percent favor no amnesty;
- 42 percent favor total and unconditional amnesty;
- 14 percent favor conditional amnesty, with 2 percent for military service, 2 percent for nonmilitary service for the public good, and 10 percent for a choice between military and nonmilitary service;
- 6.5 percent favor the setting up of a review board to deal with draft evasion and desertion;
- 6.5 percent favor a review board to deal with draft evasion only, with deserters remaining subject to military law.

Our questionnaire indicates that 56 percent of our respondents favor either unconditional or conditional amnesty, while 31 percent are unequivocally opposed to any form of amnesty. The single largest cluster of respondents to our questionnaire (42 percent) favored unconditional amnesty, a possibility that President Ford's amnesty program conspicuously and unambiguously excluded. Only 14 percent of our respondents were in favor of conditional amnesty with its corollary of "earned reentry" as outlined by President Ford.

Because of the great interest exhibited by Vietnam veterans (63 percent of total respondents), it would be helpful to compare the different opinions of the various response groups. Of our Vietnam-veteran respondents

- 34 percent favor no amnesty;
- 39 percent favor total and unconditional amnesty;
- 13 percent favor conditional amnesty;
- 8 percent favor a joint review board for draft evaders and deserters;
- 6 percent favor a review board solely for draft evasion.

Although one in every three Vietnam veterans expressed anti-amnesty feelings, an even higher proportion favored *at least* conditional amnesty, with more than half desiring some form of amnesty. This observation contradicts the fairly widespread belief that Vietnam veterans view the granting of amnesty—any amnesty—as nothing less than a travesty of justice and an outrageous affront to themselves and to their country.

Interestingly, the other veterans (who account for 22 percent of all our respondents) are more opposed to amnesty than Vietnam veterans. According to the sentiments expressed in our questionnaire, this group can be described as having a comparatively more conservative outlook than any of the other groups. Forty-one percent of the other veterans are opposed to any form of amnesty—the largest proportion of any group to oppose amnesty—and correspondingly, only 31 percent of other veterans are in favor of unconditional amnesty—the smallest proportion of any group. The other veterans are also the *only* group with a proportionately higher number of respondents preferring no amnesty to unconditional amnesty. This puts them in direct contrast to all the other groups, particularly the nonveterans, who are very clear about their preferences —87 percent favor at least conditional amnesty, 74 percent support unconditional amnesty, and only 4 percent favor no amnesty. Like these nonveterans, members of veterans' families favor total amnesty over no amnesty, with more than half wishing to see at least some form of amnesty offered to the draft evaders and deserters.

As far as valid generalizations can be made from limited data, it would seem that our questionnaire has yielded some interesting patterns: the public exhibits less interest than veterans in the amnesty question, nonveterans as a group are dramatically pro-amnesty, and in every group except other veterans over half the respondents favor some sort of amnesty.

But perhaps the most important result of our questionnaire is that it indicates that the mood of our readers is by no means homogeneous and that there is no real consensus of opinion on the issue of amnesty. President Ford's amnesty program satisfied only 14 percent of our respondents; 31 percent thought it too lenient and opposed amnesty unequivocally, while 42 percent thought it too stringent and supported unconditional amnesty. President Ford's program did find a certain middle ground; but it seems significant that it left 73 percent of our respondents dissatisfied.

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

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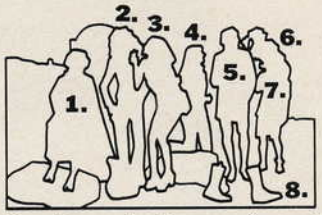


Local Rock Concert is about to begin . . . and almost everyone has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't.

1. No. He's Phil O. Dendron. Gimmick: Talks with plants. Plant he's holding just told him it's poison ivy. Bought a pack of orange-flavored cigarettes—because store was out of his favorite brand, Chocolate Fudge.

2. He's Sy Cole Delic. Wears outfit so wild, he gets fan mail from neon signs. Gimmick: Plays along with band. He does to music what termites do to an old barn.

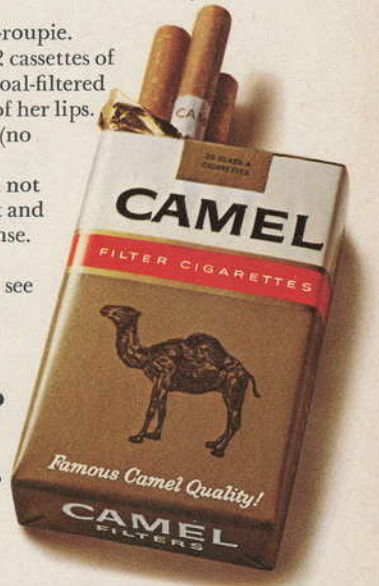
3. Nope. She's Bertha D. Blues, Groupie. Gimmick: Records everything. Has 12 cassettes of chickens tap dancing. Once lit a charcoal-filtered cigarette...and it made four carbons of her lips.

4. Wrong. She's Rhoda Dendron (no relation to #1 above).

5. Right! He's there for the show, not to show off. Wants his cigarette honest and natural, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. All flavor.

6. & **7.** They're two guys trying to see better—or an unfinished totem pole.

8. The Invisible Man, streaking.



Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

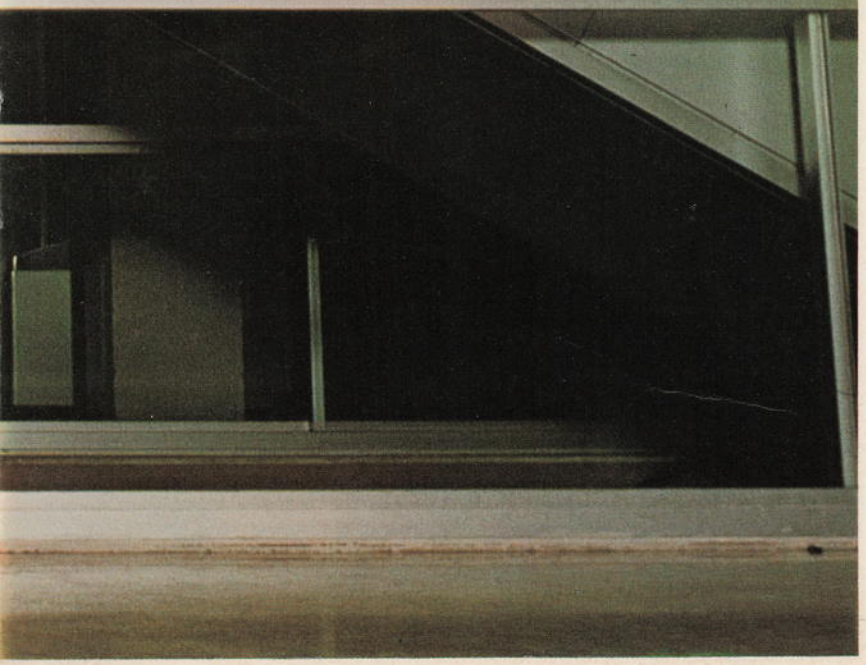
Paris Match

How business and pleasure is suited for the way dressing up looks in 1975.

FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GERARD ROZHEK

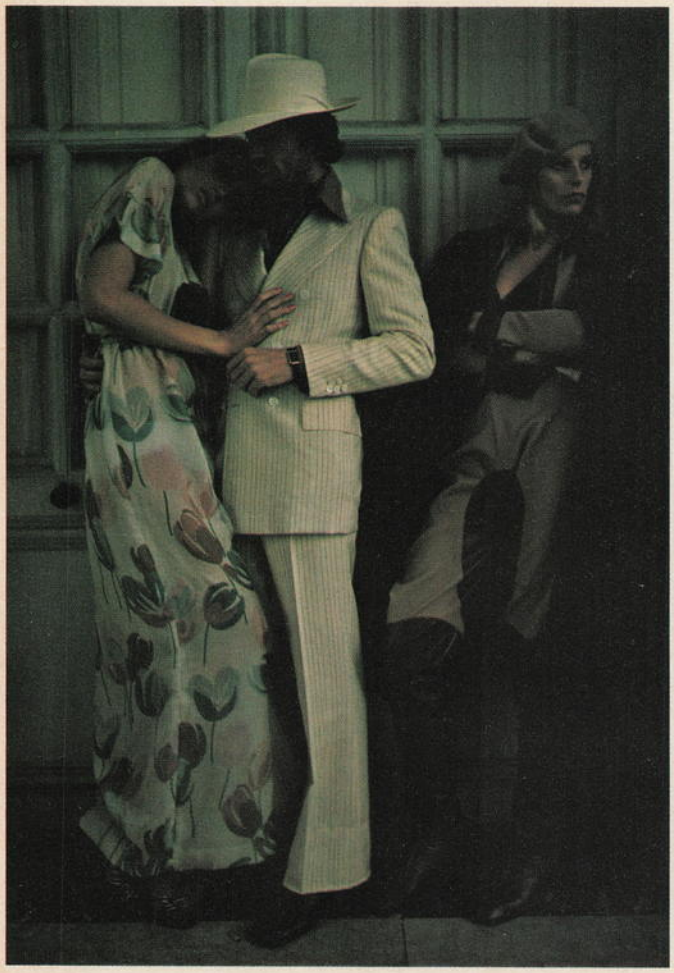
Place de la Concorde near the new French convention center. The wool-gabardine double-breasted suit ($200) by Jean-Paul Germain, Ltd. Available at David Congress, Chicago, and Johnson & Gray Co., San Francisco. Shirt by Pierre Cardin; scarf by Giovannelli; straw hat ($22.50) by Dobbs. Her black cape ensemble by Pierre Cardin, Paris. All jewelry designed by Neil Lippe for Silver Image.

Inside the Centre International de Paris. The nubby-look, polyester-rayon suit ($150) by Ratner. Available at Grodin's, San Francisco, and Buffums, Los Angeles. V-neck sweater ($57) by Franck Olivier; linen and brown leather shoes by Jacomonte, New York; scarf by New Couture Boutique, New York. Both women's dresses by Pierre Cardin, Paris. (upper right)
On the terrace of the C.I.P., facing the 34-story Concorde-La Fayette hotel tower. The polyester-wool-blend suit with vest ($205) by John Hampton, Ltd., for Leon of Paris. Available at Barney's, New York, and Lord Rebel Shops, Southern California. Shirt by Patch II for Hathaway.
Her suit by Pierre D'Alby, New York. Silver floral pin by Neil Lippe for Silver Image.



Spring is just about here. It's time to take it slow—to get the feel of whatever you've come up against. And when you apply this to suits this season, you'll be digging the touch of natural fabric. In silks, linens, cottons, and gabardines, the fashion thrust is toward the European-vogue suit with pointed, peaked lapels, double-breasted styling, and squared, roped shoulders. Single-breasted suits in the European silhouette have matching vests and are destined to be popular for both business and pleasure wear. These suits in "ice" tones of mint, banana, peach, blue, and white can "pop" when accented by the right touches of bright flamboyance in a tie, scarf, or pocket square. Being correctly dressed in 1975, whether suited for business or pleasure, means it's no longer cool to be uncool.

And that goes for Paris, too, where this feature was photographed and where business and pleasure are also perfectly suited, now that the Centre International de Paris, the new French convention center, is open. Here is the most prestigious of all convention centers—exceptionally situated at Porte Maillot near the center of Paris—with an amphitheatre-style conference hall seating as many as 4,300 people and equipped for simultaneous interpretation in six languages. It also houses the Paris Symphony. Surrounding this hall is a huge (50,000-square-foot) exhibition area and spacious lobbies and meeting halls.



Integrated into the Centre International, for the pleasure of visitors, is the modern 34-story, 1,000-room Concorde-La Fayette hotel—the tallest in Europe. A marble lobby and an unrivalled view of Paris from atop the skyscraper-bar, Panoramique, make this hotel truly special. Also of undisputed excellence is the French cuisine served at the hotel's three restaurants and at those in the convention center—all prepared by thirty-year-old chef Joel Robuchon, recipient of the French government's highest prize for excellence in gourmet cuisine.

To taste it all, begin by sampling the cuisine pleasures of Air France. Whether you fly first-class or coach, the food served is as good as that in comparable Paris restaurants. And Air France's Flexi-Plan vacations for the spring-summer season ahead offer inexpensive 14- to 18-day individual or group departure rates, as well as special rates for car/rail travel in France, sight-seeing and entertainment, and even discount meal coupons which can readily be used in many recommended Paris restaurants. C'est bon, oui?

For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check off Fashion Finder coupon, page 138. Check same page for information on Air France Travel and/or the new French convention center.

(upper left)
The roped-shoulder, double-breasted pin-striped suit in wool-mohair ($450) by Brioni. Available at De Lisi, New York, and Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco. Shirt and neck scarf by Pierre Cardin; straw hat ($22.50) by Dobbs. The floral chiffon dress by Pierre Cardin, Paris. The riding suit ensemble by Norma Kamali, New York. Across the River Seine on the Left Bank. The French cotton, double-breasted white suit ($135) by Bill Blass for PBM. Available at Bloomingdale's, New York, and Bonwit Teller, Chicago. Shirt by Hathaway; scarf by Handcraft, Inc. The black cotton-gabardine suit with matching shirt ensemble ($300) by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. Available at Barney's New York; Mike Bain, Los Angeles. Scarf by Bert Pulitzer Co. Both girls' evening dresses by Pierre Cardin, Paris.

New Conceptrol Shields. A prophylactic created to make you feel like you're not wearing anything.

The whole idea behind Conceptrol Shields is to allow two people sensitivity when using a prophylactic.

To do this, we had to make a change: we changed the basic shape of the prophylactic so it would fit you better.

Sensitivity: The change wasn't drastic, but from the shape you know to a slightly contoured shape at the head. We feel this slight change will make Conceptrol Shields conform easier to you, and give you a fit you're not getting from an ordinary prophylactic.

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Comfort: They have a reservoir tip—a receptacle at the tip of the prophylactic. It allows you greater comfort.

Lubrication: They have a special dry lubricant which makes them neater than prophylactics with wet lubricants. They're also available non-lubricated.

Conceptrol Shields. Comfortable, strong and allow sensitivity.

We believe they're going to change your attitude about using prophylactics.

Available now at your local pharmacy.

Conceptrol Shields TRADEMARK

Ortho

World's largest laboratories devoted to family planning research

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We are making available through your local pharmacist educational material on the value of prophylactics in the prevention of venereal disease and "A man's guide to preventing pregnancy."

THE SEXIEST CARD GAME IN THE WORLD!

Deal yourself a lover's hand with Minotaur's Pillow Cards. An American adaptation of shunga or Japanese sex cards, this unique deck photographically demonstrates in full color 50 erotic techniques and includes Dr. Robert Chartham's "Some Notes on Coupling for the Sensuous Couple."

You can keep these beautifully packaged cards in your bedroom and under your pillow. They contain all there is to arouse your partner ...After that, you can play by your own rules.

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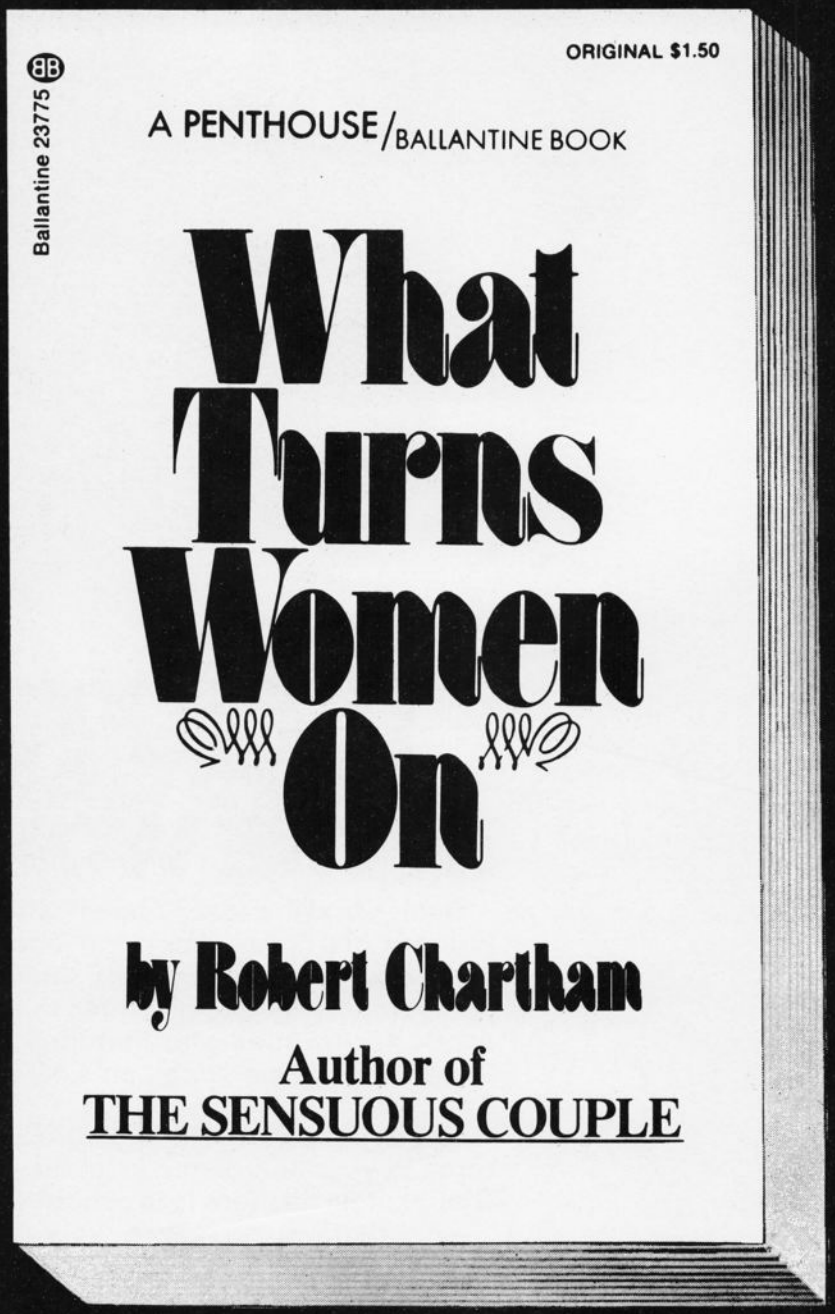
WHAT TURNS WOMEN ON is the one question that fascinates every man. And here are *specific* answers—frank, uninhibited, astonishingly varied! In these pages, women from 16 to 46 reveal their desires and intimate fantasies to eminent sexologist Dr. Robert Chartham—including the sights, sounds and smells that stimulate them . . . the pornographic books and movies that excite them . . . and "that one particular caress" that can send them into ecstasy.



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XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm Jewish, in my mid-forties, a mother of three married children. Since my husband died some twelve years ago, I've managed to obtain an interesting position in a large institution.

I consider myself to be a liberated woman. Professionally, I am ambitious, socially active, physically attractive, and sexually aggressive. My sexual freedom is my birthright, and my private hours are occupied by interpersonal relations with mature, sophisticated white and black men.

About a month ago at one of my regular social functions at my house, I immediately gravitated to an extremely handsome Oriental scholar in his late thirties. I was so charmed by his quiet but striking personality that I proceeded to make subtle advances toward him. Though fairly intoxicated, he made no visible gesture to encourage my amorous intentions. Under the pressure of my persistent urgings, he reluctantly consented to remain with me after the party.

After a few more drinks, he finally succumbed to my intimacy. To my utter astonishment, I uncovered the most unusual penile development I've witnessed in my forty six years of active sexual life. His member was longer and thicker than any of my black or white sexual partners. I had a preconceived notion from numerous books on sex, including The Happy Hooker, *that all Asian men have small and slender penises. My close inspection of his organ totally disproved this generalization.*

His penis was so unusually long that its glans actually reached his knees. With both hands I stimulated his protuberance to determine its true size. As it became rigid, I ran my fists from the base to the top, and it was an unbelievable six fists in length. When I pressed the shaft against his stomach, the tip passed his navel and touched his nipple.

My unceasing manipulations caused him to ejaculate his thin semen in short spurts. His towering column gradually declined and diminished considerably in size. With surprising ease, I could hold and mold the soft shrinking flesh within my fingers. Without prudence, I asked him several questions about his exceptional endowment. His thoughtful answers were in partial agreement with my expectations.

He never initiated sexual advances for fear of alarming or hurting his partners. Since boyhood he was teased and viewed as an oddity by his friends and relatives. Several of his friends were also endowed with large members, but he was always the main target of ridicule. He confessed with some embarrassment that he frequently employed autofellatio in privacy for relaxation. With the greatest of ease, he is able to caress his penis against his neck, ears, forehead, and lips. Girls who are initially attracted to him reject him when they realize the extent of his possession. "They are frightened by the sight of it," he explained. He feels that his abnormal growth was a curse and not a blessing.

As I grasped and gloated over his outstanding second erection, my visual and tactile fascination for him became insatiable. I proceeded to measure his proportions with the standard ruler and tape. In the state of full erection, his penis exceeded the length of the standard ruler by 5½ inches. From the base to the upper part of his shaft, his penis length was exactly 17½ inches. The tape measuring the circumference of the column indicated precisely 10¼ inches, and the exposed glans were thicker by 2½ inches. His testicles were exceedingly small in contrast to the massive structure of his column.

There are numerous accounts of various physical abnormalities in our medical and scientific journals. Interested medical scien-

tists should examine this anomalous penile development for it defies belief. The authors of the Guinness Book of Records *should also initiate an investigation on this theme in accordance with their illustrious tradition to record outstanding phenomena.—H.G.*
Your letter is very hopeful as regards my generalized statement about the Oriental penis. I just met the wrong Oriental lovers.

QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY

I accuse you of being prejudiced! I happen to be Chinese, six feet tall, weigh 180 pounds, and possess an eight-inch cock.

You contradict yourself. You once said that it was not the quantity but the quality of fucking that really counts. Then, last year, you claimed that you don't get off on Oriental men because of their "smallness." Unfortunately, we have not met.—A.Y.
I'm beginning to think I should have made a trip to the Orient years ago!

PLACID PENIS

*I have been married for nearly seven months and have a pretty good sex life with my husband. I have noticed that when he is worked up his cock is about six inches long. When it is soft, however, it is only 1½ inches long. I have seen pictures of male nudes and those cocks appear to be from four to five inches long—*soft! *This really turns me on. My question is: how come their penises are so big in a flaccid state and how big are they when erect? It must be something to see.—L.F.*
Let me tell you a secret about male nudes. It is true that most of these models are rather well hung, but many of them masturbate themselves just before the photos are taken. Since pictures of men with true hard-ons cannot be legally published, a photographer will shoot photos when the penis is less than hard but more than soft. I guess one would refer to it as a semi-hard-on.

A PENILE SURROGATE

My problem is the size of my cock. It is just a little longer than the palm of my hand. I have received so many unfavorable comments about it that I am ashamed to meet girls. What can an undersized guy do?—P.P.
Another cock problem! Unfortunately, most of the letters I receive from guys pertain to this concern. Perhaps it will reassure you to know that many girls are afraid of big cocks.

Anyway, none of the girls I know are so perfectly formed that they would make critical comments about a guy's physical attributes. If they do complain, it's probably more their problem than yours.

To help relieve your anxiety try making love in a fairly dark room. Just be gentle and loving—let it all happen! Before and during the sex act, a woman's thoughts are not concentrated on specifics such as penis size.

By the way, how is your tongue? Give the girl a good orgasm with your tongue before penetrating with your penis. One of the most sought-after lovers in history had no penis at all, having lost it in an accident. But, oh, what a tongue!

LAID FOR A GRADE

We are roommates at a local university. Recently we went to our math teacher's office to discuss the possibility of adding points to our grade averages. Of course, we just expected her to list the usual extra-credit research projects. Instead, this very ladylike young woman lifted up her skirt and pointed to her crotch and said, "I'm sure you fellas know what to do."

We were completely shocked and looked at each other in disbelief. We obeyed her orders and proceeded to bang her behind the desk. She obviously enjoyed our "research" project as much as we did, but as soon as we were out of the door, we heard her burst into tears.

Xaviera, were we wrong to have indulged with our teacher? She's the best mathematics instructor in the school and we don't want to avoid her classes in the future because of this incident. We had heard of the old "angle of the dangle" routine before. Should we continue this practice to obtain some future benefits?—S.S. and R.D.
This is the most disgusting incident I have ever encountered. I am shocked to say the least! As far as I'm concerned, you should both be expelled immediately.

NAVEL RULES

A girl friend of mine has an unresponsive belly button—complete rejection to stimulation is more the case. An occasional brush across it will warrant a judo chop. Is this a defensive response?—G.E.B.
I would tend to agree with you that her unresponsive belly button is probably a "defensive response." It would appear that such manifestations are not confined to just the belly button. They may also prove to be lips, legs, or cunts that won't open—or ears or hair that must not be touched. Those and other hostile responses in an individual are often caused by a latent dislike for one or more of the partner's mannerisms. I would advise that you not pursue her belly button. Let her keep it.

PUSSY SHY

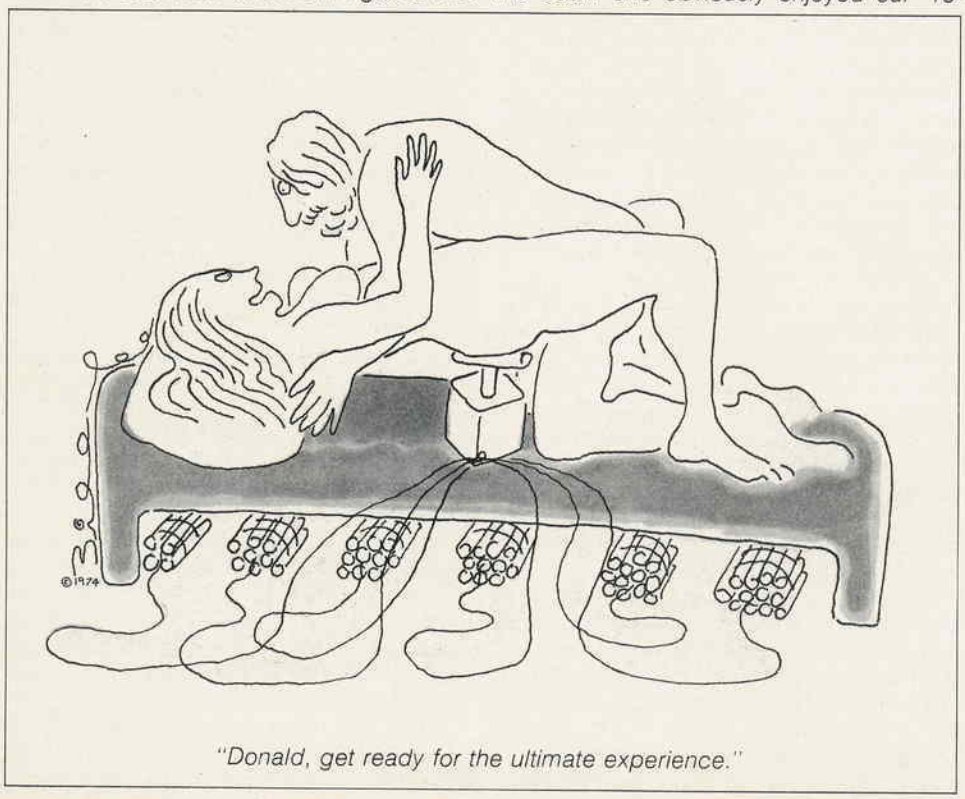
I am an eighteen-year-old boy who is still a virgin. Most of my friends are pros at making love—or at least they claim to be—whereas I become extremely nervous by just being close to a pretty girl. I am a very self-conscious person with an inferiority complex. Finger-fucking is the furthest I've gone in making love to a girl. You might think that this experience would give me some self-confidence, but I later found out that the girl was a nympho. My friends say that I am afraid of pussy, but I know that to be a lie.

I have read many books which describe lovemaking step by step, but I am afraid to actually follow the directions for fear of being laughed at. As a last resort I am seriously considering giving up altogether and becoming the world's oldest living male virgin.

Also, I am very tall and broad-shouldered and I have a weight problem. Does my lack of weight or excessive height have anything to do with my lack of sex?—R.O.
Get yourself a girl friend who is an acquaintance. Don't think of her as a prospective fuck. Don't make a pass at her! As time goes by, explain to her that you will never be able to fuck her because you are intent on becoming the world's oldest virgin man. Then in a year or so, write to me to say how she managed to fuck you. Figure it out for yourself, my friend.

IMITATION OF LIFE

I just recently saw the movie, The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander, *and I was disappointed that you were not in it. What was your opinion of this film?—M.M.*



"Donald, get ready for the ultimate experience."

The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander was, I have been told, one of the worst hard-core porno flicks yet. If it had not been for the magic of my name, this film would have bombed out after one week. However, the film grossed something like $7,000 within its first week in New York.

I sued the people responsible for this. I was fortunate enough to work with a group of people, Cannon Productions, who were willing to share the legal fees with me. Cannon Productions is presently filming my first book, *The Happy Hooker*, with Lynn Redgrave in the leading role. Also, they are the producers of my own comedy film, *My Pleasure Is My Business*, in which I make my screen debut.

MASTURBATION TECHNIQUES

I am a twenty-four-year-old woman who enjoys masturbating. I would like to know some new ways to masturbate. I'm growing a little weary of my index finger.—B.E.

How about trying an electric toothbrush for a change? Several months ago, I was brushing my teeth with a new electric toothbrush and by chance I happened to drop the brush against my vagina. The drilling of the toothbrush got me so turned on that I decided to put the backside of the brush against my clitoris. The rest followed very smoothly. Sometimes, I close my eyes and hold the handle as I fantasize that I am a man masturbating his cock. This is just a suggestion for those women who have "penis-envy" and want to indulge the fantasy.

There are many different kinds of vibrators. I remember as a young girl in Holland I subconsciously masturbated against the side of the sink while I helped my mother to peel the potatoes. Only later did I recognize the strange sensation that went through my body after I had moved back and forth long enough.

As a kid I also remember how I used to reach an orgasm at school simply by squeezing my legs together very tightly. This was particularly erotic when I knew that my time was up for finishing an exam and the bell had rung. I have noticed that I still become very horny at the strangest times—after having a fight with my man and he yells at me or walks out the door, when I am in a tremendous hurry and not yet dressed, or when I am very tired but cannot sleep. Masturbation is the perfect sleeping pill.

Of course, the most common form of masturbation is performed using your own hands, but try letting your boyfriend masturbate you while you do him. The sight of this can be quite exciting for both of you. A lubricant might make matters easier and more pleasurable. Another way of masturbating is in the bathtub under the water spigot or with a handshower aimed directly at your clitoris.

A SLIPPED DICK

My wife and I are both very heavy, and my penis is quite small. It is only five inches long, and I have trouble penetrating her vagina. My penis keeps slipping out of her vagina during intercourse. Please tell us the best position to allow deep penetration.—R.W.

This month I have received at least one dozen letters from overweight individuals who complain about their sex lives. It seems rather obvious that people with weight problems do not enjoy sex as much as slim people do for the simple reason that too much of their fat gets in the way of their sex organs.

Concerning positions—try lying flat on your back so that the stomach fat rolls to both sides of the penis. The woman can then position herself right on top of the penis in a sitting position. Another position is possible if the man leans on his knees and the woman lies on her back. She then props her ass up on top of two pillows, which puts her vagina at a better angle so that he can penetrate her much easier.

A DIFFERENT DICK A DAY

I am twenty-eight years old, blond, and a very sexy 39-24-35. I have a beautiful sex life with my husband, but for the last six months we have gone to some extremes in our "sleeping habits." As a result, I'm worried about my emotional relationship with my husband.

It all started one night when we were at home with three of my husband's male friends. I was feeling very sexy and so I wore skintight hot pants, red boots with high heels, a small low-cut shirt, and bright red underpanties. I don't know how we got around to it, but I ended up doing a striptease in front of the entire company. I got really turned on and gave them each a blow job. Then I grabbed a ruler and measured their erect cocks. One of the men was nine-and-a-half-inches long and the size of his prick really gave me the hots. Then, my husband asked them all to fuck me. I wanted it so I didn't resist. The three guys fucked me one at a time, then practiced coming two or three together.

Imagine how I felt when I was lying on my back on a man's body with his cock up my ass, giving a blow job to a second one, while the third guy was fucking my cunt. What turned me on most, though, was my husband's screaming, "Fuck her cunt!" and "Give it to the fucking whore!" Then, of course, my husband jumped on me and had a terrific orgasm in my cunt.

We've done this little orgy scene several times now, and I must admit that I really enjoy getting fucked by many men at the same time—especially if my husband and/or women are watching. I also get an extra kick when I'm taking a cock as big as nine or ten inches, although I suppose this is all just psychological. But I've begun to worry about being too much of a whore. Why is it that I need to be fucked by so many men? Why do I need big cocks in order to be turned on? Also, if my husband really loves me, how can he stand watching my cunt and ass take other guys' cocks? Tell me, do you know of other women who get such thrills? Have you yourself had such group experiences? Do you really get hot when you have nine inches up your cunt? What's the biggest prick you've ever held, Xaviera?—L.M.

I do detect that you, along with me, are not only a great sex lover, but an exhibitionist as well. There is nothing wrong with being an exhibitionist, and in all honesty I wish there were more women like us. If more women were exhibitionists, at least then husbands would not complain about their wives being such frigid "dead-in-beds," who cannot be bothered with an active sex life.

Perhaps, in your case, you are still extremely excited by threesomes because it is a new thrill to you. You are very young, well stacked, and attractive. Every woman is obviously charmed if a guy looks at her appreciatively—particularly if they all want to fuck *her*. There is nothing more pleasurable than knowing that you are the one woman who can fulfill their sexual dreams and fantasies.

You are lucky that your husband gets off on your exhibitionism. You are just beginning to swing as I did for quite a few years—and I don't mean professionally! Don't worry, you are not to be compared with a whore, although being a whore is nothing to be ashamed of. I actually have far more respect for a hooker who loves her work and tries to please both the customer and herself than I do the "negative hooker." To me the "negative hooker" is the woman who gets married for the sake of a meal ticket, a roof over her head, a charge card, etcetera. This type of woman drives her husband right into the arms of a good honest hooker. Do you respect the "negative hooker"? I hope not.

These are the American princesses who don't care whether or not their husbands screw around, just as long as they, the wives, get their regular payments and have the financial security of the marriage arrangement. How I despise these women. They play bingo on Sundays, canasta on Mondays, charity balls on Tuesdays, and hope for their husbands' heart attacks on Wednesdays.

Yes, I do realize that I am generalizing about upper-class Americans, as I am sure that there are many hardworking husbands and wives trying to make an honest living. I am just very tired of people looking down on hookers. In your case you can act like the greatest whore, but, honey, just do it with *class*! Give them the best performance they have ever had.

About those big cocks—there is an old adage that goes: "It is not the gun that counts but the gunner." I used to say "the bigger the better," but I now feel that size really makes very little difference.

What turns you on is the visible aspect of sex and you simply prefer to handle a big cock than some tiny shriveled-up ding-a-ling. But for those with small penises I have one soothing comment—as long as you have a fast tongue, you can make up for the lack of penis size.

I would not worry about your husband's love for you. He will continue to be aroused and fascinated by this new "trip." But watching tends to be more boring than doing, so don't be surprised if his moods change and he eventually wants you back in his bed. Your days as a marathon fucker are probably numbered. Hopefully by that time you will be all fucked-out and content to handle just your old man's cock.

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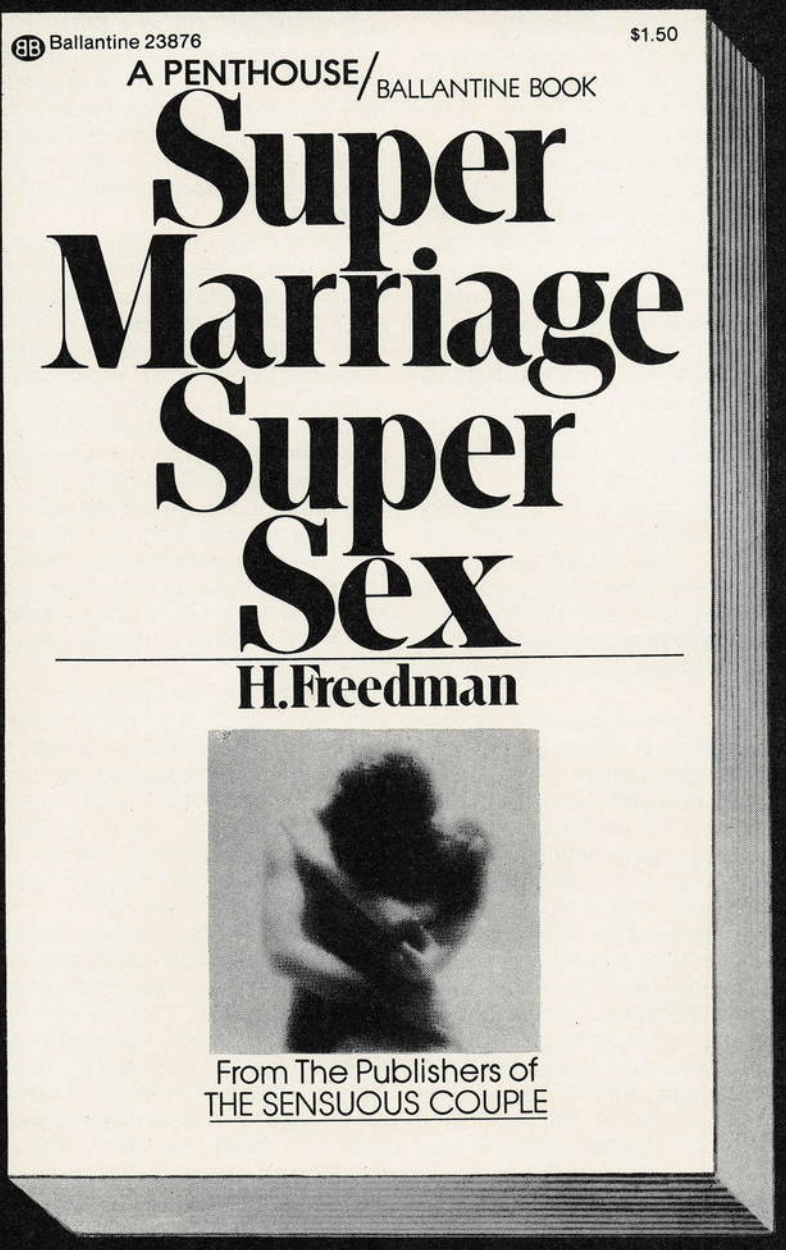

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LA COSTA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

bookmaking operation, the mob could "lay off" huge amounts of money.

Through Alessio, Smith's bank—the U.S. National Bank of San Diego—swelled with the receipts of Tijuana's Caliente track and international bookmaking. North of the border, Alessio became an important figure in the Democratic Party, while Smith rubbed elbows with the Republicans. Smith became, in the words of President Nixon's wife, Pat, "one of our earliest supporters." Until Watergate, he was also one of the biggest supporters.

Most observers of the La Costa phenomenon and organized crime agree that the DRAM group selected San Diego—and particularly its undeveloped northern area—because there was no established syndicate sphere of influence, and the local press was supportive of Smith rule.

The La Costa-Teamsters-Smith relationship was rarely advertised. San Diegans were unaware that their "Man of the Century" was part of an unholy alliance. But as early as 1967 a massive report prepared confidentially for the California Department of Corporations and the State Attorney General's Office began to tie together various groups active in northern San Diego large-scale real-estate transactions and financial manipulations. The report made note of the "efficient organization and communication between various factions making up the total of organized crime."

In addition to the La Costa group, the report also focused on the Baptist Foundation of America. This church organization had close ties to the La Costa-Teamster clique. It was a combine of ministers, fast-buck artists, and gangsters who purchased land around northern San Diego County with phony collateral, creating what was to become a $26-million stock fraud.

The greening of La Costa's arid grazing land was costly; but unlike most investors and developers, the La Costa crew had extraordinary resources. Trustees of the Teamsters Central States Pension Fund sit on La Costa's board, and over $50 million in Teamster funds have gone into the work.

Half a million Teamsters members are covered by the Central, Southeast, and Southwest Areas Pension Fund. Unlike the Teamsters' Western Conference fund—which has its assets managed by the Prudential Life Insurance Company as a part of its general investment portfolio—the Central States Fund is handled directly by union officials and handpicked employer representatives. Over $5 million pours into the Chicago head office weekly. With over $1.5 billion in assets, it is the largest private cache of its kind.

The late Irvin J. Kahn, an attorney turned developer, was the largest recipient of Teamsters loans. Over $185 million went to his purchase of some sixty square miles of San Diego real estate just south of La Costa. Kahn's unlimited line of credit with the Pension Fund was due to the good offices of St. Louis attorney Morris Shenker, who was Jimmy Hoffa's chief attorney. Shenker inherited most of Kahn's properties after his sudden death in September 1973.

Shenker, who has recently been under investigation by a federal strike force and grand jury in St. Louis, has emerged as a top financial arranger. His Byzantine financial maneuvering astounds investigators in and out of government. He first came to national attention twenty-five years ago during the Kefauver hearings. Twenty years later, his mob ties were detailed in a *Life* magazine exposé of former St. Louis Mayor A. J. Cervantes. (Shenker had got himself appointed to the St. Louis crime commission!) Since then, Shenker has shifted headquarters to his Dunes hotel and casino in Las Vegas. He visits San Diego often to oversee his country clubs, hotels, and land developments. He is a regular at high-level La Costa gatherings.

The Central Conference Fund has been involved in fraud and kickback scandals resulting in numerous indictments. All this hasn't bothered them one bit. As a private bank for its favorites, it has provided almost a billion dollars in preferred loans for luxury developments, vast real-estate tracts, slot-machine companies, and gambling casinos. Extensive investigation has uncovered scant evidence of any investments in cooperatives or low- or middle-income housing where rank-and-file Teamsters might reasonably expect to find shelter.

One of the many security-conscious conclaves at La Costa was a gathering on July 17, 1972, of Teamsters officials, organized-crime figures, and major Pension Fund recipients, among others. One of the participants was the son of Jimmy Hoffa, the former head of the union, who had been convicted of jury tampering and fraud involving the Teamsters Union Pension Fund.

It was at these meetings that the officials formally endorsed Nixon's reelection. Subsequent investigations have revealed that Allen Dorfman—the Pension Fund's "special consultant"—had already collected $1 million from Teamsters officials and organized-crime figures to donate to the Committee for the Reelection of the President in exchange for Hoffa's release and a "favorable" review of federal investigations into Teamsters officials and friends.

Dorfman lives in a luxury home next to La Costa's lush golf course; in between indictments for kickbacks and fraud involving Fund money, plus a nine-month stint in prison, Dorfman played a prominent role at Teamsters conclaves.

He inherited his interest in the pension fund from his late father, Paul "Red" Dorfman, who was one of the founders. Before his latest indictment for defrauding the fund (February 1974), Dorfman's control was complete. In the words of one insider, "He believes he's immune to everything. His power and authority were about as total as you can get."

Legal guidance for La Costa comes from John Andrew Donnelley, a leading San Diego attorney and power broker. In the late Forties, Donnelley had gone to Las Vegas with a client, Wilbur Clark, to help arrange construction of the Desert Inn.

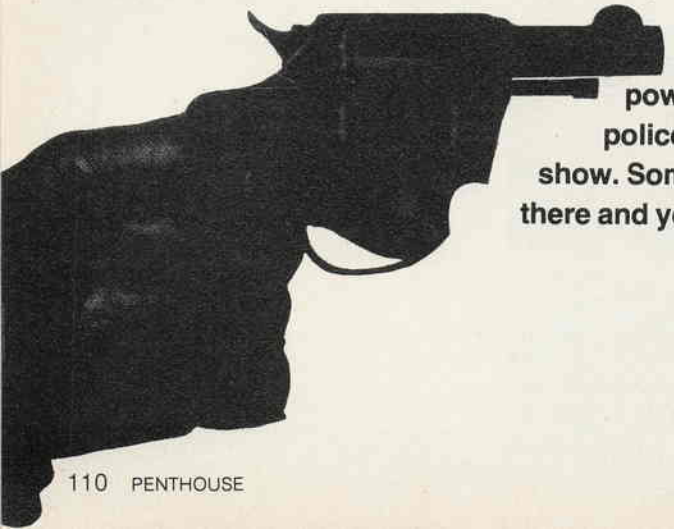
In San Diego, Donnelley became an increasingly important functionary in the Smith machine. In Las Vegas he became chief counsel to the DRAM group. He is credited by some with saving Dalitz and his whole Las Vegas operation from ruin during the Guterma stock-fraud debacle. When Allard Roen, then the Desert Inn's executive director, was forced to plead guilty to fraud in that case, Donnelley took his place.

As a top-notch attorney, his services were invaluable during the intricate legal and financial maneuvering. Federal Tax Court proceedings in 1964 revealed that during the 1950's Donnelley was a key arranger of a series of transactions which the court concluded were "a sort of 'Tinker to Evers to Chance' "—in other words, something on the order of a preconcerted and well-coordinated triple play.

Donnelley covered all bases, representing or owning the Martinolich Shipbuilding Company, Refrigerated Transport Co., and National Steel and Shipbuilding and pushing a variety of purchases, loans, slot-machine deals, and construction projects.

The other owners involved included Wilbur Clark, Moe Dalitz, and Arnholt Smith. While the matrix of deals and loans involving hundreds of thousands of dollars never resulted in criminal charges, they spurred further federal probes into Dalitz's income tax returns.

More importantly, these early deals provide the first evidence of Donnelley's future



" 'These people are really powerful,' said one California policeman. 'They run their own show. Someone could get killed out there and you would never know it.' "

role in arranging the move to San Diego and as key power broker in the group's internal affairs.

When DRAM began buying up northern San Diego County real estate in 1962, Donnelley helped them set up a string of corporate fronts—Planet, Inc., Star Investment, and the Bagshaw Corporation—with which to take legal title to the initial 2,000 acres.

Donnelley helped coordinate the flow of Teamsters cash into San Diego real estate. His law office has handled over $250 million in Teamsters land investments, and he has admitted in an interview that the various parties he represented were on "friendly" terms.

In 1970, the first crack in the Smith empire appeared—the indictment of John Alessio for over $1 million in tax evasion. Alessio had been transporting large unreported sums of cash in steel drums to San Diego to pay for the renovation of his Hotel Del Coronado (the set for the film *Some Like It Hot*). His three-year jail term was eased by frequent vacations outside the federal prison at Lompoc, California.

Alessio's troubles pale before the onslaught that finally overtook Smith in 1973. While his political protector and longtime associate Richard Nixon was hamstrung by daily Watergate revelations, the SEC, the IRS, and the Federal Deposit Insurance Company closed in. In addition, the Justice Department's Organized Crime Section began to investigate Smith's ties to the mob.

All of these complicated interrelationships came together in the matter of La Costa's use of the U.S. National Bank for its business accounts and for the banking of its pension-fund loans.

On October 15, 1973, Lew Lipton, an officer of the bank and an emissary from Smith, was in Miami, meeting with Teamsters boss Frank Fitzsimmons and trying to get additional Teamsters deposits for Smith's projects. He was shaken when Fitzsimmons waved a copy of the *Miami Herald* announcing one of the largest bank failures in U.S. history. It was the USNB.

The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which took control of the collapsed bank and which sued Smith and other officers for $410 million in damages, has refused comment on questions relating to the amount of Teamsters money that was on deposit. (The bank's assets merged into the Crocker Bank, which guaranteed deposits on account.)

On July 2, 1974, after a ten-month investigation, a federal grand jury in San Diego returned a twenty-five-count indictment against Smith for secretly funnelling $170 million from his U.S. National Bank. The complex conspiracy alleged in the indictment—there were 165 overt acts—was part of a scheme dubbed the Monster Project by Smith and his closest aides.

To bring the monster down, it had taken all the diligence of the press, the atmosphere of Watergate, and the hard work of those whom Smith called "government bureaucrats out to get me."

"Many people suspect that the government's inadequate investigation of La Costa is a reflection of the group's political power."

But Smith's arrogance was not shattered. Even after the SEC action (May 31, 1973) forced him to report all large-scale transactions, documents indicate that he continued his wheeling and dealing. And, according to sources with firsthand knowledge, one of his close associates began making overtures to an important government witness against Smith right after his indictment.

THE LANSKY CONNECTION

One important name has been omitted from the La Costa story. Meyer Lansky, the dark eminence of organized crime and the financial brain of Lucky Luciano's original organization, has a long-standing relationship to La Costa. Some even trace La Costa's origins to a trip he made to Alessio's Tijuana racetrack fifteen years ago. Traveling by limousine down the old highway—El Camino Real—Lansky happened on the area. Already familiar with the high-profit marinas and waterways of Miami, he saw its possibilities. The legal and illegal profits of the mob's worldwide operations needed more outlets. Soon after, Lansky's allies were sizing up real estate and laying plans for future development. Five years later, La Costa Country Club opened its doors.

Whether he gave an order or a recommendation is unknown. When *Penthouse* attempted to reach him through his attorney, E. David Rosen, he was unimpressed with this desire to reconstruct history. "I advise you not to try and contact my client," said Rosen.

For forty-five years, Lansky has had a harmonious relationship with La Costa's Moe Dalitz. While Dalitz and his group paid close attention to Las Vegas and the West Coast, Lansky was busy in Florida, Cuba, and the Bahamas. Each in turn cut the other in on "skim," laundering techniques, and new investment opportunities. While Lansky ruled the Havana gambling scene during the reign of dictator Fulgencio Batista, his Cleveland friends were cut in on his Hotel Nacionál de Cuba.

After Castro closed the gambling factories of Havana, Lansky's group moved to the Bahamas. By 1967, a Royal Commission of Inquiry was digging deep into the financial operations of the Grand Bahama Development Corporation. The deft hand of Lansky appeared in behind-the-scenes planning for the island's new casinos.

Lansky, who generally stayed behind the scenes, worked through Wallace Groves, an experienced financial operator. When the heat increased in the Bahamas, Groves took advantage of La Costa's hospitality, commemorated in a 1968 directive from La Costa official Ben Vitale to the resort's employees:

> Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Groves will be arriving here as a guest of La Costa and Mr. Herman Perl. . . . The principal partners at La Costa are delighted that Mr. Groves is visiting with us. We wish to extend every courtesy and compliment to Mr. Groves and his family to make their stay here a pleasurable and memorable one.

Perl, Vitale, and Groves have all been principals in the Grand Bahama Development Company, now known as Devco. Perl, a mastermind of Bahamas resort sales, had been brought to La Costa to increase profits for the DRAM group.

Lining up the ever-helpful Arnholt Smith's USNB as a prime lender, they moved into condominium development. La Costa became a new city built around the owner's plush real-estate area.

Within the last few years, Groves and Vitale have shifted their California base to Stallion Springs, a resort in the Tehachapi Mountains north of Bakersfield. Similar to La Costa in design, Stallion Springs is owned by Devco, which is now controlled by Groves and his wife.

On January 19, 1970, Lansky reportedly flew in to La Costa accompanied by some superstar swingers of the sports world. Between rounds of golf, Lansky attended meetings with Teamsters Pension Fund controllers and his old friend Moe Dalitz.

Weeks later, he went south to a new and even more exclusive mob retreat in Acapulco, Mexico. After huddling in Acapulco with a variety of old cronies and representatives of the Canadian mob, Lansky managed to elude intelligence agents of three countries. Six months later, the Illinois Bureau of Investigation, examining a small Acapulco hotel called The Towers, discovered that Meyer had used it as a hideaway to lose his pursuers. The Towers, a plush preserve, was owned at that time by La Costa members.

The leadership of La Costa has demon-

strated an uncanny ability to grow and survive. Their financial reserves tower over those of rival business groups. Their legal and financial advisers consistently stay one step ahead of law-enforcement investigators, and inquiring citizens are left in the dark as to the real story.

It wasn't until November 30, 1974, in an ABC network news report on Jimmy Hoffa, that La Costa received any unfavorable publicity before a large audience. Ironically, a Los Angeles affiliate of ABC—a network which has aired numerous sports specials from La Costa—mysteriously canceled an earlier investigative report on the resort and its owners.

When anything threatens La Costa, the heavy artillery—money—is rolled out. The technique is Meyer Lansky's legacy to his associates; he has had a lifetime of experience in the laying out of whatever it takes to remain undisturbed.

An example of how La Costa avoids unnecessary trouble is contained in a federal intelligence report on a meeting held there in July 1972. Teamsters executives and various cronies, advisers, and borrowers descended on La Costa to discuss, among other things, protection. A decision was made to annex La Costa to the tiny coastal town of Carlsbad-by-the-Sea. A new San Diego district attorney hostile to Smith rule had been elected after a series of massive bribery scandals in local government. According to the federal law-enforcement report, "It is believed that the real reason for having this annexation take place is that surveillance by the San Diego Sheriff's office will [now] be restricted." In November 1972, the citizens of Carlsbad voted 41 to 39 to annex La Costa, thereby removing the resort from county jurisdiction.

The financial and political clout of the La Costa group generates a certain powerless feeling and even a fear within the local community. Nearby residents and businessmen speak of "their endless supply of money." A local police officer commented to *Penthouse*, "I used to be assigned to La Costa. I sure was glad when I was transferred. These people are really powerful. They run their own show. Someone could get killed out there and you would never know."

Law enforcement on the state level hasn't been very effective, either. Consider what happened in the late 1960's when the California attorney general's office showed signs of following up criminal activity.

In 1967, the California Department of Corporations report was being prepared. State agents were active in closing down the Baptist Foundation of America security fraud. Well-known mob figures began to have trouble. Jimmy "the Weasel" Fratianno, an infamous hit man, found his movements closely watched. Alessio and his brothers were under constant surveillance. Smith's name began to crop up in more and more intelligence reports. One named his bank as a major supplier of loan money to mob-operated bars and restaurants.

With the election of 1970, all this came to an end. Evelle J. Younger became the new attorney general. After a tumultuous term as district attorney of Los Angeles, Younger had gained a reputation as a "law and order" man. A consummate opportunist in the Nixon tradition, he soon made it perfectly clear who he thought were the enemies of the people.

Under Younger's leadership, the "yellow peril" took the heat off organized crime in California. His office issued reports and he himself made a straight-faced proclamation that so-called "Chinese youth gangs" represented the newest and greatest threat. The supporting cast in Younger's scenario included Hell's Angels and a wide variety of "militants."

In an interview with *Penthouse* and Katy Butler, a reporter for the San Francisco *Bay Guardian*, Younger could not remember the Baptist Foundation case (a $26-million fraud) or any State investigations of John Alessio and C. Arnholt Smith. This memory lapse becomes understandable after examining the sources of contributions made in support of Younger's campaign during the 1970 election.

First, there was over $45,000 from Conrad Arnholt Smith. Most of it was officially designated as loans from Smith, his daughter, and Smith's political adviser, Frank Thornton. The loans were never repaid, a fact which should have been of some concern to an attorney general. Smith was Younger's largest contributor, because unrepaid loans of this type are actually contributions and have to be reported as such. Said the attorney general: "Mr. Smith and Mr. Thornton apparently borrowed from themselves and spent it with Barnes-Champ [Smith's advertising agency], and I know very little more than that about it."

The repeated failures of state and local law-enforcement agencies suggest that the only apparatus capable of taking on such a complex, sophisticated, multijurisdictional phenomenon is the federal government. But knowledgeable law-enforcement officials are frustrated over the fact that investigations have been miserably inadequate, despite the existence of eighteen strike forces around the country, staffed with specialists from various government agencies (IRS, FBI, SEC, Post Office, etc.) and directed by capable Justice Department attorneys.

Many suspect that the government's lack of commitment is a reflection of the La Costa group's political power. A high official within a Justice Department organized-crime strike force remarked to *Penthouse*, "They're too smart for us. We'll never put them away."

Because of the complicated financial matters involved, the agency best equipped to deal with the problem is the Intelligence Division of the IRS. As for the Federal Bureau of Investigation—which has four times as many special agents as IRS Intelligence, as well as more criminal jurisdiction and investigative latitude—it has failed historically to combat organized crime.

Rumors that La Costa was to be sold to Japanese interests for $200 million have circulated regularly in the last few years. *Penthouse* has been able to document the fact that discussions have taken place between representatives of La Costa and certain Japanese investors, but except for the purchase of a small parcel of land in the industrial park, nothing firm has emerged from those discussions.

La Costa sales representatives are quick to deny these rumors. Said one official, "This whole package is too complex to sell, and besides we're the only ones who know how to run the place. Even if we sold out to the Japanese, we'd have to stay around for a couple of years to manage the operation."

Whether La Costa is sold or not is a mere detail. It is only a place. If the mob and its friends in business and government fly from La Costa, they will find some new nest.

CRIME AND CORRUPTION

La Costa's image as a posh resort camouflages its strategic importance to big crime. Camouflage is essential to crime, as labor organizations are transformed into company unions and private fiefdoms through racketeering; politicians swallow the intoxications of wealth, never questioning its sources; and a paper-hungry economy is unable to stop the flood of fraudulent transactions.

The record of C. Arnholt Smith is a classic example. Smith's political "influence"—corrupting politicians and bureaucrats—allowed him to amass a fortune while avoiding regulation of any kind. His final Monster Project nearly destroyed the tuna industry on the West Coast, taxi fleets in thirteen cities, and the livelihoods of thousands of farm and office workers. In addition, two major banks which incurred losses as creditors of Smith's fallen bank—Franklin National and Germany's Bank Herstatt—suffered economic ruin themselves.

The wave of financial corruption and securities fraud is so widespread that major banks are afraid to examine the paper (securities, etc.) they hold as collateral. The reason, according to a Senate probe, was the fear that unknown billions in "assets" would prove to be stolen or counterfeit.

The irresistible nature of crime and corruption permeates society. Over a dozen top corporations and their executives have pleaded guilty to illegal campaign contributions related to Watergate. Nine of the nation's major oil companies were involved in jointly bribing public officials. The country's largest railroad, Penn Central, went bankrupt as a result of a series of fraudulent transactions and investments.

Alliances between crime and wealth are an American tradition. With so much crime at the top, it is hardly surprising that many people see corruption as our dominant characteristic. The La Costa playground is a power center for the organization and proliferation of that corruption. ○+—■

Credits: *The authors would like to thank the Fund for Investigative Journalism, the Bay Area Institute, Mae Churchill, and Jim Drinkhall for invaluable aid.*

COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Tony T., age 20, 6'2", 180 pounds, brown hair, brown eyes. Tony is an undergraduate student at a large university.
Marie T., age 19, 5'4", 110 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes. Marie is a secretary in a small law firm.

TONY'S STORY:

"Marie didn't much like the idea of talking to you when I suggested it, but I thought it would be a real kick. We don't talk to each other very much about our sexual relationship, and I thought maybe we'd have fewer inhibitions if we poured out all our sex problems to some neutral third party.

"Marie has always been less than straightforward. But I was immediately attracted to her. We didn't ball until we got married, which was just a few months after we met. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not the kind of guy who marries some chick just to get a quick free fuck. Her sexual . . . proclivities are somewhat alarming to me, anyway. I don't hold that a wife should pounce on her husband whenever she's feeling aroused. I know that women have sexual urges that need satisfying just as men do, but they should be able to control themselves. Marie, however, always takes the dominant role in our lovemaking. She says she can only 'get off' if she's on top. I don't know—it's just not as much fun for me if I have to lie on my back.

"Maybe I'm just into too much of a macho trip. I was really hurt by a girl I dated throughout high school. We were supposed to get married—right out of school—when I found out that she was being unfaithful to me. I agree that maybe I could have been a little more uninhibited in our lovemaking, but it was really because I loved her so much that I didn't like to suggest anything to her that might offend her.

"Her name was Suellen. I fell in love with her the moment I saw her, before I'd even spoken to her—she looked so fresh, so unspoiled. We were really just kids—sixteen, the two of us—and I just fell in love with a vision. But that wasn't the real problem with our relationship. You see, I can't really reconcile loving and sex. That sounds silly, I know, I realize that more than anybody else. But the truth is that I can only enjoy sex if there's something clandestine about it, some secret and forbidden element to it. Maybe my upbringing has got something to do with it. Although I'm not a practicing Roman Catholic now, my parents were very devout, and I went to a strict Catholic school. Anyway, Suellen and I didn't screw. I always felt there was something special about the relationship, and that we shouldn't get into a heavy sexual thing until we graduated and got married.

"Don't get the wrong idea, though. I wasn't a virgin. I performed the big ritual when I was sixteen, but the girl who seduced me was in her late twenties. Near the school there was this little diner that some of us guys frequented after school hours. This girl was a waitress there and was known to be somewhat oversexed. She must have initiated quite a few young schoolboys, as she had quite a reputation.

"I was in the diner late one night after basketball practice, and they were about to close the place. There was just this waitress and some old cook in the kitchen. She told him that she'd close up the place; he must have been on to her gig because he left us alone. I asked her for my check and she said it was on the house tonight. She stared at me with this really blank dumb stare—her eyes didn't move from my crotch. And since I was really getting embarrassed, my cock started to grow. Of course, this old pro of a whore caught the rise right away, and asked me if I'd like to go into the kitchen. I said something about having a lot of homework to do, but she took my arm and just motioned with her head to the back of the diner.

"She put my hands on her blouse, so I unbuttoned her top while she slipped off her

JEANNE McDOWELL

skirt and panties. I began to kiss and lick her nipples, but she just got down on her knees and unzipped my fly. Since she was completely nude, I thought it reasonable that I start taking my clothes off, so I began to unbutton my shirt. By now, she had my cock out and practically into her mouth, and she grabbed my hand saying, 'No, leave your clothes on. I like it better that way.'

"She started to give me head. It was a strange blow job because she didn't move her head an inch. She just grabbed onto my ass and thrust my hips back and forth so that my cock kind of ran in and out of her mouth. She stopped for a second and just tickled the tip of my dick with her tongue for a few moments, and then started thrusting my hips again. I really felt kind of detached from the whole trip, I mean the surroundings weren't the most seductive and this head job was incredible. She finally got my cock out of her mouth and lay back on the kitchen floor, her head propped up against the refrigerator. I started to undo my belt, but again she said, 'No baby, just leave your clothes on. It's better that way. It's the only way I can get off.' And so I sunk my cock into her and started pumping away with all my clothes still on, and she again grabbed onto my ass to increase the thrusting of my shaft.

"She used her cunt the way she used her mouth—she didn't move herself one fraction of an inch. She just liked my cock to do all the thrusting. When I really started going—I mean, this was my first fuck and I wasn't all that proficient—she drew me out of her and moved my cock between her tits as she held them together. I came within a few seconds and shot all over her neck. She immediately got up, took a towel to wipe herself off, and said, 'Maybe we can try it again some time. See you around.' That was it. Quick, simple and efficient—just like a good waitress should be.

"I didn't have sexual relations with the waitress again mainly because of cowardice, but I think the encounter reinforced for me the notion that sex was somehow an activity that one didn't do with 'nice girls.' Suellen was a 'nice girl' and so that ruled out screwing her. And it never would have occurred to me to make sexual overtures to a friend's sister, for instance, because she must be a 'nice girl' too and above that sort of thing.

"One time I was visiting a friend for Easter vacation. He had an older sister, and the three of us spent much of our time together. Diana was a pretty girl—I dug her and I could tell that the feeling was mutual. One evening we were sitting alone together, and I impulsively leaned over and kissed her. It was a gesture of affection more than anything else, but her reaction shocked me. She started pulling me towards her, really kissing me hard and pressing her tits against me. The scene embarrassed me, and I pushed her away. 'What's wrong?' she asked me.

"Well, if she couldn't see that she was offending me by behaving like a bitch in heat, I wasn't about to enlighten her. But then something just came over me like a flash, and I started grabbing for her crotch with one hand while the other one went down the back of her pants. You'd think she'd have gotten pissed or something, but she really dug this kind of treatment. I mean, this chick was really a bitch, and so I screwed the shit out of her. I left to go home the next morning, and I never saw Diana again.

"Thinking back on that incident, I realize that it crystallizes the problem I have in my attitude towards women. It's not that I don't like balling—far from it, I like to think I'm a fairly highly sexed person. But I can't come to grips with the notion that it's something that one can do and enjoy, and do over and over again with the same person. That's what first led me to prostitutes, I suppose.

"The first time I went with one was right after I graduated from high school. I was

"I can't reconcile loving and sex. I only enjoy sex if there's something clandestine about it."

spending a weekend in a nearby city, and I decided to walk back to my hotel room after going to the theater. This theater district was swarming with prostitutes. I had just broken up with Suellen—she confessed to balling with some stud—and so I was upset. This whore standing in a doorway grabbed me. She looked young and quite pretty and I thought, 'Why not? Nobody's going to find out.' So I went inside with her. Like my first two sexual encounters, it was all over very quickly, and I wasn't satisfied at all. I asked her, 'How much would it cost to stay the night?' (I'd been to the bank that morning and drawn out quite a lot of money, and I was acting as though I knew what I was doing.)

"We agreed on a price, and that night I really let myself go. I wanted to be like an animal. I wanted to try everything, and I was very violent with her. I wanted to assert my superiority, and when she tried at one stage to get on top of me and make love that way, I pushed her off. I wanted to be the dominant person. Do you understand that?

"After that night I used to make regular trips to the city alone, always with the purpose of finding a prostitute. After a few experiences with different girls I even found myself a regular one. She called herself Helen and she wasn't a streetwalker—you had to phone to make an appointment. It was all very discreet. I heard about her from another guy at school, who was well known for having somewhat kinky tastes.

"It was with Helen that I first discovered that I liked—it's rather awkward, I don't know quite how to phrase this—but, well, abusing women. Helen was a real professional, and she catered to every imaginable quirk. Her bedroom wasn't like any room I'd ever seen before—she had everything arranged to give the maximum pleasure and convenience to her clients. The room was thermostatically controlled and her bed was huge, with curtains that could completely enclose it. But what fascinated me most were her cupboards, which were fitted and ran the whole length of one wall. On about my third or fourth visit, I asked her to show me what she kept inside them. 'I don't think there's anything that'll interest you much,' she said. 'You don't strike me as the type.'

"She was wrong about my not being interested—I was fascinated. Some of the cupboards contained rows and rows of different kinds of clothing, everything from slinky lamé dresses to school uniforms, girl guide outfits, and even nurses' clothes.

"But it was the contents of another cupboard that especially interested me. As Helen opened the door, I saw rows and rows of whips hanging up inside, and I suddenly had an urge to take one down. It was a large black whip with a plaited leather thong. As I stood there holding it, I asked Helen, 'Do you really let some of your clients use this? I would think it would hurt too much.'

" 'Oh, I don't let them do it for real,' she laughed. 'Some of them just like to fantasize a bit, that's all.'

" 'But what do they do?' I persisted. And for an answer she knelt on the top step leading up to the bed, and, flipping her dress up, she exposed her bare bottom. Standing there with the whip in my hand and looking at her, I suddenly felt incredibly aroused and gave her a few light swishes across her behind. I felt such a rush. All of a sudden I felt powerful and strong. I wanted to fuck her immediately and I did, entering her as I knelt there, the whip still in my hand.

"I stopped seeing her, though. Not because I wanted to, but because I really couldn't afford it. I had inherited some money from a grandmother, but I had just about spent all there was of that and my college tuition was eating up more bread than I had planned. I really missed our fantastic sessions. I can't quite get the need to hit women out of my system. I don't know why I enjoy abusing women; I must do it out of a desire to get my revenge on them for some reason.

But women have never done me any great harm, except perhaps Suellen by being unfaithful. No, it's simply that I enjoy doing it; it makes me feel in control of the situation.

"Marie and I have only been married for a couple of months. I met her about half a year ago. Like I said, I truly fell out over her but we do have this sexual thing that needs working out. I love her a lot but man, she's got this domination thing in bed. She needs to get fucked all the time and, while I'm always ready to go, she always has to get on top. I've tried to introduce a little leather into the relationship too, but that's really not her scene at all! In time I suppose I'll have to get some money together so I can start seeing some prostitutes again—just in order to work off this sadism thing. I mean, I really don't want to physically hurt Marie, it's just that I really get off this way. All this problem because of sex . . . it's such a damned pity because it shouldn't be all that important."

MARIE'S STORY:

"This interview is my husband's idea and I am not sure that I totally agree with it. I am slightly suspicious of the notion that marital, or, if you like, sexual problems can be eliminated by talking about them ad nauseam. However, since I know my husband will use the opportunity to present his totally one-sided view of the situation, I may as well get my story on the record too.

"I was brought up in a social climate where it was considered an absolute that girls remain virgins until after marriage. My parents had both died when I was very young, and so I was raised by my very Italian, very religious grandparents. They never actually said anything to me about *not* sleeping with guys before getting married—sex was never even discussed. And my grandparents were extremely careful about whom I dated throughout high school. It really didn't make much difference because guys rarely asked me out. After all, who wanted to meet these two old people and be asked a lot of questions?

"Since my social life was something less than exciting, I spent a lot of my time in this small chamber orchestra. That's where I met Patrick. He played the violin, and he was an absolutely brilliant musician. Although he was much older—somewhere in his late thirties—he fell passionately in love with me from the first time he met me.

"We soon began going out together regularly—mainly to concerts, musical get-togethers, exhibitions, and so one. Of course, he never came around to the house. I would just go to these events alone and meet Patrick there. Sometimes we would go to some little café afterwards, but I could never stay out very late. I began to worry, though. At the end of the evening, he usually kissed me good-bye, but sometimes he seemed to want to make it more than that.

"Then, one week he said he would be playing a recital in a nearby city, and asked if I would like to come with him? Naturally I was very anxious to hear his piece—it was a new work and he had been talking about it for a long time. Above all, of course, it would just be so nice to spend an entire weekend with Patrick without having to rush back home to my grandparents. Of course, that was the whole problem—how to arrange an entire weekend away from home!

"But I got together with some old girl friend who lived in that city, and she said it would be all right to spend that weekend with her. So I was going to stay with my girl friend, and Patrick was to stay at some hotel. That weekend Patrick performed brilliantly and got a standing ovation. We had a late supper together, and then—to my horror—he told me he had booked the most expensive suite at the ritziest hotel in the city. He expected me to spend the night with him there. I said it was out of the question. And he said, well, in that case it was out of the question for our relationship to continue. I remember his exact words: 'I'm a grown man, Marie. I love you very much, but I cannot go on playing these schoolgirl games.'

> "He was having sex with me, only his belt was acting as his penis."

"Naturally, I was upset, and I finally agreed to go to the hotel with him. By then the restaurant was closing, and I didn't want to go back to my friend's house with everything still in the air. I wanted to talk about it with him. So we went to his hotel. I almost bolted when we got into the lobby—I mean, it seemed so sordid. Everyone seemed to be looking at me, and I knew what they were thinking. I wanted to drop through the floor.

"Instead of sitting down and talking it through like two reasonable adults, as soon as we got into the room he just pounced on me like some wild animal. He just pulled my sweater off, unhooked my skirt, and began grabbing at my crotch. I began to cry and pleaded with him, but Patrick was like some wild man. He kept saying, 'Oh no, come on let's make love. Come on,' over and over again.

"I'd never seen a naked man before and all the sudden here was this erect penis in front of me. Patrick forced me to put my mouth on his penis for a few seconds. Then, he just forced himself into me, ramming himself up into me. It was insane and very painful, as I'd never had intercourse with a man before. Thankfully, he came very quickly. When it was over, he just laid on top of me practically suffocating me until I finally got up enough strength to roll out from under him. Patrick immediately fell asleep, and I spent the evening crying in the bathroom.

"No, I didn't have anything that approached an orgasm. It was too upsetting and too painful for that. But I have fantasized about this experience over and over again. Each time I do, the fantasy becomes more involved, almost like a ritual. I imagine being chased around the room with Patrick screwing me, and finally having Patrick come inside me with wildly exaggerated moans of delight. All the time, of course, I fantasize that I'm clawing and screaming, doing everything in my power to break away from this man. Each time I'm able to remove his penis from me, he just rams it right up there again.

"I told him when he took me home the next day that I did not want to sleep with him again because of my grandparents, but that I still loved him very much. Well, he really blew up then—in the car right in front of my house. He said that I could go screw those two old people. He went crazy. He ran into the house and screamed at my grandparents that the two of us had spent the weekend together and had had wild glorious sex! I remember just running out of the house. I couldn't stand listening to him or watching those two old people's reactions. I mean, they didn't even know that Patrick existed. I guess Patrick's tantrum just completely exhausted them—my grandparents simply clammed up. I never saw Patrick again. I immediately dropped out of our chamber group, and I believe that he joined a symphony orchestra somewhere. I really don't know.

"Well, for about a month—until I graduated from high school—my poor grandparents didn't have much to say. Their dear child was now deflowered, and so I guess it didn't matter much whether or not I screwed my eyeballs out. I never heard anything about what time I had to be home by, etcetera. Screw my eyeballs out is almost exactly what I did do. Within that last month of school, I gave all the boys a real run for their money. What did I care now? I can even remember one guy screwing me up against the wall in the chemistry lab. It was after school hours, and we were staying late to work on some project, an experiment for class. I burned my hand with some acid—it wasn't anything much but I turned it into a big production with all kinds of tears and little whimpers. I played the helpless little bitch to the tee, and this dumb guy really ate

it up. He insisted on helping me wash my own hand, for chrissake! He rubbed the irritated skin under streaming water and I just leaned up against him, ever so slightly. It was really something—we didn't even have to take off our clothes. He just dropped his pants a little, and I pulled mine down halfway. It was really wild the next day in class as we presented our little experiment. I kept laughing to myself about how we had just screwed on that same spot only twelve hours earlier. That guy wanted to see me, but by this time I just wasn't into any heavy dates.

"I graduated and immediately moved out of my grandparents' home. I was supposed to attend a junior college in town, but I couldn't afford it now that I had to pay my own living expenses. I got this dreadful little job as a secretary. Funny thing is that when I got this little studio apartment for myself, my sexual activities ceased immediately. I think that summer was one of the dullest in my life, and so in the fall I moved to another city and another secretarial job. But I did start to take some evening classes at a university. I really wanted that B.A. degree.

"Almost my first week in this new city, a mutual friend introduced me to Tony. He was taking the same evening class that I was, and so we had a few dates those first evenings right after class. Within a couple of months we were engaged, and a month later we got married. I met his very Italian family. They approved and there was no shortage of money. Tony always had a lot of cash floating around, and his apartment—just off campus—was something else. It was quite a switch from the rather cramped quarters I had been accustomed to.

"Well, I'm sure Tony will give you *his* version of our sexual relationship. I must say I will be interested to hear it. Things went wrong practically from our wedding night. He apparently believed he was marrying a virgin. I guess he was expecting blood all over the sheets or something. But it wasn't exactly the first time for him either! He wanted to pop the old virgin's cherry but, of course, a few dozen guys had beaten him to the chore. That night, I told him about Patrick and decided to skip some of the other episodes from that last month in high school. Since, however, I've told him about the other guys—in great detail!

"Anyway, a few nights after our wedding night, I thought I would surprise him with a really sexy see-through negligee. But he absolutely sputtered with rage when he saw me in the thing, and started calling me all sorts of names. 'That's massage-parlor stuff!' he said. I remember thinking at the time, 'Well, how does he know about massage-parlor stuff if it's so disgusting?' But I didn't say that to him then.

"So our sex life continued for the next few weeks on rather staid lines. I mean, Tony wasn't a brute or anything, but he was, well . . . disappointing as a lover. Also, it was so routine—two or three times a week, and never, never on a Monday. Then one night I sort of moved towards him, thinking we hadn't done it for a while and he might want to. And he said something like 'Mm, not tonight, Marie.' The same thing happened the next night and the next, and I couldn't make out what was wrong. So on the weekend I took extra trouble at bedtime, doing my hair and everything, and he got into bed. But again he wouldn't do it, so I said, 'Look, Tony, what is all this?' And he wouldn't tell me. He just said he was tired or something, but finally—this was not until the next weekend—I said, 'Look, don't you find me attractive anymore or what is it?' Then he came out with it! He was afraid he couldn't oblige his charming wife because he had somehow picked up an 'infection.' Well, I mean, I couldn't even understand what he was talking about—it was so completely out of the blue—but finally I understood. He had VD!

"At first I just couldn't speak, I was so amazed, but finally I managed to ask, 'Well, where did you catch it?' He just said, 'Where do you think?' Of course, I had no idea and then it all came out—how he had probably caught it from some old whore and that the doctor had told him it was a very serious case. He had probably carried the infection for at least a year! I mean, I ask you! This was the man who was disgusted because I wasn't a virgin! Well, that was it as far as I was concerned. I told him I was not interested in competing with any old whore. Well, he got really pissed off and began to whip me with his leather belt. He didn't really slap me around, just kind of teased me with it—more of an annoyance than anything else. It soon became apparent that he wasn't doing this to punish me, but that he was really getting off on the whole thing. It was like he was having sex with me, only his belt was acting as his penis! He finally said that either I allow him to fuck me, or he was really going to start using his belt. Of course I had no choice. We both came a couple minutes later, though.

"I got myself some shots the next day—I mean, I certainly didn't want to catch some old whore's dirt. He told me later that he didn't have VD, and he just said that to get me upset. It doesn't make much difference, anyway, because since that whipping scene I refuse to even sleep in the same room with him. I think I can say I'm mature enough to look after myself now. Tony has tried to talk to me about this whipping episode but I refuse to. As far as I am concerned, there is really nothing more to say about this entire situation. I hope he'll be honest with you at least, but I doubt it very much."

ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

If one ever needed an example to support the statement that today's young—while trying to act sexually liberated—are, in fact, as muddled and inhibited as their parents' and grandparents' generations were, one could not find a better example than this marriage. Both Tony and Marie have been the victims of religious restraints on their sexual behavior. Their experiences would seem to imply that they have rid themselves of these restraints, but they are actually just as much the victims of mores as people ever were.

Tony still adheres to the traditional view of the male sex role—the initiator of and dominant partner in all sexual activities. Indeed, his view of the woman's role is so extreme that I have found it difficult to believe that a young man could think this way in this day and age. "I don't hold that a wife should pounce on her husband whenever she's feeling aroused. I know that women have sexual urges that need satisfying just as men do, but they should be able to control themselves. Marie, however, always takes the dominant role in our lovemaking. She says she can only 'get off' if she's on top."

Tony should know that this is, in fact, true of quite a number of women. In some cases, it is the psychological desire to dominate her partner which allows her to climax only in the superior position, but in many more cases it is a physical cause. It would seem that the configuration of the clitoris, sex lips, and vagina can be such that the clitoris is properly stimulated only when the woman straddles her partner.

Marie's preferences could be based on physical cause, but even if it is of psychological origin it should not make Tony feel that she is usurping his male sex role. Let me explain why, and in doing so I shall be revealing for the first time in *Penthouse* a thought that came to me a month or two ago, one which has already helped a number of men and women with this kind of problem.

For the past eighteen months I have asked many, many hundreds of men and women who have come to see me—regardless of what their problems were—which position they most frequently use for coupling. Even when an extensive range of positions is known and practiced, the missionary position alternated by the woman-astride remains the most popular by about five to one. In other words, for every one other position used, the missionary and woman-above are used five times.

At the same time, however, I also discovered that many women resent that the man-above position is used most because it is symbolic to them of male sexual dominance. Equally, quite a large number of men resent the woman-above because it symbolizes female sexual dominance.

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THE HAPPY HUSTLER

An uninhibited autobiography of a male prostitute.

By Grant Tracy Saxon

"Tracy, honey," a beautiful older woman said to me, lifting my head from between her legs.

"What?"

She ran her hands through my hair. "I gotta tell you something. You're the greatest lay I've ever had. I love the way you do my clit with your tongue!"

I went back to doing it.

But she lifted my head again and said, "Do it now. Put it in me!"

I obeyed orders, eagerly. After a little humping, we slowed down because I knew she liked to take it real slow and build to a tremendous climax. In the middle—just when I thought she was concentrating nice and hard on the nice, hard thing I was sliding in and out of her—she said, "Hey, would you speak at my daughter's school about hustling? They've got a prostitute already, but it could be interesting if. . . ."

Try keeping an erection through *that*!

No, I didn't speak at any school. But I do want to say this: Women do not necessarily have a monopoly on the "oldest profession in the world." There are call girls, sure, a hell of a lot of them, but there are also *call boys*. My name is Grant Tracy Saxon. And I'm one of them. Today, for all practical purposes, you would have to call me a madam. I don't much like applying the word to the male of the species, but no one has yet invented a better one. We're all hustlers.

The very first time that I sat down and really thought about being a hustler I was in a lousy jail cell in Los Angeles. I was in the tank (for the first time) with a junkie homosexual hustler, and we had little in common except that we both had been picked up for the same offense—oral copulation. Not with each other, but with our own individual *rich* tricks, who had vanished somehow on the way to the station. I imagine those guys had paid the cops off and there we were in the clink, stuck, broke, hungry, and probably still horny. I'm always horny. That's why I'm good at what I do. I think I was born with a hard-on.

So how did I come to be arrested for sucking a guy's cock in the front seat of his Rolls Royce at three in the morning just outside the doors of Hollywood High? Ridiculously enough, it began with a woman who offered me ten bucks if I would pull down my pants and let her suck *my* cock. Life's one big fucking circle!

I believe that everyone is basically bisexual. It doesn't take a hell of a lot to get a guy to "try it" with another guy if you're in the right situation at the right time. For example, take a three-way, two guys and a girl—doesn't the law of averages tell you that the guys are bound to touch each other now and then in the course of *ménage à trois* lovemaking?

Most call boys are bisexual. No, perhaps that isn't true. *Most* call boys are *homo*sexual; a *great many* of them are *bi*sexual. And only a few are straight, tried-and-true "women studs" (strictly hetero studs), and they find it hard in the profession because they have to compete with the boys who are bisexual and will fuck women and their men. Because they do not swing both ways, they find even less security to fall back on than most call boys. In any case, hustling is a precarious profession. Sometimes a kid will find himself a handsome old dowager who becomes his "old lady"—until she sees a prettier one and dumps him. I know; it happened to me.

There is no other word for it. I am a madam, and like many of my female counterparts I can't survive on only one sex. If I'm off for a week with a special lady who pays well for my services, I find myself longing for a cock, and will occasionally slip off conveniently with a bellhop or some other cute boy and have a *quickie*. And the same thing happens in reverse. If a gentleman has acquired my services, taking me, say, on a vacation to the Bahamas, I'll no doubt end up spending an hour of our five days together shacking up with a woman just to remind myself what pussy feels like—not to mention the extra fifty bucks I may gain in the process.

Today, I'm head of the biggest call-boy ring in the country. If I boast about it, well, it's because I'm proud of where I am and what I do. But more than tell you about what I do, I want to tell you what started me off in this line of work in the first place—hustling, that is. You wonder what hustling is, exactly? Same as hooking, only it's a guy selling his body instead of a woman. Any way you cut it, we're prostitutes, and if we're good at it, if we're worth the top money which some of us command, it's a hell of a satisfying job.

My parents, Virginia and the Reverend, were preaching, drinking, making money, and screwing their way through the Bible Belt. Where did that leave me? I had no idea, but I knew where the train depot was and I had a little money saved, at least enough to get me to another city, maybe Chicago, maybe further west where it was warmer. I had enough money for a one-way ticket to Kansas City, and that sounded as far away as China from where I was.

"A guy's cock is a barometer of sex. If you're going to be a stud, you'd better learn to keep it up."

I wasn't on the train fifteen minutes when a gorgeous woman in her forties, dressed in a mink coat, offered me ten dollars to let her suck my cock.

I did.

And that's how it all began.

Eleanor, the woman who offered me the money, really stunned me because she started asking me such leading questions. When her hand touched my sandy hair, I tingled. "You're really a hunky little kid," she said with a wink. And then she came right out and asked if I'd ever had a blow job from a woman before and I told her yes, as a matter of fact, about nine hours ago.

She admitted openly that young boys—teenagers—were her passion, that they always had been since she was fifteen and was raped by a man in his sixties. Young boys posed no threat, they did not frighten her. She had her husband believing she was slightly frigid, letting him lay her once a month or so. She knew he would never be able to understand her need to suck teenage cock, so she went out of town to do it—to spare him the embarrassment should she ever be caught. "And what do I find not *in* Chicago, mind you, but on the *way* to Chicago?" That was her gig—she occasionally traveled to Chicago to do some "shopping," which meant finding young boys to suck off.

"I'll go to the ladies room and you follow along the hall. I'll let you in after you tap once." Eleanor got up and went into the bathroom. I was at her heels. She sat on the toilet, fully dressed, while I leaned against the locked door. She had my zipper down in a second and opened the buckle on my belt with one hand. I was impressed with how adept she was, how fast. She knew her stuff.

"Holy Jesus," she said when she pulled my half-hard cock out of my undershorts. She stared at it in amazement and then looked up at me and said, "I just got the best bargain of the year. You could be making money with this kind of equipment!" Then she stared at it again as she pulled my pants down to my knees with her other hand and then cupped my balls.

"Oh darling, your balls," she moaned, and started licking them. I went nuts. I never knew that a person could take all of a guy's testicles into her mouth. She sucked one in and then the other, and then dipping her head real low as I spread my legs as far as I could with my underwear and pants being jumbled around my ankles, she sucked both of my nuts into her mouth and wrapped her tongue over them. I couldn't stand it and I grabbed my cock to start beating off because I wanted to come so badly, but she slapped my hand and stopped me. She wanted her ten bucks' worth! And she got it, believe me. Today I would charge at least fifty dollars for the same services.

She sucked my balls just as though she were sucking a cock, up and down, pulling them in and out of her mouth, tickling my asshole with her fingers, playing lightly with my cock, which was looming out over her head.

Then she licked my thighs and nestled her head into my crotch, letting her dark shining hair entwine around my cock. She kept kissing the shaft, the tip, but not quite taking it in her mouth, no matter how much I pleaded and begged. Finally, my pubic hair (which still wasn't very thick) covered with her saliva, she grabbed the base of my dick and held it out at a ninety-degree angle to my body.

"Please. . . ." I couldn't stand it!

She took it all at once. Her lips fitted around the tip and continued down as far as possible, the head of my dick resting down in her throat for a minute while she closed her eyes and stopped moving her fingers over my wet balls.

"Oh, it feels so good," I moaned, rocking my hips.

"Mmmmmmmm," she moaned back, agreeing, I guess. Then she started moving back and forth, working her hand and lips and tongue until I thought I would crack up.

"I'm commmming. . . ."

"No," she said, pulling her lips from my cock, "not yet, not yet. Please. Just let me taste it awhile longer." And she went back to it and started sucking lightly, almost tickling the underside of the head, which I loved. I closed my eyes and listened to the rumble of the train, and then I realized we were slowing down.

"We're stopping," I said. And that was enough to get her to bring me off. She slammed her face down so hard on my long dick, I couldn't imagine how the hell she didn't gag! (I know now—I'm an expert.)

I heard the conductor shout, "Kenosha. Kenosha, next stop. Keeeeenosha!"

And with that I cringed, pushed my cold naked ass off the metal door of the little bathroom, and shot off into her mouth. She tried to swallow all of it, but I guess there was so much she choked a little, and a dribble of come ran down to her black dress. But she didn't seem to mind because she moaned and purred all the time she was down there. My cock began to soften in her mouth as the train came to a stop.

When I heard people talking and moving around in the aisle, I said, "Shouldn't we go back to our seats now?"

She looked up and finally let my cock fall from her mouth. "Yes, now's the best time."

So I hitched up my pants. Only after she kissed my dick again and had wiped the dribble of come from the front of her dress, we opened the door to the bathroom and drifted into the clump of people lining the aisle, getting on and off at the Kenosha depot.

Once the train pulled out again, we started talking. She asked what I planned to do after I changed trains in Chicago and continued on to Kansas City. Did I have enough money to exist in Kansas City?

"I have the ten dollars you gave me," I said, feeling it tucked in the pocket of my pants.

"That's it?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes."

"Kid, how do you expect to live?"

I shrugged. "I guess I'll get a job. I don't know."

She paused a minute and then said, "You don't need a job—you *are* a job! Lots of women like me will pay lots of money to get a taste of what's in your pants. Find one who'll give you a place to live, clothes on your back, food on the table, and an education. You've got more than enough to pay for it."

I still was perplexed. "*A guy's cock can't do all that*," I thought. I didn't know what to say, but she read my mind.

"Come on, honey, there's a brain in there somewhere," she said, playfully knocking at my head.

"Listen," she said after a few minutes, "would you like to make another ten bucks?"

I turned to her. "How?" I asked naïvely.

"Can you come again? We can fuck standing up in the bathroom."

I grinned my most shit-eatingest little-boy grin, and we went back to the bathroom—and stayed there till the train pulled into Chicago.

We got off the train there and for the second time that day Eleanor suggested, "Cash in the rest of that ticket and get the money. Find yourself a place to stay for the night. If you go on to Kansas City, you won't find anything to hold you very long. Listen, take my advice and call Helen. Here's her card." She reached in her bag again and finally found a calling card with a printed number.

So I took her advice. I cashed in the rest of my ticket and decided to try my luck in Chicago. I pulled out the little card with Helen's number on it. After three rings, a woman's voice merely said, "Yes?"

"Um . . . Helen?"

"One moment. Can I ask who's calling?"

"Gra . . . I mean, Tracy. Tracy Saxon. I don't think she knows who. . . ." I heard a *click* and realized someone had come on the line with us. Then another *click*, and I knew the woman who had answered had hung up.

"You don't think who knows who?" the woman's booming voice asked.

"Me. I don't think Helen knows me."

"I'm Helen. Who is this?"

"Tracy Saxon."

"Eleanor!"

"Yes. . . . Then Eleanor told you I might be calling." I was trembling, but I was damn glad she knew who I was.

"Tracy, honey, anyone Eleanor sends me is royalty, believe me! Listen, you hop in a cab and you tell 'em you want to go to this address. I'll be watching out the window."

When I finally got into a cab—the first taxi I had been in in my life—I mumbled the address and put my head back, feeling dizzy.

"You got the money to pay, kid?" the cabbie asked.

"My aunt will pay you when we get there."

He looked at the address he had just written on his pad. He nodded and snuffed. "Yeah, I guess with an address like this, she'll have the coins."

"Well," I thought as we rode along, "at least Helen lives in a nice place."

Another understatement. A palace you could have called it. It's really too bad there are no whorehouses left like hers any longer. Helen's place has since become a high-rise development. But in its day it was one of the best, one of the most popular brothels this side of the Mississippi.

"Many women will pay a lot to get a taste of what's in a guy's pants."

And it's where I got my basic training, so to speak.

Helen was a big dyke who tended toward being butch, but she didn't come on too strong because she had the shape of a Totie Fields. She was an amazing woman, warm and understanding but firm and demanding at the same time. Her girls and her boys, of which I became one, were the finest the city had to offer. She was fair to them, gave them one night off every week, served them the best of food, kept them in the best of shape by making them visit a superb doctor every three weeks, and insisted on cleanliness of body and spirit. That is to say the attitude of everyone who worked in her place was a positive one and high spirits abounded—no bitch fights between the girls, no cat fights, no drunken johns throwing furniture out the windows, no one being allowed special favors or outlandish credit. It was a well-run house, and I was happy there—until I grew restless and got my own place.

"You want to work for me?" asked Helen. "I'll get your identification changed so you'll be nineteen. You'll get half of what the customers pay for your services, and what you don't already know I'll teach you. How long is your cock?"

I blinked. "Wh . . . what?"

"My ladies want to know sometimes. Jerry, his is seven inches. Paul's got an average six, but it's nice and thick. I've been needing a third boy for a long time now, but I just haven't found the right one. I need someone hung."

"I don't really know how big it is," I finally said.

She winked. "That's all right, 'cause Eleanor already told me. That's why I was happy that you called. I want to help you, Tracy, and in turn you'll help me. No strings attached. You can walk out the door any time you like."

It sounded wonderful.

Helen asked me if I cared to perform for her with Lacey, one of her girl prostitutes, so she could study my technique and see where I needed improvement. I agreed. Helen told me we would get together the next morning, and I should not beat off that night or before breakfast because "a tired stud is no stud at all." I have never forgotten those words, and they are the first words I tell any new boy who works for me.

Still, women have an easier time being prostitutes than men do; they have nothing to "get up." If they are sexually turned off to the man they're with, chances are the man will never know it. The girl may hate his guts, find him revolting, and yet she stands a good chance of gaining a tip if she makes one phony "ooooh" or "ahhhh" or wraps her legs around his behind, pretending she is adoring the fact that his cock is inside her. Her john can be making passionate love to her and she can be thinking about the weather or politics or what to buy her mother for Christmas. The trick will never know.

But a stud is stuck with something which will give his feelings away at the slightest glance—a prick. If it is big and hard, the customer feels he or she is satisfying you and that he or she is getting their money's worth. If you go limp, you may as well go out the window. A guy's cock is sort of a barometer of sex. If you're going to make a living at being a stud you'd better learn to keep it up.

I've been lucky—seems I'm naturally horny, which means I can get an erection at the snap of a finger. But for some goddamn reason, the morning when I was to show Helen just what a great little fucker I was, my peter petered out on me. I couldn't get it up to fuck Lacey for either love or money (not that she was offering any). Helen asked if I had gone ahead and beat off in the night, if I had had a wet dream. Nope, not that I knew of. Fact was, I had had a nightmare. Did I want to try another girl instead of Lacey? No, I didn't think that would do any good. Did I want a boy? No. So what was my problem? I'd never had trouble getting an erection in my life!

Lacey tried everything, jerking me up and down, turning me on my stomach and licking my ass gently, first each buttock then between them, and finally spreading them with her hands, sticking her tongue into my rectum just a little. It felt sensational, but my dick just hung there like Polish sausage in the meat market—dead. Lacey sucked on it, licked my balls, let me play with her beautiful breasts, let me spread her vagina and run my tongue up and down, tickling her clit with both my tongue and fingers, but still where it counted most I was a failure.

Helen got up and left.

"Sorry, baby, but it happens," Lacey said, lighting a cigarette. "Just last night, I had this john who's been coming to me three years now, three whole years!" (I could hardly believe she had been a whore for three years—she looked

as though she couldn't have been older than eighteen.) "Last night he conks out, just like that, pfffffft!"

I giggled. She put her finger in her lips, filled her mouth with air, and made a loud popping sound when she released her finger. "So what did you do?" I asked.

"Played Scrabble."

I fell back onto the bed in a fit of laughter. "Did that get him to get it up for you?"

"No, baby, but it sure as hell made him happy," she said, sitting there in the little chair in the corner of the room, pulling her nightie over her bare brown shoulders.

"Why?""

" 'Cause he *won*!"

And then we both doubled over in laughter. The poor guy comes to the best and most expensive whorehouse in the city of Chicago and ends up winning a game of Scrabble. "I don't believe it," I cried, laughing till tears filled my eyes. "It's too silly!"

"I know," Lacey laughed, "and it cost the poor bastard a hundred smackeroos!"

"Oh, Christ!" I kicked my feet into the air, feeling impish and wild and crazy. All of a sudden I realized that my cock was standing out in front of my body.

"Oooooooh, baby," Lacey said, noticing the same thing I did, at the very same time. She stood up and dropped her little nightie to the floor. "Tracy, honey, all you needed was a little loosening up. You was all tight inside!"

And before Helen could make it up the steps (Lacey had pressed the buzzer next to the bed before jumping in with me), we were going at it like dogs in heat.

Helen stood in the door, watching us bouncing on the bed, changing positions, fucking upside down, sideways, half on the bed, half on the floor, on the chair, standing up, just about everything short of swinging from the chandelier. When I finally came I pulled out at Lacey's pleas, and shot the rest of my big load all over her face.

"Baby," she moaned, licking the sperm from around her lovely lips, "you're good."

"But I wonder how I'd do at Scrabble?" I replied, and we both fell to the bed in laughter again.

Helen gave her seal of approval and walked away, ready to turn me loose on her customers. I guess I knew enough to satisfy most of them, and what I didn't know I learned or improvised. Like any job, the longer you work at it, the better at it you become—if you like it.

And I loved what I was doing. Life at Helen's was a tremendous experience. I learned to participate in three-ways, that is, when a woman wanted two guys at the same time. Another guy and I would usually share her. He would fuck her in the pussy while she sucked me off. Or, I would jerk off between her breasts as she licked my asshole, while the other guy fucked her, kneeling between her legs. One time, I put my dick up a girl's pussy, while this other stud slid his penis up her behind, and I was amazed that I could feel his cock rubbing against mine inside her! She evidently like it too—she tipped us twenty-five dollars each.

I didn't make a hell of a lot of money right off the bat, because, I found out, Helen didn't have a lot of women customers. Most houses are frequented by men since women are usually the sole residents and workers. Some houses keep a few boys for the ladies who wish to pay for their services, although most stud services are just that—services like mine which operate from a switchboard arrangement. The woman calls, she tells me whom she wants or the kind of boy she wants if she doesn't know one in particular, what he is to do, how long he is to do it. Then I set a price and she either agrees, disagrees, or haggles, and finally she tells me where to send him. That's the kind of house I run today, which is not a house at all, in the real sense of the word. Most houses today are apartments and they are filled with girls, and only girls.

Lesbians often visit all-girl whorehouses because a great number of hookers are gay themselves and they sometimes welcome the chance to make money while at the same time really getting off making love with someone of their own sex. Madams often like to watch the girls perform since most madams are bisexual, and sometimes they even join in with their girls for a little roll in the hay. I know the madam of a big house in Miami who won't give the girls their money unless they spread their legs for her and allow her to slip the rolled bills into their pussies. She's a gas, honestly. When you call there, chances are she has the phone in one hand and a pretty young coed's tit in the other. There are all kinds. But Xaviera Hollander, the best of them all, has told you about them, so why repeat it here? Male madams, though, are another story completely. . . .

Helen first started explaining it to me when I worked for her that spring. She called me into the library one afternoon and closed the door. "Tracy, you're becoming my most popular boy. I want to ask you something, and I want you to be perfectly frank with me. See, once in a while I get a few guys in here and they decide, maybe after they've had one of the girls, that they wanna try a boy. Or sometimes one of the women customers tells me she has a friend, a guy who's gay, and would any of my boys . . . ?" She threw her hands into the air.

"I understand what you're saying. Susan told me only last night that she wished her husband, who's bisexual, could take a go at me."

"She did, huh?" Helen asked, rubbing her chin. "Yeah, well, I don't like it when customers start arranging things themselves."

I learned another lesson right there—keep your mouth shut. If you do, you'll last longer and get bigger tips.

"Tracy, when I get a guy in here—and I only take guys on special reference, you understand—well . . . when I take a guy in here, I charge him a good fee because he's getting something out of the ordinary."

I was confused. "You mean a guy who wants one of us boys, right?"

"Right. Well, I like to give him the most for his money, and since Paul isn't into that scene at all, I give them all to Jerry. I was wondering if you might. . . ."

"No."

"No? You made up your mind so fast? You scared?"

"No, that's not it. I just would rather not, at least not now. Maybe in another month or two." (Sooner than later, though, I came around to doing it with guys and digging it.)

On the way out, I stopped her and asked, "Helen, do they have houses just for boys?"

"You mean exclusively for homosexuals?"

"Yes."

"Sure, but not many. Too many hustlers are on the streets; they're too easy to find. That's why I was asking you—seems some of the better class of people don't want to risk picking up kids out of the alleys."

I smiled at that.

"See, Tracy," she said, putting her stubby arm on my shoulder, "running a house isn't easy. It takes a firm fist, an eye for cops and raids, and a brain for keeping books—for remembering which guy gets which girl, which guy likes Jeannie to give him a bubble bath, which guy demands tea to be served right after he comes, which guy wants French ticklers. I know a lot of madams, and some of them have the right kind of heads for this work, and I'm one of them. But I've never met a male homosexual who could do it. Something too flighty about them. Gay houses just don't last."

I have come to learn that what she said that day has some truth in it, although it is largely a generalization. I can dispute the theory by telling you about a gay house in New Orleans which is run by two of the silliest, simpiest queens you'd ever want to (or never want to) meet. You'd swear they can't fart and wave at the same time, but I mean it. They have one of the best houses going—and I mean *house*, two floors of Southern-plantation charm and charming Southern boys.

But Helen was right in a lot of ways. Gay houses usually are run by the wrong people and they close down pretty quickly. Even the stud services come and go like the wind. One will open up and the code will be dropped into the underground—or are they now more *above*-ground?—newspapers like the *Advocate*, the *L.A. Free Press*, *Screw*, the *Berkeley Barb*, *San Francisco Ball*, and many others. If they catch on—and they usually do at first, the current trend being to list them as "private massage parlors"—the code spreads to the big-time rags. But they're loosely connected organizations without any hope of management—that's why I keep only a certain number of boys, no more no less, and survive.

I don't think Helen meant that all homosexuals are flighty. But it takes a hustler with a good head on his shoulders to run a house. That is, it takes a good hustler to bridge the step from just plain hustler to madam.

I've done it, but I'm one of the few.

In an all-boy house when you're working out of one residence like the New Orleans place, you have to be careful of something else: A man will sometimes resent it if he finds out that the trick his beautiful little boy had just an hour before him was a woman. Many (most?) homosexuals paying for a hunky nineteen-year-old cock don't like to know that that hunky dick has recently been inside a cunt! And same goes for a woman customer If she's shelling out good money for a stud, she sometimes doesn't like to find out his nine inches are more often than not up the asshole of a forty-year-old man. If you don't set up appointments, for God's sake, at least arrange a way to get the guy out before the woman goes in, or vice versa. It can get rather confusing, as you can see. That's why I prefer a service—I'll send the boys to the customer or I'll arrange a room. There's less chance of getting busted that way, too, and I've had that happen. This kind of service is my "house." It's nobody's home, but it's one helluva living.

Now I'm twenty-seven years old. And, as Helen would say, "This kid's been around." I graduated from her place and now have my own "house." I've met countless men and women, and with my skills I've tried to make their lives a bit brighter by putting into very real terms what may have remained only a fantasy for them.

I'm *supposed* to be rough, seasoned, hard. Isn't that what people expect of a hustler? If that's what they expect, that's what they get. As I said, you give me a scenario, I'll act out any role. I'm a hustler. I bring pleasure to others and that makes me happy. Why should anyone want to change that?

UNITED STATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

wears. Three-quart bottles of Arpège and Chanel, vats of caviar, and the latest in thick-soled sport shoes abound in the scores of new shops and boutiques along the avenues around the Kuwaiti palace of Al-Salem. Interior decorators' shops have multiplied as rapidly as General Motors dealerships.

When they care to—which was just about all the time with Saudi Arabia's King Ibn Saud for instance—the Arabs can out-consume *anybody*. When Ibn Saud was king, and his son Faisal was prince, it came to pass that the young man developed stomach ulcers and a gallstone. Of course he was sent to New York for treatment, and he brought with him six wives, seventeen relatives and retainers, 105 trunks, four cars, and presumably a little light reading. Arabs don't shop, they have environments created around them.

The Japanese, on the other hand, are inveterate shoppers—in fact they've made shopping an intense occupation when they go *intanashonaru*, which is "international" to you and me. Take the Manhattan dealer in modern prints and graphics, whom we'll call Lascare. Lascare is what is called in the New York art scene an "appointment only" dealer—that is, he sells works out of his home by appointment. One afternoon, just over a year ago he received a call from a friend, also an art dealer, who has a shop on Madison Avenue in the East Eighties. The friend told him that two Japanese had just come into his shop asking what French Impressionists' prints were available. "I told them I could put my hands on a couple of good Renoirs and possibly some others and to give me a couple of days. They left a card."

Lascare began to mobilize. He notified more than a dozen of his dealer-friends of the Japanese request, and he set up a date to show their wares at his apartment. The Japanese were then invited to Lascare's apartment to see an extensive collection of modern prints, not just Impressionists. Actually, the collection was made up of the entire stock of all the dealers' galleries, homes, and dusty storage bins, feverishly delivered by station wagons and trucks to the Lascare apartment just off Park Avenue in the Seventies. Then came the evening when the Japanese arrived. . . . But let Lascare's friend tells about it:

"They come in—two of them. They're both wearing those dark gray suits the Japanese wear. You know, and the white shirts with the funny short collars and thin ties. You can always tell a Japanese by his thin tie. Anyway these guys come in. Lascare offers them a drink, coffee . . . whatever. They don't want anything. They sit on the couch. One guy says nothing. But the other guy asks in pretty good English, 'Where are the art?' So they're sitting there and we—all of us—start walking stuff through. Christ, you'd think we

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were at Lord and Taylor's for a fashion show. We walk through holding the pieces up, and this guy, the fat guy who doesn't say anything, he just nods or shakes his head.

"The other guy watches and says, 'We want this one,' or 'No, thank you,' depending upon whether the fat guy nods or not. This goes on for about three hours. He's saying yes, no, yes, yes, yes, no, no, yes . . . like that, and we're making piles of the stuff. We're selling some good stuff, but did we ever unload some shit on them too. Anyway, at the end of the three hours, they had bought, I guess, maybe a hundred and fifty or two hundred pieces. They never asked the price of anything. It was 'yes' or 'no,' and that was it. Only then does the fat guy say something. And you know what he says? He looks up and says, 'You send invoice'—and the two of them leave their cards and walk out. Just like that! We made a fucking bundle. There's really only so much to sell, but that was one *good* night."

That Japanese buying spree at "Lascare's" is typical of other buying here. New York merchants say that the Japanese almost never quibble about price; they simply appear to want to buy everything, *anything*, that's available. In recent months they've branched out into precious stones, first folio Shakespeares, antiques—particularly Chinese porcelain—thoroughbred horses, Victorian jewelry, American Indian art, and, of course, Japanese prints. Art is especially attractive to the Japanese buyer, because it can be carried back to Japan duty-free.

In other areas the Japanese are far more eclectic than their Middle Eastern counterparts—$15 million for zippers in Macon, Georgia; $80 million in mining, fisheries, and petroleum exploration in Alaska; department stores, hotels, golf courses, and undeveloped real estate in Hawaii. The latter investments were until very recently regarded as frightening by Hawaiians, who felt that the rapid rate of Japanese investment could end in the foreign domination of the state's economy, particularly in the area of tourism. It has been estimated that Japanese investment in Hawaii has passed the quarter-of-a-billion mark already.

Many reasons have been advanced for Japan's economic aggressiveness overseas. At home, there had been considerable pressure for many years on the part of the Japanese government to have the accumulation of foreign reserves put to work. Direct foreign investment was the government's wish, and the industrialists have gone out and invested with that singleness of purpose which characterizes most of Japan's national endeavors.

For example, in 1957 Japan was host for the Asian Games, which is a miniature Olympics restricted to countries in the Pacific area. It became a question of national pride to create suitable sports arenas, running tracks, pools, and fields of all sorts. To do so, the Japanese simply commandeered a portion of suburban Tokyo and built an Olympic City of concrete, steel, and fiberglass with truly amazing speed.

It has been just the same with foreign investments. It was deemed good for Japan to invest overseas, thus there would be investment overseas. Other factors contributed, of course. The government had twice devalued the yen, making it excessively expensive to manufacture goods for export within Japan and, conversely, less expensive to construct plants outside the country, buy raw materials there, and manufacture goods to sell at home. And there simply wasn't any suitable, vacant land in the islands of Japan for industrial expansion. The country is tiny, land is both scarce and expensive, and the cost of electricity is prohibitive. The rising cost of Japanese labor also spurred efforts to manufacture elsewhere in Southeast Asia.

It was recently reported from Tokyo by the Normura Research Institute, a securities company "think tank," that Japan's foreign investments had soared to $7 billion, and that the peaceful domination by the Japanese of the areas they once held as conquerors, while not complete, was extensive. "Despite the recent increase of direct investment in the United States and other advanced nations," the report said, "Japanese firms' investment abroad is still much greater in Korea, Singapore, Taiwan, Malaysia, Thailand, Indonesia, and Brazil."

> By 1980 the Arab states could possess $300 billion of the world's currency reserves, or three-quarters of the total!

Brazil? That wasn't in the "Co-Prosperity Sphere." Or was it?

And the report went on, "This is not only because of the cheap labor but also to diversify export bases of Japanese firms." The products dealt with in this surge of investment were electronics, textiles and synthetic fabrics, automobiles, nonmetallic minerals, and paper. Behind the surge, however, was the single factor that governs Japan's industrial expansion—it lacks sufficient land and raw materials to support its position as the world's fastest-growing economic power. Therefore it *must* expand beyond its shores. Ironically, in the United States, Japanese expansion has been relatively easy. There are few restrictions placed on foreign investors here with regard to controlling or owning American-based companies. This is not true in Japan, where foreign investment is frowned upon and made difficult by regulations. A further comparison finds that the United States, at least until recently, did not feel that it *had* to export. Japanese believe that the exact reverse is true of themselves. Thus they have been aggressive manufacturers and exporters, importers of great amounts of profits, and ultimately aggressive consumers.

Americans have warmly welcomed the Japanese to this country. In the last year or two, delegations from Texas, Alabama, Virginia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, and other states visited Japan to woo manufacturers to come to their states. In 1973 thirty-eight states sent development experts and representatives to seminars run by Japanese manufacturers in Tokyo and Osaka. The Commerce Department in Washington reported that as many as three Japanese delegations a week visit the department's Office of International Finance and Investment to explore capital investment opportunities here.

These delegations visit other countries as well. The Japanese government—always with the knowledge that it must import 99 percent of its total oil requirement—assisted a consortium of private Japanese companies with an investment of $800 million in Abu Dhabi oil fields. In return Japan is expected to receive an average of 176 million barrels of oil a year for the next thirty years. Which is just fine with Abu Dhabi, the smallest, and perhaps ultimately the richest, of the Arab oil producers.

This tiny Persian Gulf state, with a population of only 100,000 people, is expected to earn $4 billion from oil this year, or about $40,000 for each person—but only if you count *everybody* in Abu Dhabi. Actually, only 30,000 of the people in the state are natives, the rest being entrepreneurs who have arrived from various countries to get in on the gold rush. Fifteen years ago, Abu Dhabi was a fishing village; today it is, in the words of one visitor, "a vast construction site." A tin-roofed town has become a city of banks. A new Hilton stands next to a salt flat—and soon that salt flat will also be another bank, or school, or perhaps a hospital. Boulevards as wide as the Champs Élysées have been cut through the forests of cranes and scaffolds.

Next door, Saudi Arabia earned at least $20 billion in 1974, and by 1980 it could own an estimated $200 billion in foreign investments and currency reserves. Kuwait probably earned more than $7 billion in 1974, and it is predicted that its external holdings will be as high as $100 million by 1980. All told, the oil principalities of the Persian Gulf—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Abu Dhabi, Bahrain, Qatar—together with Iran

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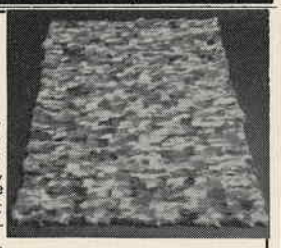

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and Lebanon, could possess $300 billion of the world's currency reserves, or three-quarters of the total! This staggering figure makes it easy to understand why Arab spending in the last couple of years has increased tenfold, a hundredfold . . . maybe a thousandfold? Who can tell?

Spending for consumer goods, as I've mentioned before, has been limited to the domestic scene thus far, but foreign investment is becoming increasingly aggressive, increasingly blue-chip, increasingly sophisticated—and not speculative at all. The Arab countries do not have to speculate, because what they want is solidity and expansion, not quick turnover. This is why they buy real estate—Class A industrial and commercial and residential properties. The Japanese invest for survival; the Arabs because they have so much goddamn money that they just *have* to put it in circulation.

But there is quite a lot of evidence around now that the Arabs are looking at other investments besides real estate. A New York art dealer said recently, "There's absolutely no question that some of the vast Middle East monies have started to spill over into the art world via Beirut. They've bought some Impressionist and Surrealist paintings. None of that Middle East money comes in directly, you see; it goes by stages. There is a tremendous amount of loose money in the world that is looking for a safe, or at least an apparently safe, refuge. So some of that loose money is going to end up in art. And who the buyer actually is doesn't matter too much. It is the fact that there is so much loose money around looking for a haven that accounts for the enormous inflation in the art market."

The dealer told a story of a recent auction at which the Israeli representative of an art fund sat behind, and bid against, an Arab representative of several chieftains. "Both bidders had money in the same Beirut banks."

So circulation of the loose money is the key. Let me give an example, one detailed by Edward Sheehan, a former foreign service officer for the American embassies in Cairo and Beirut, in a survey he did for the *New York Times* magazine. It has to do not with foreign investment but with internal spending in Kuwait, yet it illustrates perfectly the evident Arab philosophy of "keep the money circulating," something the Rockefeller family has been known both to recommend and to do quite well.

The Kuwaiti government buys a patch of land from a Bedouin for $10,000. It sells the land, for less, to another. Then, a short time later it buys the land back from the second buyer for $50,000, thus giving everybody —except the government, which has no desire for it—a profit. This keeps the money flowing, creates personal profits, and encourages personal spending. It is a rather basic way of priming the monetary pump.

On the international level, Kuwait has agreed to buy outright, for $246 million, a British commercial real-estate company with holdings in London's financial quarter,

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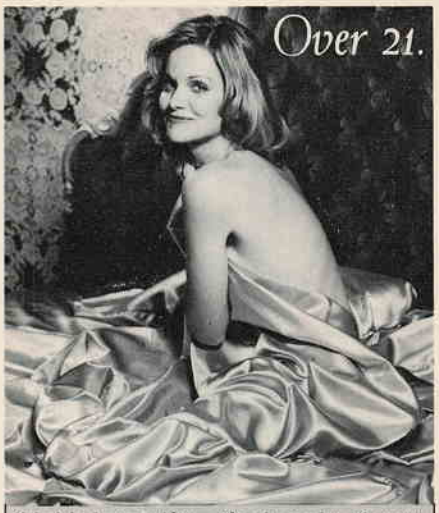

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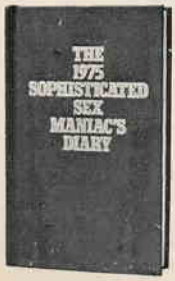

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on the Continent, and in Australia, and it has invested $1.8 billion in British government bonds. Recently Magdi al Tanamli, the general manager of the Kuwait International Investment Company, remarked that Arab oil money would "find its way into equity investments and development loans in capital-hungry Arab countries such as Egypt, Syria, and the Sudan." Parallel with this, however, he continued, "Undoubtedly a healthy percentage of Arab money will find its way outside the Middle East, if only for diversification purposes. I would think that the United States, Japan, Germany, Britain, France, and Spain, in that order, would be the major beneficiaries of such flows." Beneficiaries?

On a far vaster scale this is precisely what the Arabs are also doing in an international way today. And the Americans are helping the circulation. The First National City Bank of Chicago is opening a branch in Dubai, and the Continental Bank of Illinois is reportedly buying an existing bank in Bahrain. The First National City Bank of New York already has branches in Bahrain, Dubai, Qatar, and Abu Dhabi. Manufacturers Hanover Trust of New York has an 18 percent interest in Beirut's Arab Finance Company. The American Express Middle East Development Company is joining with Japanese and other American institutions to set up a bank to invest in construction projects in Saudi Arabia.

Perhaps of even greater significance is the Iranian corporate buy-in into the world of Krupp. On July 19, 1974, it was announced that Iran had agreed to buy 25 percent of this West German steel company, which had been Hitler's armorer in World War II. In return for its money, Iran got membership on the Krupp board, an agreement for permanent technical assistance, and the creation of a joint Iranian-Krupp investment company in Zurich, with a beginning capitalization of $4 million. Said Berthold Beitz, Krupp's chairman, "The Shah has the will to industrialize Iran; we have the technology. So you put the two together." Also putting the two together and not liking the result was Treasury Secretary William Simon, who just two days later met with King Faisal in Saudi Arabia's capital of Jidda to discuss long-term Arab investments in United States companies. The spectacle had its amusing side—only months before Simon had sporadically denounced the Arab countries for "oil blackmail," and yet there he was, listening to Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, Faisal's Minister of Petroleum Affairs, assure him that we need not fear that the Arab countries will buy America up.

But it looks like they may want to do just that. Barely two months after Simon's visit, Saudi Arabia announced that it had decided to buy "well in excess of $5 billion" worth of U.S. Treasury bonds. And Saudi Arabia has already agreed to lend the International Monetary Fund $1.2 billion and agreed to buy a World Bank bond issue of $140 million. Pin money!

And Arab money has recently opened still another, perhaps more subtle, investment field. The Mideast countries are presently spending scads of money by making donations to various American universities, endowing departmental chairs, creating some areas of specialized study and subsidizing others. In return for all this money they have been receiving access to university facilities and records, and almost certainly some favoritism at student-choosing time. Thus the Arabs are buying instant scholarship and expertise.

Professor Ibrahim M. Oweiss of Georgetown University says of Arab investments: "They are studying all prospects and seeking to find on their own what investment demands are open to them." The professor, a native of Egypt, adds, "The United States should take another look at its foreign policy and at the right of Arabs in the area. It should also take another look at its true economic interests. If the United States and the Arabs can build up cooperation and mutual respect, then Arab money will flow into the United States for investment." His message is quite clear, and many people, of course, have called it subtle blackmail. They see Nixon's 1974 Mideastern trip as obeisance to Arab demands.

If this is true, however, our government is only giving official sanction to what American private interests have been involved in now for some time. For instance, Lehman Brothers, the huge New York investment banking firm (with former Commerce Secretary Peter G. Peterson and former Under Secretary of State George Ball providing the leadership) is actively seeking to interest the Arabs in a broad range of long-term investments. And Eastdil Realty, a real-estate affiliate of Wall Street's Blyth, Eastman, Dillon, predicts that Arab oil money, to the tune of $1 billion, will go into American real estate in the next two years. American bankers have become extremely good friends of the Arabs, and, in return, the Arabs have been giving the bankers nothing but encouragement. They know that they will receive good advice simply because they have an endless supply of money—and that bankers always like money.

Unfortunately, in the Middle East money from oil has seldom filtered down to the ordinary citizen. There is little heavy industry, little manufacturing, and much unemployment. In spite of the vats and vats of oil deposited beneath them, most Arabs remain herders and farmers. But television is coming in with its great news of consumer products, and when the message reaches the average man in the desert that there is $100,000 for him, $100,000 for his wife, $100,000 for his son, even—for Allah's sake!—$100,000 for his *daughter*, he is going to want some of it. Then one may expect that the hordes of taciturn people clad in black suits and skinny ties, with cameras dangling from every neck, will be joined on the Staten Island Ferry and Liberty Island by slightly taller tourists, clad in flowing white headveils, and all carrying very expensive fountain pens. ○+—

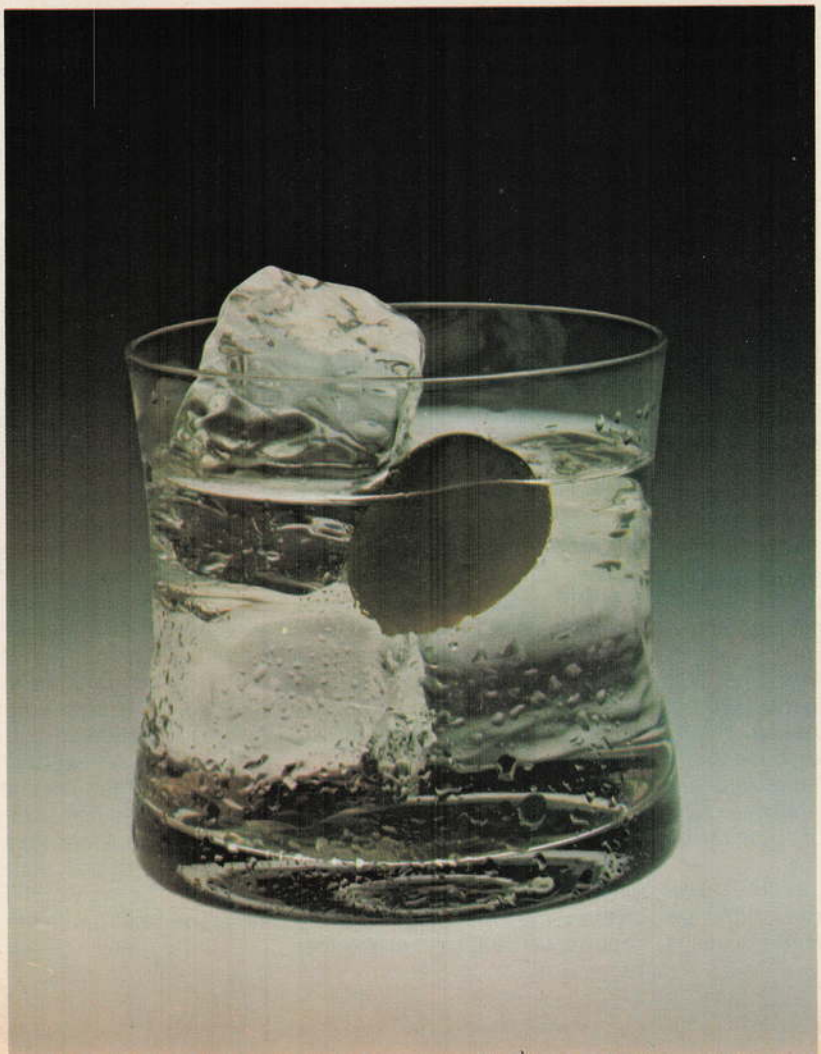
RUM: COLOR IT VERSATILE

BY KEN GOULDTHORPE

Time was when a martini was a martini and that was that. Then somebody substituted vodka for the gin, and a new American bar standard was born. What you're looking at on this page is the *current* vogue in martinis. There is the same, cool, clear inviting look we're all so used to. Only the taste has changed. It's made with light, dry rum. A rum martini? That's right.

Why not? We're into a highly sophisticated seventies' scene in which individual tastes dominate. We don't drink martinis because they're fashionable anymore—we order our drinks to suit our particular palate. Taste and flavor is what it's all about in an era which has deluged us with data on gourmet cooking, fine wines, and "try it, you'll like it."

As a result, we've become far more curious about the origin and nature of what we consume across the board (and bar), and in the process we're rediscovering pure tastes that have been around for a long, long time. Like rum. If you still have the notion that rum is that full-bodied heavy stuff you mix with Coke, or warm to in a Tom and Jerry, forget it. Rum is as versatile and different as the islands from which it comes. It can be enjoyed with an incredible variety of mixers or over the rocks, even sipped after dinner with the relish usually reserved for a fine old cognac. Its uses on this continent predate the Revolution by at least a century, and its origins are far, far older.



Legend has it that some eight centuries before the birth of Christ, Asian farmers—somewhere in what is now southern China—were cultivating sugarcane, grinding it, and boiling down the juices to obtain sugar. When the sugar had crystallized out, the residue (molasses) had a tendency to ferment. It didn't take long before the idea of distilling the mixture occurred to some farsighted Oriental genius, and the resulting brew was a form of rum that is still being produced to this day.

Ancient Arabian seafarers voyaging east in the spice trade cottoned to this local brew and brought back samples and enough cane saplings to start rolling their own. They dubbed their brew *arak*, and in the wake of the Moorish conquest of Spain they raised enough cane to make it practically a Spanish staple. Little wonder then that when Columbus sailed on his second voyage to the West Indies, he took along a few samples from the Canary Islands and had them planted on the island of Hispaniola (now Haiti and the Dominican Republic). The crop spread to neighboring islands, and by the time Ponce de León left Puerto Rico in search of the Fountain of Youth, he left behind fields of thriving sugarcane, which the Colonials were already converting into a heady brew known as *brebaje* or *aguardiente*. It took a couple of centuries' worth of refinement to produce the forerunners of the rums we know today.

By the early eighteenth century, Yankee traders up in New England were not only drinking rums made in Puerto Rico and throughout the West Indies, but importing molasses and making it themselves. Colonial Newport, R.I., had at least nine distilleries, and staid old Boston had eight. Indeed, if ever there was a Spirit of '76, rum was it. Those tough old settlers didn't just drink it—they used it as currency, medicine, anesthetic, and stimulant. They even soaked their tobacco plugs in it. And when it came to imbibing, they thrived on such potions as the Flip,

Bounce, Blackstrap, Kill-Divil, Yard o'Flannel, Stonewall, and Rattle-Skull (the latter being a mixture of rum, brandy, wine, and porter, laced with lime peel and nutmeg—guaranteed to rattle everything).

And today, there's every indication that for America rum is becoming *the* Spirit of '75. Since 1968, rum sales have soared by 50 percent, a growth due in no small measure to a revived appreciation of its enormous versatility. While all rums are made from molasses or sugarcane juice, they come in a wide variety of hues and flavors, depending on just how and where they are made, how long they are aged, and how they are blended. Basically, they break down into two main groups—the light-bodied rums of Puerto Rico, Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic, and the heavier-bodied dark rums from Jamaica, Barbados, the Virgin Islands, Martinique, Guyana (Demerara), Trinidad, and (surprise) New England.

Americans have generally preferred lighter rums by a margin of about ten to one, but until quite recently they also tended to reserve all rum for what they considered to be the traditional rum drinks (planter's punch, daiquiri, Mai Tai, etc.). Now, more educated palates are indulging in a practice that dedicated rum drinkers have long espoused—using light rum as a basic liquor for whatever type of "white spirit" drink fits the mood (hence the rapid rise in the popularity of the rum martini, rum and tonic, rum and soda, etc.) and the dark rums straight, over the rocks, and in sours.

Where rum is concerned, color has little to do with "body." The difference in taste and bouquet between the light- and heavy-bodied varieties is due to variations in the local water, the soil and climate in which the cane is grown, the method of manufacture, and the individual formula of the distiller. Jamaican rums, for instance, are the dark heavyweights. Their pungent molasses flavor and aroma come largely from the addition of "dunder" or "burnt ale"—the skimmings of the sugar boilers—to the molasses. These—along with a few other secret ingredients—are mixed with the molasses and allowed to ferment openly without the addition of other yeast. (Fermentation in Puerto Rican rums is accelerated by the use of carefully cultured yeast.) In general, the "heavies" have a distinct molasses flavor, while the "lights" are very dry with almost no molasses tang. But rum is in effect a "family" concern, and no flat rule applies across the bar. Each rum has its own strongly individual character, and making your own analysis is half the fun.

I can say that with authority—since I've had the rare privilege of tasting most rums in their native habitats, without benefit of mixers and other refinements—but those of you who may not have had the same delicious opportunity can easily distinguish the basic types by checking the place of origin on the bottle label.

Briefly, Barbados is known for fine medium-light rums, while those from Trinidad are heavier, with a more pronounced molasses tang. Jamaica is the bastion of the heavy-bodied, richly flavored rums beloved by the British for centuries. Guadeloupe and Martinique also make rich, robust rums, but the Haitian varieties are light-bodied and often double-distilled for fuller flavor. Guyana's rums are distinguished by the name Demerara, from the local cane which gives them their distinctive character. They're full, but not quite as heavy as the Jamaicans. The rums of the Virgin Islands fit somewhere in between the light and heavy varieties, while Cuban rums are dry and light (but seldom seen in this country since the famed Bacardi family moved from Cuba to Puerto Rico, now the world's largest rum producer). Puerto Rico's classic white and gold rums—the latter dry but with a little more body than the white—are standard throughout the United States. In fact, Puerto Rico currently accounts for some 81 percent of the total sales of rum in this country. It's also the only rum in the world made under strict government regulations, which require, among other things, that the product be distilled at high proof to ensure lightness and aged for at least one year in white-oak barrels. The Puerto Rican gold must mature for a minimum of three years in charred oak, hence it's slightly fuller flavor.

With so many varieties to choose from, how can the would-be rum enthusiast come to know and understand all the subtle flavors, bouquets, and "feel" of rum? Taste is a personal thing. My own advice would be to purchase several small bottles of different varieties and brands and set up a tasting very much in the same manner as a wine tasting. Pour a little in a clear wineglass or a snifter so that the color and bouquet can be noted. Sip the rum and roll it over the tongue, then refresh or clear the palate with a little cheese or a cracker before moving to the next. In this way, the distinctive qualities of the brand can be appreciated. Next, I'd experiment with a few mixers until I became comfortably familiar with the blending of flavors. Seems like a cozy way to pass a Sunday afternoon with a companion who's equally curious about the finer points of rum. If neither of you have the time to spare and wish to move directly into other taste sensations, just remember that "whites" are splendid in martinis, with tonic, orange juice, etc. The darks excel on the rocks, with soda, or in sours. And aged rums have similar sipping characteristics to brandies. *Salud!*

The Blithe Spirit

As we've noted, rum is a versatile refresher either alone or in almost any combination. The following basic rum recipes are intended as a handy guide to a few standard concoctions—further experimentation we leave in your own capable hands:

Rum and Anything

Pour 1½ ounces of white or gold rum over ice in a highball glass. Add your favorite mixer—water, soda, cola (diet or regular) tonic, ginger ale, etc.—or enjoy it straight or on the rocks. Remember that dark rums are superlative neat or over the ice.

Rum Martini

Combine 2 ounces of white rum with dry vermouth to taste. Stir with ice and serve straight up or on the rocks, with a lemon twist or an olive.

Rum Gimlet

Mix 1½ ounces white rum, 1 ounce lime juice with an optional teaspoon of sugar. Shake with ice and serve it straight or on the rocks.

Daiquiri

Take 1½ ounces of white rum, the juice of half a lime and a flat teaspoon of sugar. Shake with ice and strain into a cocktail glass. Add a dash of bitters for a sharper tang.

Frozen Daiquiri

Use the above ingredients, but substitute cracked ice and blend the ingredients in an electric blender for ten to twenty seconds. For peach, banana, orange, strawberry, and pineapple daiquiris, simply add the individual fruit to suit your own taste requirement before blending.

Rum Sour

Mix 1½ ounces of full-bodied dark rum with the juice of half a lime (or lemon) and a teaspoon of sugar. Use plenty of ice, shake well, and add a dash of soda. Garnish with a maraschino cherry and an orange slice.

Planter's Punch

This classic Caribbean drink is the one from which the Myers's rum people derived their brand name. Their Old Jamaica Plantation recipe calls for 2 ounces of Jamaica rum, the juice of half a lime or lemon, a dash of angostura bitters and a light dash of grenadine. Mix in a shaker filled with cracked ice, serve in tall glasses over shaved ice and add soda to taste. Top with a maraschino cherry and an orange slice.

Rum Punches

These are both legion and legendary. The oldest date back more than hundred years, and new ones are still being concocted. Here are two party recipes for the tasting:

Fish House Punch: Dissolve 8 ounces of sugar in a punch bowl or any large receptacle. Add 1 pint of lemon juice, 1 fifth of full-bodied dark rum, ½ fifth of brandy, 2 ounces peach brandy, and 1 quart of water or cold tea. Chill for two hours, stirring frequently. Add a cake of ice, and you'll have enough joy to spread among twenty-five people.

Aloha Punch: For this party starter, you'll need a pint of pineapple juice, 4 ounces lemon juice, ¼ cup sugar, 1 pint white rum, 8 ounces white wine, a dash of almond extract, lime slices, and pineapple cubes. Combine all the above in a mixing bowl and stir until the sugar dissolves. Add a cake of ice and a can of ginger ale. Pour into a hollowed-out watermelon. Serves twelve.

A final point: If you're into good cooking, remember that rum mixes well with meals whether on or off the plate. Excellent recipe booklets are available free from rum distillers and distributors, including rum party books which feature complete party menus along with drink recipes by the pitcher or the glass.

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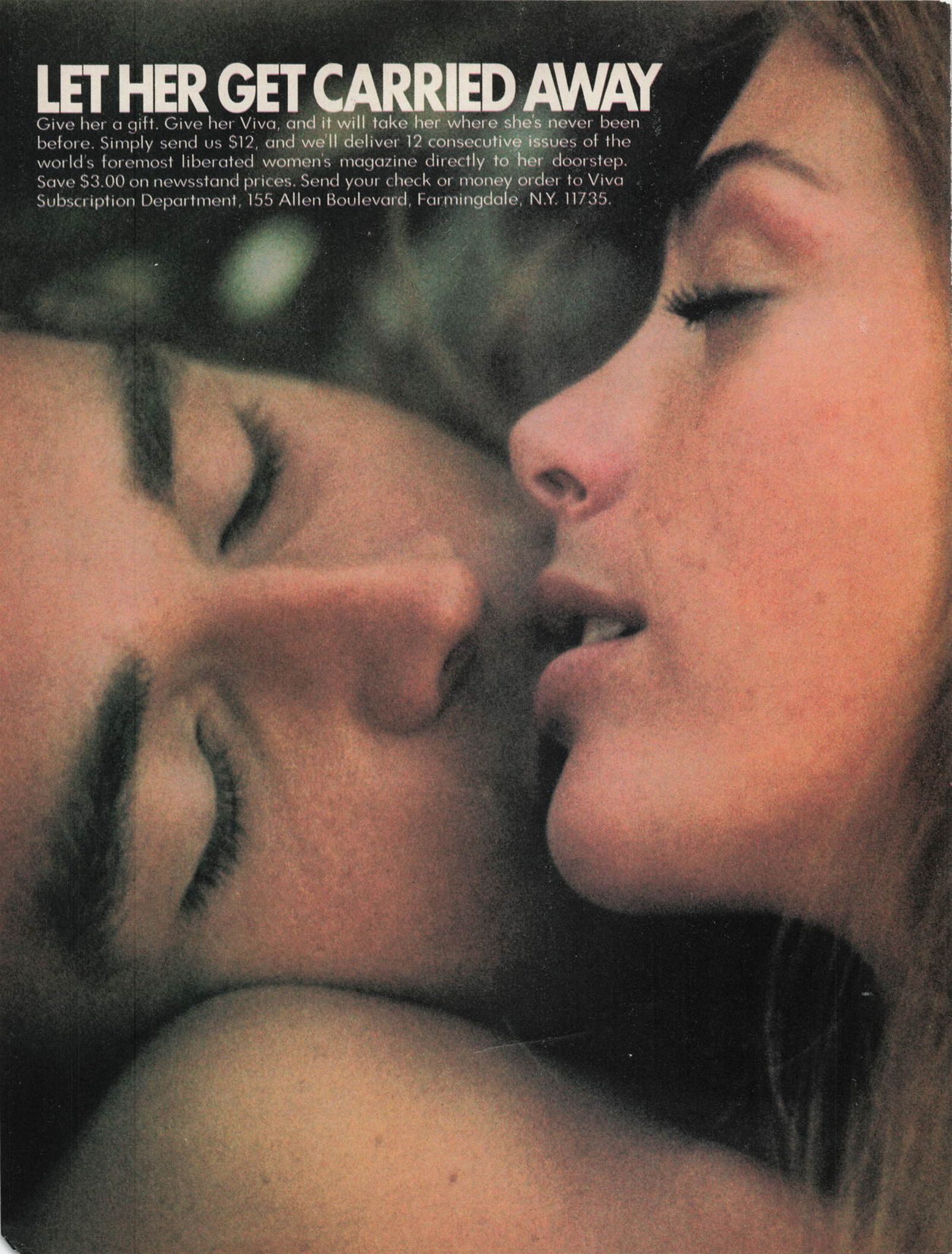
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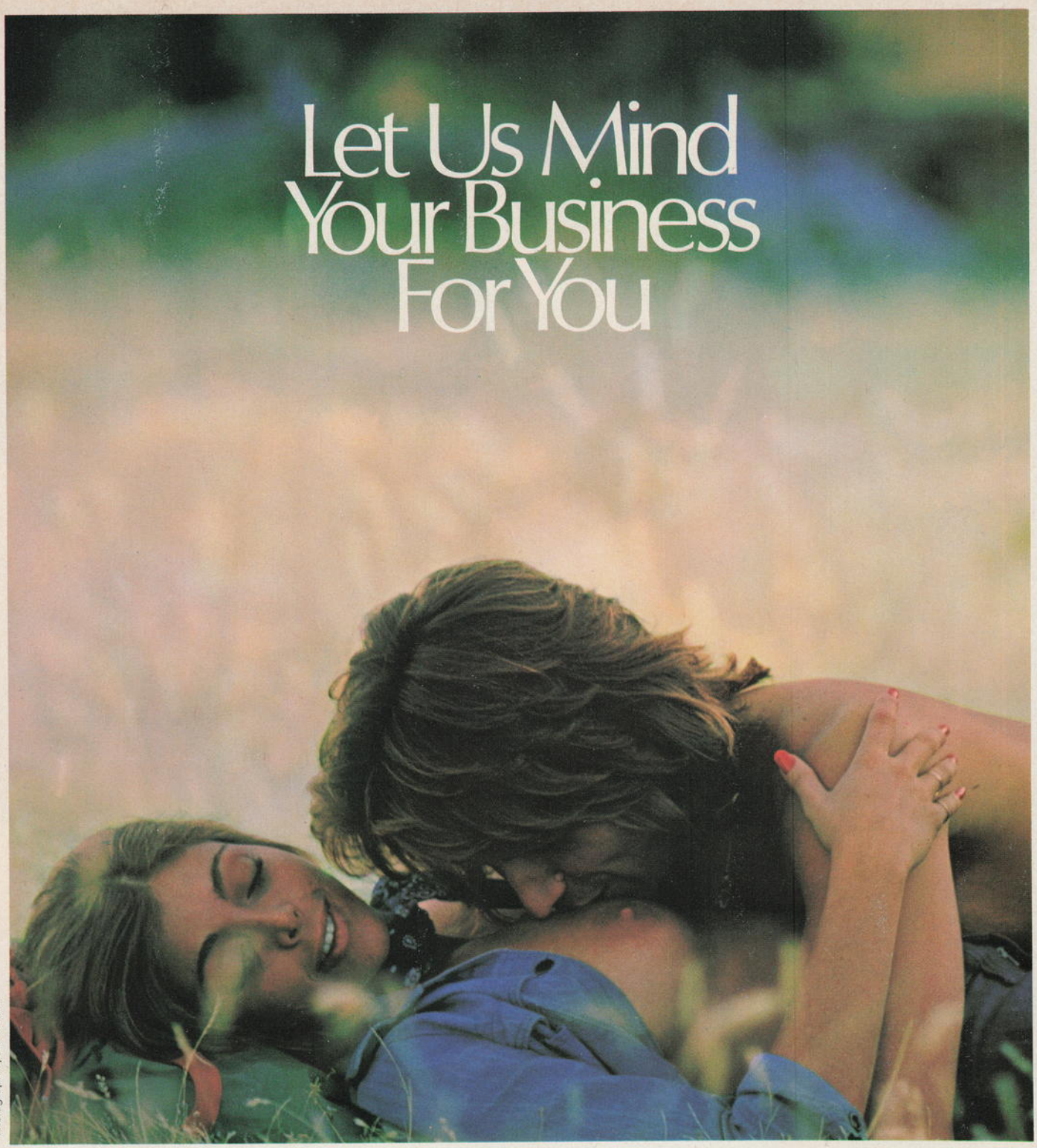

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photos by Stan Malinowski

Shaping up

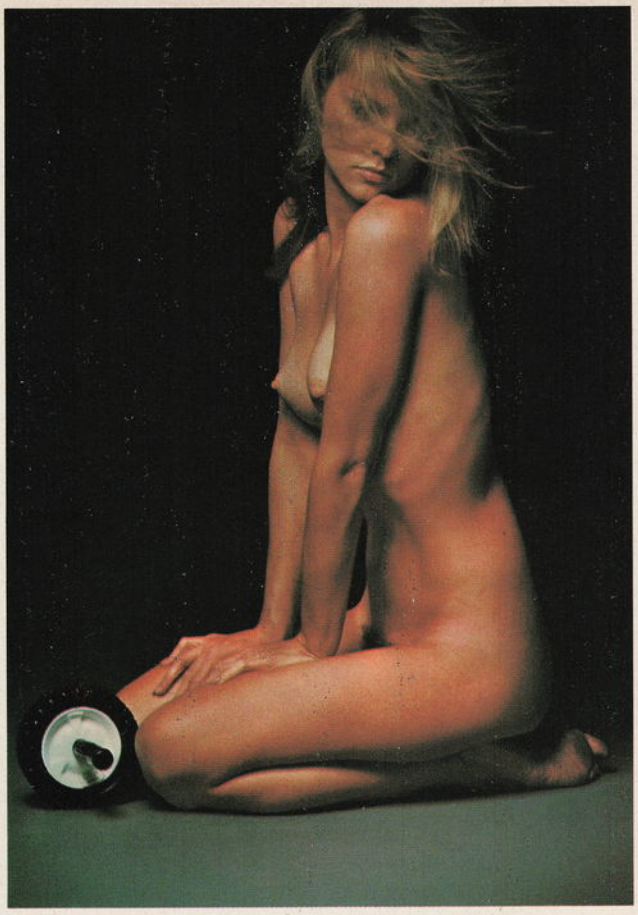
Is your gluteus maximus turning to mush? Are your delts diminishing, your lats losing their tone? Don't give up the shape, get yourself together!

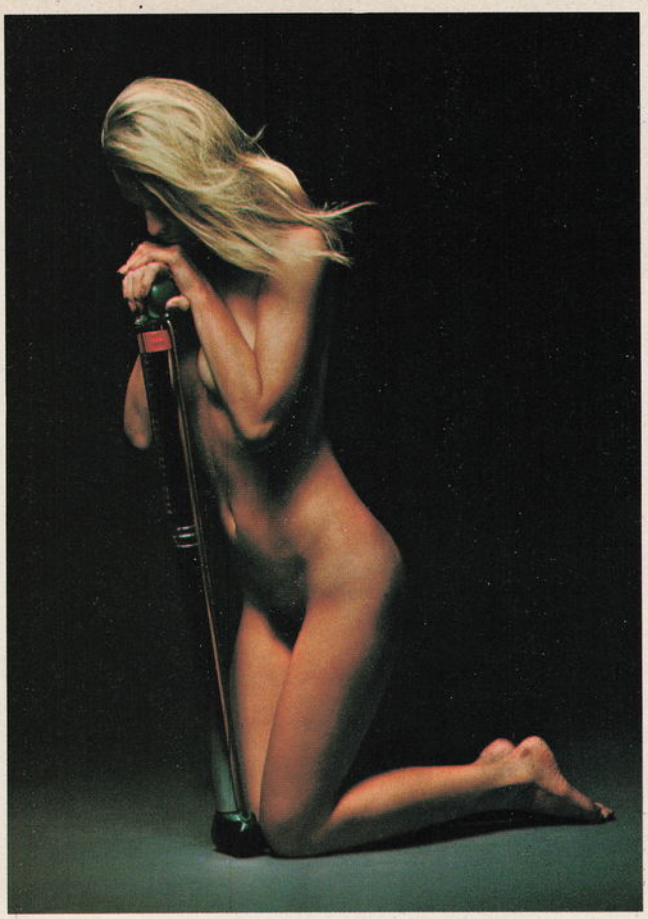
These days, you don't need a full-scale gymnasium, either. Several firms are making inexpensive portable equipment that eliminates the necessity of having to leave the privacy of your own bedroom in order to tighten up.

The top form displayed on these pages demonstrates a diverse collection

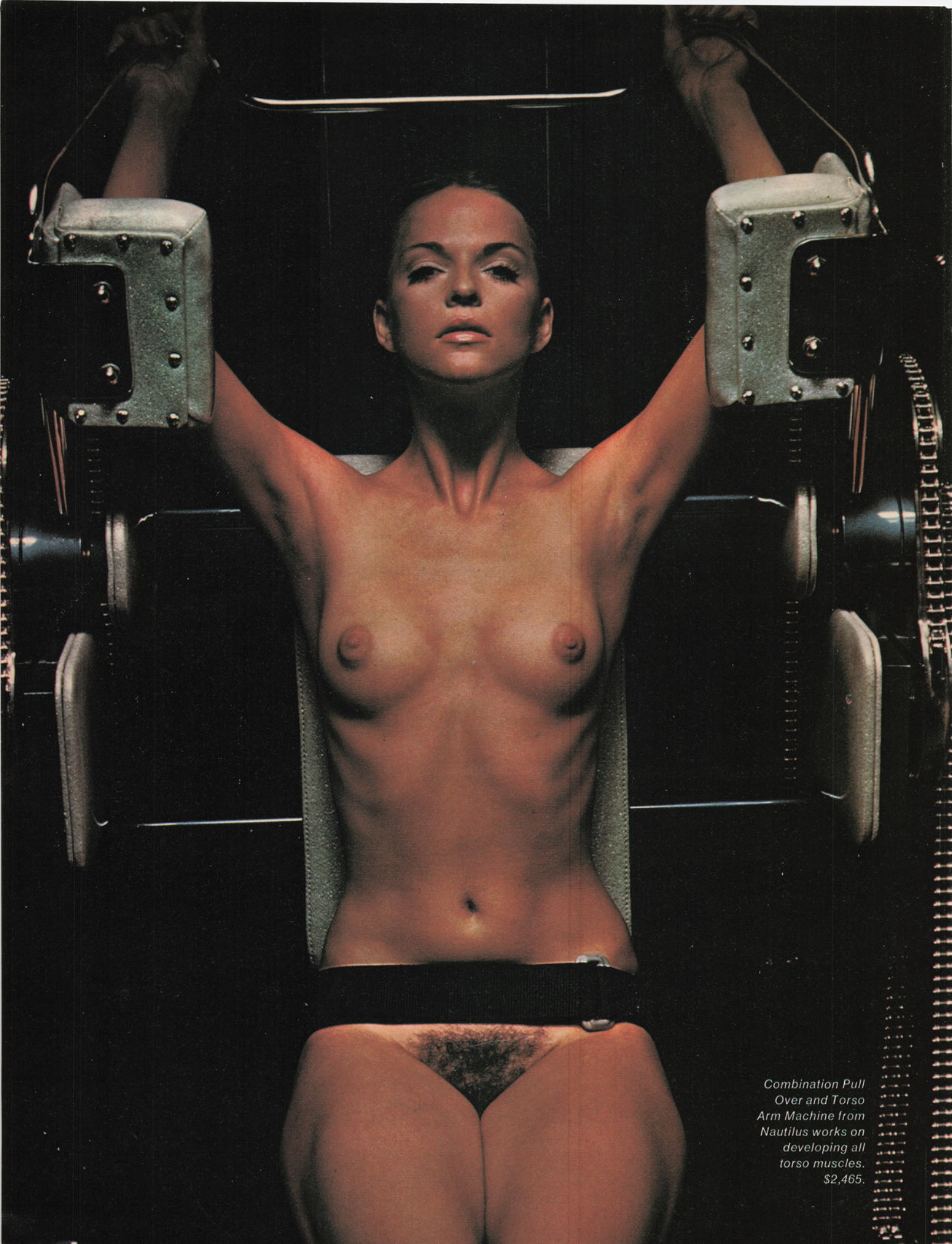
Body Beautiful dual-purpose Vita Master Exercise Rower. Retail price, approximately $141.

Professional indoor bike by Monarck with seven resistance settings. Distributed by Swartz Associates, Inc. $225.



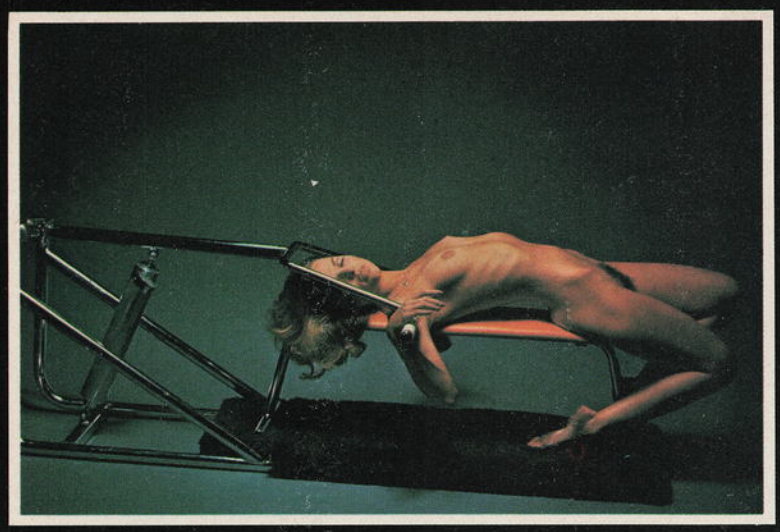


Top left: *"Tone Wheel" designed to firm and trim your midsection, part of the AMF three-piece Travel Gym Set that fits into a case for "on the road" work. Approximately $15.* ***Top right:*** *Used as a weight-lifting or isometric device, Bullworker II builds and tones muscles. Built-in powermeter measures progress. $39.50.* ***Above:*** *The "Gripper" is another component of the AMF Travel Gym system.*



Combination Pull Over and Torso Arm Machine from Nautilus works on developing all torso muscles. $2,465.

Top left: *Bored with jogging? Try this long skip rope from AMF with ball-bearing handles and pro-line braided cord. $4.99.* ***Top right:*** *AMF Travel Gym's third component is this three-rubber-cable chest pull to aid in the development of arm, chest, and back muscles.* ***Above:*** *Special Barbell Trainer set includes weights which provide up to twenty-five pounds pull. From Billard Barbell Co. $10.50.*



The Isometric Exerciser by Universal. An all-purpose exercise machine distributed by Swartz Associates, Inc. $495.

of home exercise equipment that'll keep you shipshape. Regular exercise may take a little wind out of your sails at first, but it will also certainly help you to take a couple of reefs in your billowing belly.

And, as any benchwarmer worth his sweat shirt knows, good exercise is like good sex. It may not make you into a Charles Atlas, but an hour or so a day with the right equipment (plus the proper attention to diet) will certainly keep the flab away. Besides, heavy breathing is good for the cardiovascular system. So if you want to lay off a few pounds and lay on a little extra hour-power, take a leaf out of our gym-miss's book. She'll love you for it.

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Revenge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

this vulgar talk of money must bore you, Miss . . . Miss . . .?"

"Claire de Lune," said Polly. "Call me Claire."

"You are so charming," said the maharajah. "Would you care to join me for a cooling libation at a nearby watering spot, then come with me to a couturier for a suitable gown, and afterwards go on to dine and dance with me on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria?"

"Oh boy, would I!" said Polly.

The maharajah made a crook of his arm and whistled piercingly for a passing taxi through the sexy gap in his pearly choppers. Soon thereafter they were on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria.

"Oh, Pahlevi, you dance divinely," said Polly. "You have such a sense of rhythm. May I call you Pah?"

"By all means," answered the maharajah, "and may I reciprocate and call you Claire?"

"Huh?"

"Claire, instead of Miss de Lune."

"Oh, yeah, sure. Call me Claire."

"Claire, ah-h, Claire de Lune . . . that is lovely," said the maharajah. "It's so French, so quintessentially French." One of the maharajah's huge, powerful arms wound about her waist, gently but firmly pulling her closer as the orchestra began to play "Begin the Beguine." Scorching thrills were running through Polly as she felt her breasts mash against his enormous chest. Wow! What did he *have* down here? Made her dizzy to think about it.

A moist hotness appeared on Polly's neck, a hot tingling wet warmth followed by a noise like that of a mule slowly pulling its hoof out of deep mud.

"Oh, Pah, your kisses are sweet as wine," sighed Polly.

"Not half so sweet as your precious delicate neck, fair lady. But come, let us go! I think from the gestures of the varlets we are due at table. No doubt the ostrich tongues have arrived. Shall we?" Head bowed graciously to the side, the maharajah held forth an arm and he and Polly strolled regally across the floor, all eyes upon them.

"Ah, I see that the *l'autruche languette entrecôte à la mode de Caen* is ready and lying in aspic," said Pah.

"Yes, isn't it," said Polly.

As they watched the three waiters rush here and there about the table, snipping up bits of *l'autruche languette*, adjusting the wine glasses, and sprinkling caviar, Polly and the maharajah chatted on.

"Did you know that some ostriches weigh as much as three hundred pounds?"

"No, I didn't realize that," said Polly.

"And did you know that they can run forty-five miles an hour if they are in the mood?"

"No, I didn't, but I love their tongues. This is just simply delicious. My, the French can

SEXWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS

(from page 154)

Don't forget to look for the Penthouse Gamebooks at your newsstand or order directly from the Penthouse Book Society.

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Pg. 101 upper right	Suit by Leon of Paris ( ) Shirt by Hathaway ( )
Pg. 102 upper left	Suit by Brioni ( ) Shirt and scarf by Pierre Cardin ( ) Hat by Dobbs ( )
Pg. 102–03	Suit by Bill Blass ( ) Shirt by Hathaway ( ) Scarf by Handcraft ( ) Suit ensemble by Rafael ( ) Scarf by Bert Pulitzer Co. ( )

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cook," said Polly. "I'm afraid the food in West Virginia isn't all *that* good."

"Tell me about yourself, Claire. Where is this place West Virginia? Is it one of your western mountainous states?"

"Well, it's mountainous but it isn't western," said Polly. "West Virginia is more one of our *southern* states."

"Ah, yes, one of the southern states, I know of them. These are the states of the black slave folk, no?"

"Well, if you mean the niggers, we haven't got a lot of them in West Virginia, and the ones we've got are all leaving. We don't care for them down there, they've just gotten too uppity."

"Um, uh," said Pah. "How distressing."

"Oh, I wouldn't have anything to do with one of them. They're so *black*. And not only are they black, they *stink*. I think they're part pig."

"Whut," asked Pah in a muffled voice, "whut you say? Who you call a pig, gal?"

"Why, the niggers," said Polly. "Pah, you shouldn't talk with your mouth full, it's bad manners."

Pahlevi's hand moved slowly across the front of his dinner jacket to the secret pocket wherein rested a folded, bone-handled razor. It was an automatic reflex. He had no intention of using it, at least not of using it at this moment—after all, a blond head rolling around on the polished floor of the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria might cause a certain commotion. "My dear," he said, "your saucy spirit charms me beyond comparison! I shall avoid the Ameddican South with its *black* niggers that *stink* and are *part pig*."

"And part monkey, too," said Polly.

They finished the delicious dinner almost in silence, but as they descended once again to the Waldorf-Astoria's lobby, Pah ventured, "You will come with me to my penthouse?"

Polly looked at him in reproach. "Oh, Pah," she said. "You *know* I can't do that."

"But why not?"

Polly hung her head. "It wouldn't be . . . right," she answered.

"What is the problem, fair lady?"

Polly blushed crimson. She smiled sadly and lifted her large blue eyes. A trace of guilty tears could be seen in the soft and glowing indigo orbs. "Maybe . . . maybe it's, well . . . *myself* I don't trust!"

"Ah, my dear, you are so delicate," said the maharajah. "I shall cherish you always. Taxi!" With a flashing smile of perfect teeth, he took her arm and helped her into a cab, then said to the driver, "The Park Avenue Towers, please. Rapidly but cautiously. You convey royalty, driver."

"Pah," said Polly. She squeezed the huge forearm under her hand. "Pah, really, you must take me home. I . . . I can't go to your penthouse. I simply *cannot* go. . . ."

"We will just stop by for a glimpse of the view of Manhattan and a glass of 1814 brandy. New York from up above is a fairyland of wonder."

"Oh, but I can't. No argument could ever

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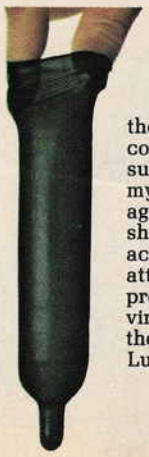

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make it right for me to go to your apartment *unchaperoned*!"

Pahlevi's smile didn't waver. "I am unfamiliar with your Ameddican customs, my dear. But I had hoped I might surprise you with a small memento of the evening in the form of a triple strand of black pearls, my dear. I had wanted you to have something to remember me by, because alas I fear I have some sad news. I must leave you tonight. I sail at dawn for France on the *Queen Mary*. My aged grandmother lies on her deathbed at Versailles. Driver," said Pahlevi, "turn the cab. We must—"

"Oh, no!" said Polly. "Keep on, driver. Pah . . . what was that memento you were speaking of? Pearls, you said? Three strands of black pearls? I couldn't accept . . . but as long as it's understood there are no strings attached to the gift."

"Strings?" asked Pahlevi with a pensive frown.

"Don't play dumb, Pah! What I mean is . . . well . . . would you expect me to . . . well . . . *go back to your bedroom with you*?"

Pahlevi gently took her hand. "My dear, you have misunderstood me *grotesquely*. No matter what gifts, tokens, or trifles, I would never ask of you such a thing as . . . *that*. What have I done to give you such an apprehension?"

"Well, nothing, and in that case, let's go," said Polly. "Just treat me like a sister and all will be well."

Mm-mmm, thought Pah, as he flung sweat off his forehead from below his turban. She was tougher than he'd thought. But he had a surprise for her, little did she know. And little indeed did Polly know. Even if she had entertained some slight suspicions they would have soon been dispelled by the reception that greeted the tall turbaned giant at the Park Avenue Towers.

"Good evening, Your Highness!" said the gold-spangled doorman, as he threw back the door of the taxi.

"Good evening, Rupert," said the maharajah.

Grandly, they strolled into the lobby—into an atmosphere of wildly berserk luxury that reeked of sin and abandon. Marble floors, marble walls, and marble ceilings. Cast and spread hither and yon were rich Oriental rugs, in the making of which children in the Kurdistan mountains and on the banks of the Kizil Irmak had fastened knots for years until their little fingers bled and their souls screamed for peace.

"My Ameddican headquarters," said Pah casually. "Suitable for my rare visits to this sprawling, nervous country but a bit rococo. Please forgive its presumption."

"I like its presumption," said Polly.

In silence they entered the elevator, which was run by a trim young babe in a sky-blue uniform. She smiled a brilliant smile, "Good evening, Your Highness."

"Good evening, child," said Pah.

The girl pressed a button and the elevator surged upward sickeningly. The indicator over the door flashed L for lobby then sped to X and remained there as the car howled

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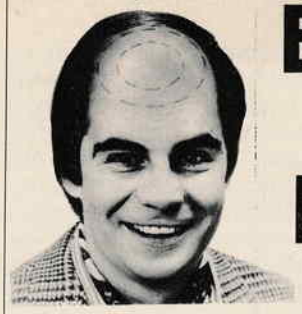

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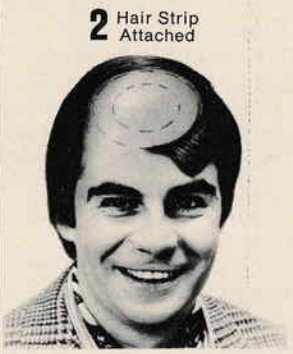

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and moaned with the speed of ascent.

With a sudden breathtaking deceleration, it halted, a relay clicked, and the gleaming doors of brushed bronze whispered back.

Pahlevi and Polly stood in the elevator foyer, which had but a single door leading to the penthouse foyer itself. They were at the very top of the Park Avenue Towers. With a smile he took from his pocket a golden key, inserted it into the lock, and with a flick of the wrist opened the door.

The apartment was a typical Park Avenue penthouse, though perhaps a bit more elaborate than most. It was, as Pahlevi said, really a triplex, with the main staircase at the front and a smaller servants' stairway in the rear. Technically, however, since the maharajah's observation study could hardly be counted as a floor, it was only a duplex. This study was at the very top of the building—a single large room entirely enclosed in plate glass tinted a mild light green as protection against the rays of the sun. Numerous orchids in small pots were there, plus many ferns, begonias, elephant ears, and other jungle foliage. A telescope was built into the study in such a way that it could be swung in any direction.

The first floor of the penthouse contained the gallery, the dining hall, the library, the music room with its hi-fi, and the vast living room with its great stone fireplace and massive Oriental furniture. Incense burned thither and hither. A great jade statue of Buddha squatted in one corner with pendulous belly and cryptic sneer, squint-eyed and silent in a hollowed dim-lit niche amidst curls of smoke from the brass incense pots that dangled on chains. In some far distant area were the great pantries, kitchens, and wine cellars, and behind that the honeycombed servants' quarters.

"Somewhat primitive and cramped," said Pahlevi. "Of course I am seldom here. It's a mere *pied-à-pomme*."

"I like it," said Polly.

They strolled into the great living room, past the blond mahogany bar that rounded the corner from the grand foyer. The room was fifty feet wide and eighty feet long, with a thirty-foot ceiling. It contained near the great stone fireplace a five-foot-deep sunken area approximately twenty feet square.

"What is that place down there?" asked Polly.

"That is the intimate pit. We will take brandy there. Come, my pet!"

There was no apprehension in Polly as she sat on a large velvet hassock in the sunken and low-lighted area by the great rock fireplace where nine-foot logs burned. She watched with a keen birdlike interest as Pahlevi suddenly clapped his hands three times. Seconds later three turbaned Arab servants rushed forth from nowhere and flung themselves at his feet, kissing the air in the general area of his gleaming black shoes.

"Rise," he said.

The servants bowed low, half erect, salaaming in a worshipful manner.

"Mahtoud!" said Pahlevi. "The 1814 Napoleon! Ahmed! My slippers and *le smoking*. Jahadra! Bring scented spring water for the lady."

The servants again salaamed, then backed away rapidly. In no time they were back, one with a golden bowl of scented water wherein rose petals floated, another with ermine slippers and a silk *le smoking* embroidered with gold and silver threads, and the third with a platinum tray upon which rested two thin-stemmed brandy snifters and an old, cobweb-covered, dust-splashed bottle of brandy, its lettering long since faded by the mists of time.

"This is a rather pleasing cognac," said Pahlevi. "It's quite rare, but fortunately I still have a few dozen cases of it. Say 'when.'"

"When," said Polly. "It looks adorable."

"Here you are, my radiant goat," said Pahlevi with a gentle smile, his hazel-gold eyes warm and soft in the flickering flames of the logs in the great fireplace. Meanwhile, Mahtoud, Ahmed, and Jahadra stood with heads bowed, awaiting orders.

Pahlevi clapped his hands once, sharply. The servants leaped as if flicked by a bit of glass at the end of a lash and rushed from the intimate pit like scatted cats. Pahlevi turned with a smile to Polly and held aloft his brandy snifter. She held up hers in turn, smiling birdlike. "To this night," said Pahlevi. "May it be a dream of spouting stardust . . . and to you, my dewy rose at dawn, my furry Andean pet, my moist Himalayan gazelle, . . . to you . . . stardust. . . ."

"Thank you, Pah. You really know how to make a girl feel wanted." Polly took a sip of the brandy. "Mmm, *my*, isn't this good. Is it really from the year 1814?"

"Yes," said Pah.

Polly took another sip. "Was it Napoleon's own brand?"

"Of course. It came from his cellar. But enough talk of Napoleon and brandies!" Suddenly Pahlevi jumped up from the purple velour sofa on which he had been sitting, his handsome face contorted as if in pain. "Come," he said, "come with me to the royal boudoir—I must possess your loveliness!"

"Pah, you said you wouldn't," answered Polly. "You're not keeping your word."

"Love knows no word," said Pah. "Come, I must possess your beauty!"

Polly coolly took another sip of the brandy. "No," she said. "No, no, *no*. I'm sorry, the answer is no. We must remain *friends*. Maybe . . . just maybe-maybe-maybe . . . later. A lot later, when I know you better, when we have a relationship."

The maharajah stared long and hard at her, and there was something new, something different in his eyes. "I want your loveliness *now*," he said.

"Well, you can't have it now and that's that. Let's change the subject, I'm not that type of girl. Besides, we have other things to think about. Where is that memento you were going to give me? The triple strand of pearls."

Again Pahlevi stared long and hard at her. Softly, very softly, he asked, "Are your eyelids drooping?"

"My . . . eyelids?" asked Polly. Hmm. As a matter of fact, her eyelids *were* drooping. Polly looked down at the empty brandy snifter in her hand.

"You are ready, my pet," said Pahlevi.

"Puh-puh-puh-puh-Pah!" stammered Polly. "What have you duh-duh-*done* to me?" To her horror she couldn't move. Her blue eyes stared ahead emptily as she felt herself lifted by strong hands and laid down on her stomach across the large hassock. She felt the evening gown being pulled over her head and off. She felt her slip come down . . . and then her panties and shoes and stockings. Naked as nature made her, Polly lay draped over the hassock with her round pink behind up in the air. She couldn't move, she was helpless. Naked and drugged by a fiend!

"That's right, kiddo," said Pahlevi. "More than a slight dash of scopolamine!" Even as he spoke he was carefully filling a large hypodermic from a frosty vial. "This is a stronger medicine, my pet. I thresh it myself in the dressing room la-borra-try. Heats up the pip beautifully and loads it with static electricity. You'll spark all over yourself shortly—and if you squeeze your legs together, well, watch out! You'll go straight up through the roof."

"Mmmmuuu-uuh!" said Polly.

Pahlevi leaned over and squeezed with his fingers the plump right cheek of Polly's uplifted behind. "Pahdon me, pet. This will stick a bit." He jabbed in the big needle. Polly quivered in reflex but otherwise lay quiescent. "A mild sting now," he said basso. Expertly, he pushed in the plunger, and the amber fluid slowly descended to a point calibrated on the glass shaft. Deftly he withdrew the needle. "Not too much in one side," he said pleasantly. "The goodness must spread through the entire area. It is *total* ass we want, my pet, not *half* ass."

"Mmmff-uuh!" said Polly. Already she could feel both a maddening heat in the medicated right side of her behind and a gathering static electricity in the clit. "Mmff-uuh!" she said again, as she felt another stinging jab in her other buttock. Now the maddening heat began to spread on that side as well, and she felt a sharp tingle —and another and another—as the clit sparked.

"Yes, my pet, as you are doubtless aware by now, a *very* potent love juice. It would make the most desiccated old maid on earth ravenous with lust. A dose of it would make the most virtuous saint in all of history tear off her clothes and spraddle before a hyena. It's cute stuff—I devised it myself, and in comparison cantharides don't even tickle. A business necessity, my pet! I do a strictly volume business and I keep the ponies loaded with it at all times, makes them happy in their work. You will find that now you can speak. It doesn't restore free will, but it neutralizes scopolamine. You can also move—at my order of course. Sit up, pet, and face me."

Zombielike, Polly sat on the hassock as told, her blue eyes intently upon him as the

area called by the French *le bassin* glowed. "Please, Pah, sprinkle me with stardust, stardust me—"

"Quiet!" said Pah. "I don't care for that type of obscene language and I don't like begging ponies. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Pah."

"Henceforth, you are to address me as *master*."

"Yes, master."

"Now, I realize the injected love juice is tormenting you, and I am not wholly without mercy. Be patient. You will be tested as all the ponies are."

"Tested?" asked Polly. "You mean you'll m-m-mount me, master, you'll stardust me?"

"The proper, dignified word is *test*. All the ponies are tested and tested thoroughly. Now what is your real name? Claire won't do."

"P-P-Polly," said Polly. "Test me, master, test me *soon*."

"Hmmm, Polly? Yes, a bit more class to it, the homespun effect. That's better, it'll do. Suzette, Wan Lo, Vasentesenka, and Polly. A proper little stable."

"Test me, master. Test me right now! Test me, test me—"

"Quiet!" said the handsome turbaned giant. Without further ado, he picked her up, threw her naked body over his shoulder, and the next thing Polly knew she was lying on a huge bed beneath a gigantic silken canopy. Arms folded, Pahlevi gazed down at the reclining white body now softly but indirectly illuminated by special lighting, which seemed to come from both everywhere and nowhere. "Yes," he said, "spread-eagles nicely. Natural talent but some training, I suspect."

When Polly revived she was sitting in a silk-upholstered chair, still naked. Slowly, she blinked her eyes. As she sat there in the royal bedroom of the royal sleeping quarters, she witnessed a thing she would not have believed possible, a horrible and dreadful transmogrification of the flesh, the hideous and horrendous metamorphosis of a maharajah into a. . . .

"My true self demands liberation," said Pahlevi.

First, off came the turban. It unwound around and around and suddenly collapsed in a pile of white silk. Above the hairline of the golden-tan forehead grew nappy black hair, unmistakably of Africa not India.

Polly's blue eyes bugged as she saw the erstwhile maharajah remove his well-tailored evening clothes, first the dinner jacket and then the trousers. Then the shirt, and the undershirt, and the shorts, and the silk hosiery, and the English shoes. He still wore an enormous strange codpiece, a great gold-lamé jockstrap, but otherwise the naked giant who stood before her was *jet black*!

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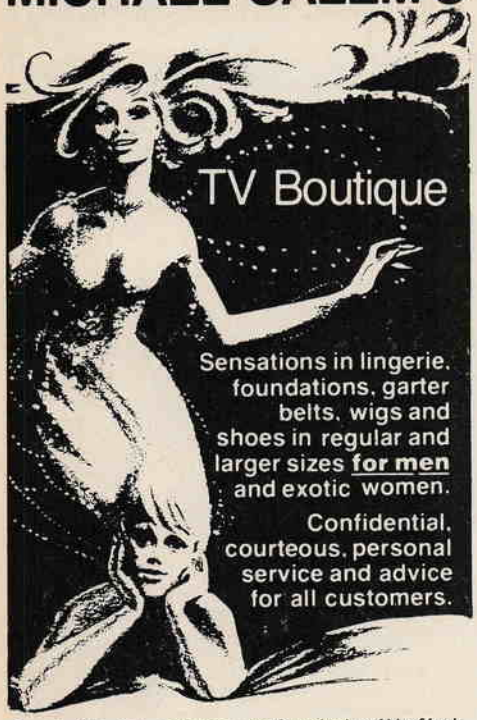
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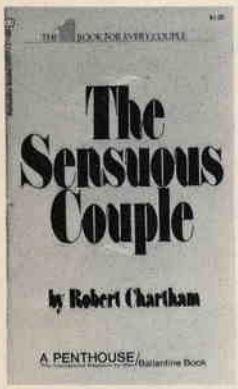

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ebony and hard as iron. Not a trace of fat was on him—only muscle, muscle, muscle was there, great bands and coils of muscle rippling with sinews.

Even in her fear Polly was bewildered and puzzled and intrigued. The body was jet black, but the face and neck remained a light golden tan. How could this be? His features were handsomely aquiline, the eyes a soft hazel-gold. He was still the maharajah, but the maharajah with a great ebony body. How could that be? And then Polly saw the answer as the giant tilted back his head and with the fingernails of his right thumb and forefinger dislocated and then removed tinted contact lenses from his eyeballs, first the right and then the left.

Paralyzed and drugged as she was, Polly shrank back in horror on the silk-covered chair. Two puddly-black, bloodshot eyes glared at her with all the primordial rage of the jungle. They were not gentle hazel-gold eyes any longer; they were the puddly-black eyes of a psychopath. Polly would have trembled had she had possession of her body. As it was, she could only stare helplessly, wondering what would come next.

And that she immediately discovered. For no sooner had the jet giant finished removing the tinted contact lenses than the fingers carefully reached up to the scalp line, dug in cautiously, and slowly peeled away the maharajah's golden-tan face. Down it came, leaving behind a gleaming, perspiration-covered, ebony forehead. And on down came the tan lifelike plastic-over huge brows and on a sunken nose bridge. The fingers moved carefully here, as aquiline putty slipped loose and a great flat nose appeared. Polly's bulging blue eyes flickered shut, then flickered open again.

Suddenly the plastic peeled down across the chin and out plopped a set of even pearly false teeth. The Maharajah of Losam-Nehi was gone. In his place, Nicholas Lord-god Sampson, Black Avenger and Destroyer of the White Race, held in his hands a mass of thin artful plastic, putty, whalebone clips, and pearly teeth.

"Uhhh-hh-hh," said Polly.

Not only was this man black, he was *blacker* than black, he was black to the point of blacked-out blackness. The man was a southern dream of niggerhood raised to an art form. His nose was large and flat, the nostrils great spread caverns each the size of a quarter. His lips, naturally, were great thick lips that protruded outward like liverwurst. And his brows were gorilloid; his eyes sunken like caves. He was the most blood-clabberingly ugly man Polly had ever seen, so ugly there was a supreme greatness about his very ugliness. She felt it even in her terror.

"Nick Thampthon at your thervith," he said lispily.

Polly watched bug-eyed as he strode rapidly across the room to a large bureau, ebony muscles rippling along the giant body. In awe Polly watched as he reached into a small drawer and brought forth a gleaming silverlike object which he crammed into his mouth. It was a set of gleaming stainless-steel teeth, extra-large sized and filed all around down to sharp triangular points. With these teeth in his mouth, he now strode up before Polly, his puddly-dark eyes absent of all feeling as the teeth smiled, the lips spread back to show the twin rows of sharklike fangs. Now he could talk without lisping.

"The bettah to bite yo' soda-cracker ass with, white gal."

"Uhhh-uhh-hh," said Polly weakly, her head still limp on the chair.

"Gonna whup you now," said Nick. "Dat's part of de test, to see if you'll hollar good. I don' want no crackah workin' for me dat won't hollar."

Suiting action to words, Nick again strode rapidly across the room, opened a drawer of the bureau and took out a cat-o'-nine-tails, and walked slowly back to Polly. "Stand up, white gal!"

"Yes, master," said Polly.

A moment later, Polly shrieked as the cat-o'-nine wrapped around her body. "Ohhh-hhh!" she screamed. "Mercy, master! Mercy!"

Ten blows and ten shrieks later Nick said: "Ah reckon you c'n hollar good enough. Now for de last test. Set in de chair, white gal, so's you don' swoon yo'self."

"Y-y-yes, master!" wept Polly. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she seated herself on the silk-covered chair. Then suddenly she froze into paralyzed fright—she didn't even breathe. The Black Fiend was taking off the great gold-lamé codpiece.

"You don passed de *easy* parts of de test," said Nick softly. "But all de same, you gonna *like* dis last part, baby. Git up on dat bed and spread yo' crackah legs, honey, you gonna git what ever I'll milky-face gal in dis country wants, and you gonna git it till de cows come home."

For a moment, willing and eager as she was to comply, Polly couldn't move. She was petrified and amazed by what she saw. Weirdly and strangely, not all of Black Nick Sampson was black. In openmouthed wonder Polly gazed at the awesome sight before her. . . . But the most astonishing about it was not just the enormity, although its dimensions were wondrous indeed—it had, first, a mighty girth of seven and five-eighths inches and a diameter of fully three and one-eighths inches. And it extended from stem to stern precisely and exactly fifteen and seven-eighths inches. The *most* awesome thing was its coloration. For although it was basically black, the great doorknob head had a definite ruby undertone, the outer extremity of the powerful shaft seemed to have lost pigment and was pale, and the vein-engorged lower shaft and root were definitely a dark blue.

From somewhere Polly thought she heard the strain of "Stars and Stripes Forever." And well may she have done so. It was, of course, the all-American red, white, and blue tool of tools that waved proudly before her. Nick Sampson, logically enough, was Superstud. ○+

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← Big MaMa John

← Big MaMa Margarita

We all passed the pitcher around. But when it came back to John there was no more left. So he had to make another batch.

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The Irish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

So what could a poor, unlettered farm boy from the Old Sod do for a living? Well, he could do the dirty work, and a country that's abuilding has plenty of that, me bhoyo. There are bricks to be carried and drays to be driven and horses to shovel after. There are railroad ties and tracks to be laid. If one can read and write a little, there are the public-service jobs that nobody else really wants. And the police.

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And when Irish eyes are smiling, it's not unlikely that the owner of the sparkling blues or jet blacks is thinking of all those great writers of Britain—George Bernard Shaw, Synge, Yeats, McCollum, Butler, Burke, Behan, Lady Gregory, Joyce, Wilde, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Oliver Goldsmith, Dean Swift . . . but need we go on?

Or, mayhap, the eyes are twinkling for Roger Casement, Bernardo O'Higgins, Robert Emmet.

And what of the Pope? Ah, well! You can't win 'em all. It's a terrible thing when you got a wop tellin' who should be a Cardinal. Jesus was a Jew, which is one thing, but when you have an Eyetalian Pope *all* the time it's too much. Well, maybe one day. . . .

O Paddy dear and did you hear the truth that's goin' round?

"Saint Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland." Not quite true. There never were any snakes in Ireland. So what?

"An Irishman is either drinking, fighting, or crying." No. It's far more likely that he's doing all three. Or making money, stealing, laughing, cursing, loving, inventing, dying, reaping, leading, or just following. You might fairly say that what distinguishes the Irish is that they're exactly like everybody else—only more so.

And why not cry? Only strong men can do it—weak ones are ashamed. And who wouldn't cry over the lovely names: Antrim, Armagh, Derry, Down, Fermanagh, and Tyrone? The sad history of them, the six northern counties? And all the other beautiful words—Sligo, Limerick, Downpatrick, Mayo, Waterford, Killarney, Maynooth. . . .

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STUDS TERKEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

there was a party, and I emceed some rallies for him, and I gave some dough. So Sam Evett said, "Limousine liberal Terkel, millionaire, best-selling book." I don't know what a limousine is. I can't even drive a car. He thought that charge would convince steel workers more than the reality of what their lives are like in the mill.

Penthouse: Has your money changed your life at all?

Terkel: No. I give away dough here and there to things I believe in: to save Chileans who are trying to escape the junta, or to whatever might be worth supporting. Otherwise, things are the same for me.

Penthouse: You're thinking of doing a book on the subject of power. What would you want to cover?

Terkel: I haven't figured it out yet. Not just Rockefeller or Daley or congressmen, but a headwaiter and the wife of a college dean. Power—a spoiled child, a cop at a speed-trap, a high school principal, the head of a foundation that grants money. A sense of power. Certain people you meet have that drive—it's in all of us to some extent, but in some it's the great need.

Penthouse: What would you ask Nixon if you interviewed him?

Terkel: Oh, God, wouldn't it be something? You'd have to start with the boy in Whittier. What would he want if he had three wishes, if he's Aladdin rubbing that lamp? And then I'd try to learn what makes us choose men like him. See, it's hard for me to believe that the ordinary hard-working guy did not know that Nixon was a phony when he made those speeches about Checkers and the cloth coat. The average guy's not that stupid. But when someone like McGovern—not that McGovern was all that good—talked about taxing the rich, the working man said "No!"—because he hopes his kid will be rich instead of questioning what his life is really like and how it can be improved. But again, we think we're no good, so we choose a guy who's no good. Self-deception.

Penthouse: What about your personal sense of power? What compromises have you had to face in your life?

Terkel: I don't know. The other day a big beer company called from New York. They wanted to do a beer commercial around me. They have Mickey Mantle doing one, Whitey Ford doing one, Mickey Spillaine doing one, and they wanted me to do one. I said, "No, I can't do it." The guy said that it meant a lot of money, but I still said no. The guy couldn't believe it, but I was telling the truth. I just can't do it. But I know that it's a luxury in which I can indulge. If I had a wife and three kids and a mortgage on my house, I probably would have done it. A lot of friends of mine are actors and writers in commercials, and I want to avoid a holier-than-thou attitude. It's just that I'm me, and I've had breaks in a strange way. Maybe I've compromised without realizing it, but I don't re-

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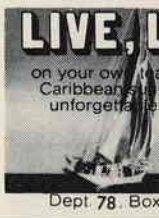

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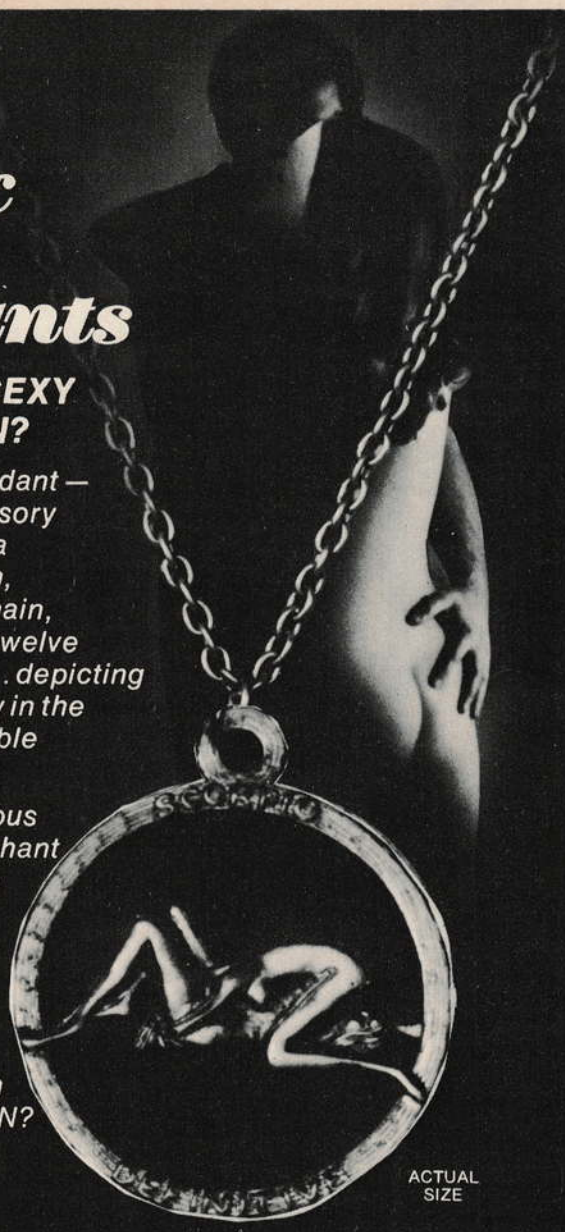

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member yielding on any basic issues.

Penthouse: Is that your greatest personal strength?

Terkel: I don't know what my strength is. I guess I have a certain kind of curiosity and appetite for life, but maybe that's saying too much. Hubris, trying to play God, is probably my greatest flaw. That's probably the most egotistical of all things, the pursuit of the grail. Everyone is a Parsifal, and my Holy Grail is that I think I can alter things.

Penthouse: Aren't you concerned that "playing God" forces you to tamper with peoples' lives?

Terkel: Yes. Tommy Patrick, who ends *Working*, is this fantastic Brooklyn fireman. He said, "When I save a baby, it's real. I used to work in a bank. You know, it's just paper. It's not real. Nine to five and it's shit. But I can look back and say, 'I helped save somebody.' It shows something I did on this earth." So Tommy said this to me, and I've got to leave to interview this clerk in the hotel where I'm staying! And Tommy said, "You're leaving just like that? You mean we're not going to have supper at the Italian joint, get some spaghetti, get some beer. You get my life on tape and you leave just like that? That won't be nice." Tommy and I had our supper, but I got this feeling that I'd been walking off with people's lives.

You forget. You go on tour for the book, and you get tired, and when you get tired you forget. I was in Dayton, on a TV show. A lot of working people from the factories around there were in the audience, and I started stereotyping them and the silly questions they were going to ask. And then they started talking, and they asked questions, and I was very deeply moved. And then I realized—"Holy Christ, I've forgotten what I discovered in my book, that each of these people is different, and that once you cut through the crap in their lives you find fantastic dreams and extraordinary thoughts."

Penthouse: How do you think your working life has turned out? What would you change if you had it to live over?

Terkel: I want to avoid smugness, but I kind of like the openness of my life. I don't think I would do anything different. I've made a lot of mistakes in my life, but I'm sure they're *my* mistakes.

When I went to law school, I didn't want to be a lawyer. My dream was to have a civil service job, read the *New Yorker*, the *New York Times*, the *Nation*, and the *New Republic*, and see plays and movies. I got a civil service job keeping statistics on a veterans' bonus called Baby Bonds, and I just went crazy from it. Little did I dream that I would turn out to be this kind of bum.

Penthouse: What about the future?

Terkel: I wish I knew. I might tackle that book, I'll do my daily program. But I won't retire. Some people think their work is so terrible that they look out for retirement. Maybe they're right, but for me retirement would be equivalent to saying "goodbye to all that." When I say goodbye, I hope I go like the one-horse shay—last to a hundred and then just fall apart.

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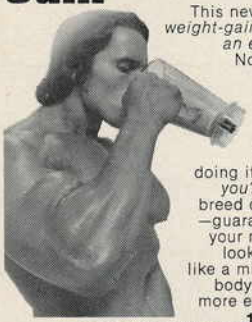

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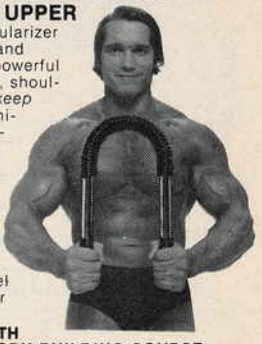

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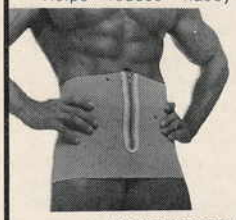

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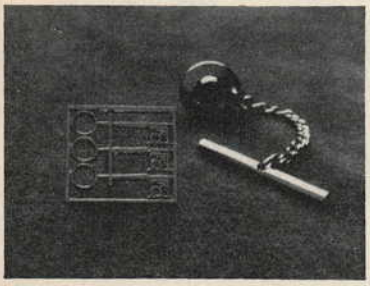

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COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

I had my moment of inspiration when I was counseling a young couple about the techniques of coupling. The girl complained that in the man-above position, her rather hefty partner practically suffocated her with his weight.

"But he shouldn't do that," I explained. "He should take his weight on his elbows and knees."

Knees! The man is "on his knees!" If the woman looks at it in this light, then he is not the dominant partner but the suppliant. Similarly, in the woman-astride position, she is "on her knees."

It's quite a ploy. In the man-above, his sex role is fulfilled by his telling himself that he is covering his partner—dominating her. Her desire for dominance is fulfilled by her telling herself that her partner is "on his knees," a suppliant.

If Tony could condition himself in this way, he could become reconciled to Marie's desire to mount him. However, I don't think he ever will be capable of enjoying a satisfying physical relationship with a woman because he is inherently a sexually selfish male. "It's just not so much fun for me if I have to lie on my back."

Essentially, he regards women as inferior creatures. His visits to prostitutes emphasize this. The woman who sells her body for sex is the most degraded of all females, and his relations with them enhance his notion of his male superiority. He does not realize that he is degrading his male sexuality by paying money to be able to express it.

I doubt whether his break with Suellen hurt his sexual pride to the extent he would have us believe. Without it, he would have despised women anyway. Take, for example, the girl in the diner who took his virginity—a waitress, "below" him in social as well as sexual status. Logically, with his sadistic tendencies, he could not have different attitudes.

Marie's reactions to her Catholic upbringing and her behavior subsequent to her weekend with Patrick are, of course, typical. Under the burden of sin, she goes from one extreme to the other. In her case, however, I would surmise that Patrick's treatment of her had a more traumatic effect on her than Tony's experience with Suellen had on him. She is determined not to let herself be dominated by any other man. If she let Tony use the whip on her—even only symbolically—he would be dominating her, so she refused to have sex with him altogether.

Under the circumstances, I can see no point in this couple staying together a day longer.

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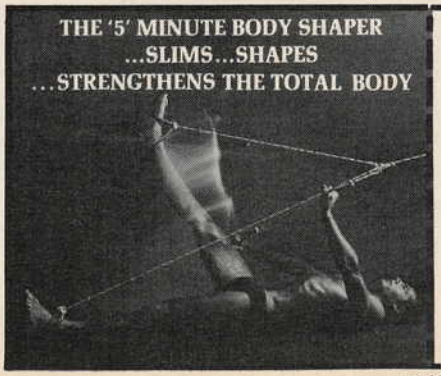

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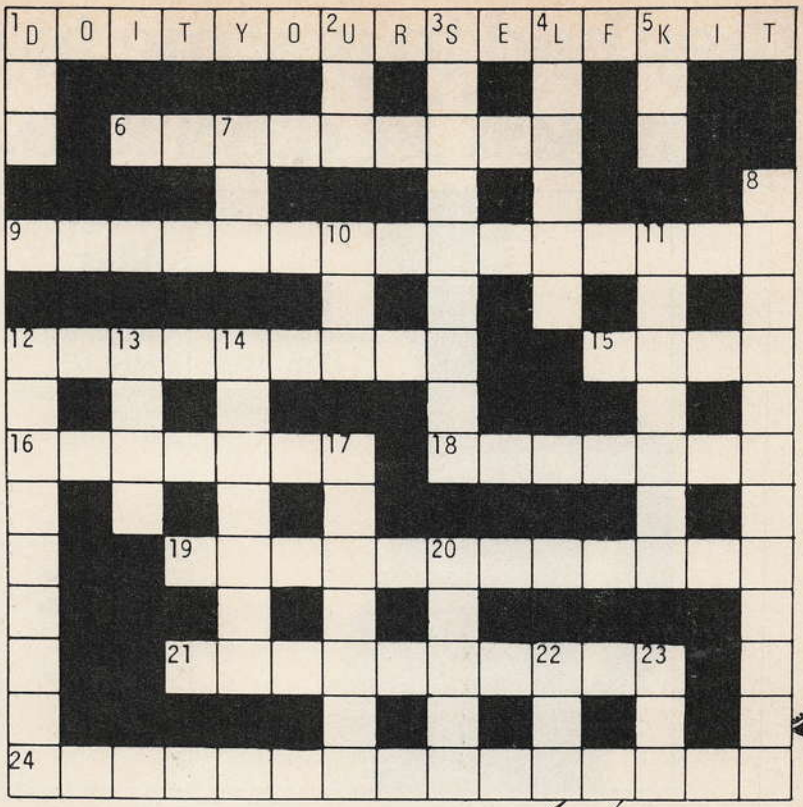
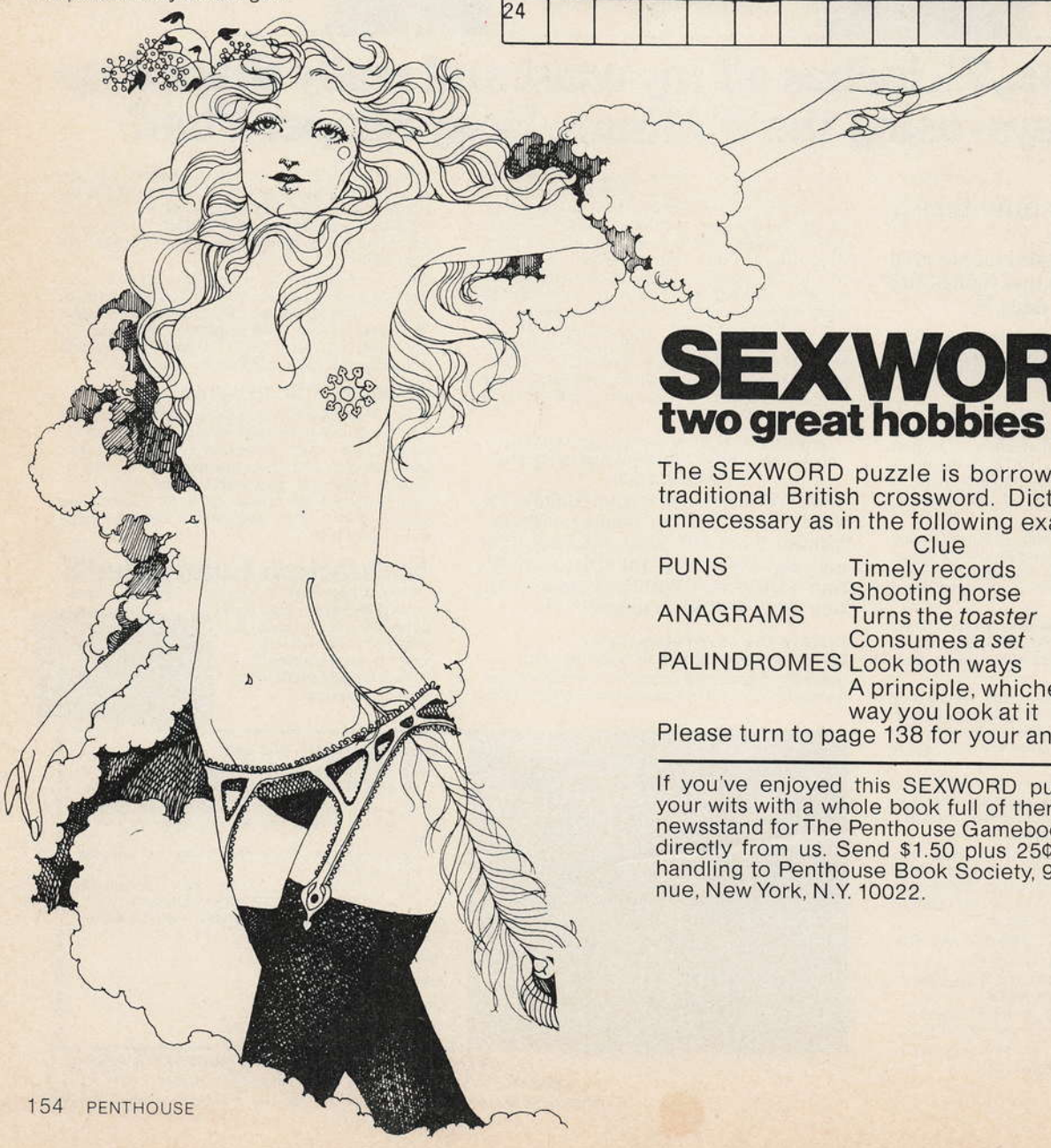
ACROSS
1 Vibrator and accessories!: 4wds
6 Get access—and score!: 2 wds
9 Right handy men's room: 4 wds
12 Drops into place for an engine part: 2 wds
15 Lana backs up for this!
16 Back in the saddle again!
18 L'amour for my French aunt never quite ends
19 Wife swappers?: 2 wds
21 Slow take off, as pretties show: 2 ds
24 Go bra-less?: 5 wds

DOWN
1 Society page figure's back in the sack
2 Custom in the Eastern United States
3 Strange—confused conditions could start an argument: 3 wds
4 Floozies do, to non-professionals?
5 Fool youngster!
7 Stopover in Minnesota
8 Infection could happen to the least of us: 2 wds
10 Soho prostitute?
11 On the donkey, no doubt!
12 Makes bedfellows out of politicians?: 2 wds
13 Adds up to disorder, maybe
14 A man of vision, doubtless
17 A boon to non-motherhood!: 2 wds
20 Go this and share expenses
22 She's featured in Tannhauser
23 The personality of Oregon





SEXWORDS
two great hobbies in one!

The SEXWORD puzzle is borrowed from the traditional British crossword. Dictionaries are unnecessary as in the following examples:

	Clue	Answer
PUNS	Timely records	Minutes
	Shooting horse	Colt
ANAGRAMS	Turns the *toaster*	Rotates
	Consumes *a set*	Eats
PALINDROMES	Look both ways	Peep
	A principle, whichever way you look at it	Tenet

Please turn to page 138 for your answer.

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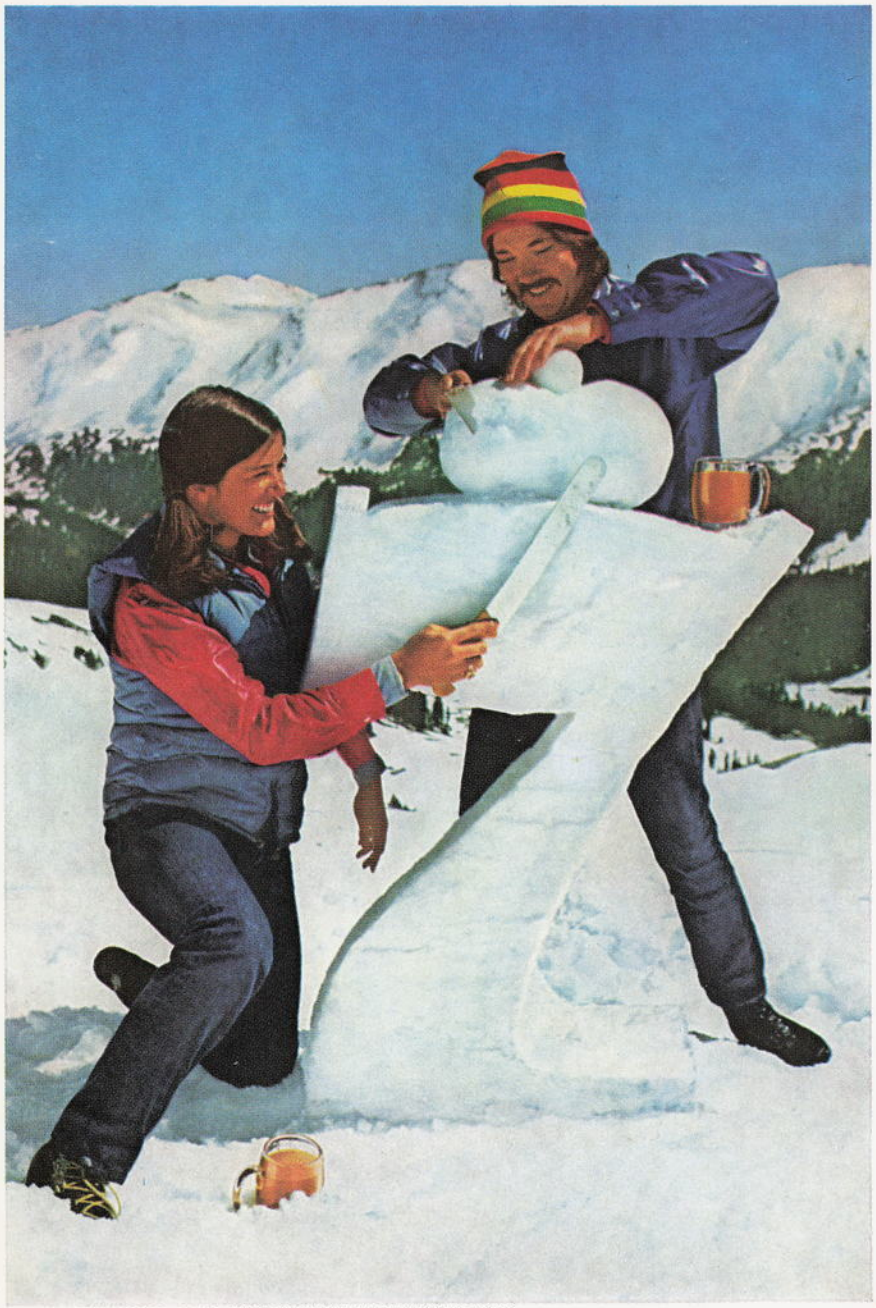
Seven & Snowbound.



When you get a snowfall that breaks all records, you ought to make a big thing of it. Like a snow sculpture.

All it takes is a little ingenuity, and lots of snow.

Try carving out a giant snow goose. Or take a stab at Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

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